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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

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DUTY OF THE SOUTH TO THE COUNTRY BOY.*

THIS is a transition period in southern educational policy. There has been a great change in the attitude of our people in regard to public education. Jefferson and Murphy and Wiley conceived the idea of general public education, but their dreams were slow in being realized. But today, in the south of progress and prosperity, and in this age of fact and reason, it is hardly necessary for me to waste words in any argument for education, the power and necessity for it, the right of every child to have a chance to get it and the duty of every state and community to give him this chance.

Every age has some predominating spirit. The spirit of the century just gone has been constitutional growth and freedom. The spirit of this age, as all men must feel, is the spirit of universal education. I have an abiding faith in the wisdom and justice of the people of the south that drives out all fear of their final failure to obey the spirit of this age and the civilized world. The people of the south have decreed in their minds and hearts that all the children of the south shall be educated.

This is the problem that looms up before the southern people today, the education and training of all the people.

* This oration won the Mangum Medal at Commencement, 1903.

Since the days of reconstruction, the south has made wonderful progress in material and industrial development. Our people have been too busy rebuilding their homes, readjusting themselves to the changed conditions of civil life, and gaining a place in the industrial world to think and plan for education. The south is today in a prosperous condition. The past thirty years have been years of intense internal growth and material development. The negro question has been placed above politics for two generations. The great problem facing us as a people today is the education of all the people. When our fathers came home from the civil war with all lost save honor and the memory of the past, and found their homes destroyed and their farms devastated, their money and their credit gone, the very foundations of society overturned, the whole status of the civil life changed, the reins of government in the hands of an alien race—it was indeed a master problem to rebuild their fallen fortunes. But like men and patriots they were equal to the task and guided the south through dark and shameful days of reconstruction and today we, their children, can enjoy the fruits of their toils and sacrifices. Our people are happy and prosperous. Peace and plenty smile on every hand and the new south begins to feel the life blood of intense activity leaping through her veins.

But there is a problem facing us as great and I believe greater than the problems our fathers solved. And this problem is the education and training of all her people of whatever station or condition of life.

And too the south is in earnest about this matter, she is slow and conservative, not very quick to change the

manners and customs of the fathers, but when once aroused upon any subject she is invincible. She is going to meet this problem as she has met all the great problems of the past. The cities and the towns of the south have already settled this problem of educating all the children by taxing themselves to run good graded schools. But the problem now of the south is to provide schools for the country districts. About eighty-five per cent. of our people live in the rural districts. The great mass of our people are dependent upon the rural shools for education. Theseru ral schools, then, are the strategic points of the educational system of the south. The very preservation of the rural population depends upon the maintenance and improvement of these schools.

The south will, for generations, be an agricultural people. The soil and climate are suited to agriculture. Situated as we are with but few sea ports, it will be generations before we become a great manufacturing centre. But with an abundance of fertile soil, interspersed with low lands and valleys, we shall remain a scattered, agricultural people. Then the problem is to provide schools in these country districts equal to the best schools in the towns and cities. The best people of all classes are going to reside where they can get the best educational advantages for their children. They have realized that the wealth of the south is not in her cotton mills and tobacco factories; the wealth of the south is not in railways and steamship lines; it is not in her water power and in her mountains; it is not in her mines and fisheries; it is not in her fertile soil and verdant valleys; but the wealth of the south lies dormant in the untrained brawn and brain of her boys and girls. Train this brawn

and brain and a new impetus will be given to agriculture, new life will be infused into manufacture, and every enterprise will feel the quickened activity of renewed life.

But with the educational advantages as they are, our people are rapidly leaving the country districts and flocking to the city. Our farms and agricultural regions are rapidly becoming depopulated.

It will be a direful day for the south when her best men and women leave the farms and flock to the cities, leaving the farms to be cultivated by the ignorant and irresponsible whites and degraded blacks. To keep the better class of people on the farms and check the disastrous annual drain upon the best blood of the country by the towns and cities, the schools in the remote country must be made adequate to the educational needs of the people and equal in equipment and teaching force to the best schools in the towns and cities.

We must instil within our people a love for the country and to do this we must carry them some of the advantages of city life. We must educate for farm life rather than away from farm life.

With all the improvements in highways, telephones, car lines, and the greatest of all, the rural graded school, the country will be an ideal place to rear and educate children. There they learn the first lessons of freedom and independence of manhood and self-reliance. The old myth of Antaeus was not all myth. There is a great truth embodied in it. Antaeus was invincible as long as he remained in close contact with mother nature, but when the contact was broken his power and strength were gone. Hercules learning the secret of his power, bore him aloft and crushed him in midair.

Rear the boys and girls of the south in the country, in close contact with nature and nature's God, let them feel the responsive heart throb and pulse beat of mother nature and they too will become invincible. There is a physical, intellectual and spiritual strength that comes from close touch and silent communion with nature that can be derived from no other earthly source. There is an educative power in daily contact and companionship with rocks and trees and hills and streams and fuel and cattle, that can never be obtained in our town or city. God made the country and man made the town. In the words of Nebraska's statesman, "Burn down your cities and leave your farms and your cities will spring up again as if by magic, destroy your farms and grass will grow in the streets of every city in this land."

The history of civilization plainly declares that the greatest evil and calamity that can befall any land is the destruction and deterioration of the population in the country. In the mad rush for power and wealth, and industrial development, let the south forget to provide means for the education of her population in the country and her doom is sealed. Let the mass of her people remain in ignorance and the south will soon occupy the place of a half-rate South American power. History plainly shows that the fresh, young, vigorous blood from the country districts must flow into the feverish and fast decaying life of the cities, bringing vigor, vitality and renewed life.

During the early history of Rome her leading citizens were attached to the soil and the young Roman was reared close to nature. As long as this was true, Rome held her own with the nations of the world and at last became the mistress of the world.

But when her agricultural districts became depopulated and her best citizens flocked to the city, Rome's power began to decline. When Roman life had deteriorated and her citizens had become weak and effeminate from luxury and immorality, a nd the sanctity of the home had been invaded, and life became one round of sensuous enjoyment, then it seemed as if the power and greatness of Roman civilization had forever perished.

But our ancestors, the fair-haired barbarians of the northern forests of Germany, living in bogs and fens, with the daring and bravery of sea-robbers, came swooping down on the terrified Romans, and sacked the city and destroyed everything in sight. They brought their fresh, young, vigorous blood and took up Roman civilization and transmitted it to the western world.

Sirs, when the cities of the south shall begin to decay and this glorious civilization, bought with the blood of the martyred heroes, begins to totter, then the vigorous blood from the country communities will flow in to bring new life and activity.

Then if the hope of the south is wrapped up in the country districts, we must educate our boys and girls in the country.

Too long already have we neglected the country districts, too long have we been content with the shameful accomodations in the country. We must replace the log cabin with the modern school house.

We send our children, fresh from the hands of God, into these hovels, surrounded by filth and dirt, there to receive into their plastic minds the first impressions of good or evil for time and eternity. Shall these impressions be smoked and grimy walls, cobwebs hanging in

ugly festoons from naked rafters, or shall they be painted walls and beautiful pictures? Can the fountain rise higher than its source and can the children rise above their surroundings?

The sympathy of our people should go out to the country boys and girls doomed to lives of ignorance and drudgery without the rudiments of an education. Picture to yourself the country boy living the life of poverty and self-denial with hopes and ambitions and aspirations as high as heaven itself, beating out his life like an imprisoned bird against the bars of adverse circumstances. He may be a potential Macon, a Johnston, a Vance, a Randall or a Sidney Lanier, begging and praying for a chance, "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

With every recurring September there are tragedies being enacted all over the south as the poor country boy packs his scanty trunk and starts away to college. Father and mother scrimp and save and deny themselves and lie awake at night thinking and planning, and when nothing else can be done, praying that the boy they love may have opportunities and advantages that they have never enjoyed. But he is only one among five thousand, while the great army in the country must remain at home in ignorance and poverty. I plead for the rural school and the country boy. Place a first-class school in every township and within the reach of every country boy in the south and he will take his place with the foremost in the business or professional life of the whole country.

Men of North Carolina, what shall we do for the country boy? Shall it ever be said that one of these boys shall be excluded from the rights of an Anglo-

Saxon in casting his ballot? This is a sacred right, for which our ancestors poured out their treasure and heart blood, and to the present hour it has been a right jealously guarded. May the time never come when North Carolina shall exclude one of these boys with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins from the rights of suffrage. May the day never come when a descendant of one of those men who charged Ferguson up the slopes of King's Mountain, and fought Cornwallis at Guilford court house shall be denied the right of a citizen. May the day never come when the son of one who followed Lee and Jackson from Bethel to Appomattox shall be turned away from the ballot box. As you look upon the long list of Confederate heroes that hallow these walls, can you ever deprive one of their children from the right of a freeman?

Shall we keep inviolable our oath and pledge to the boys of North Carolina and give them an opportunity to prepare for the sacred duty of citizenship. Aye, I have faith in the wisdom and integrity of the leaders of North Carolina that this pledge shall be kept. The mute silent appeal of seven hundred little children has penetrated every nook and corner and valley and cove, and fired the heart of North Carolina, until she has arisen in her might and indignation and determined forever to free herself from the stigma of illiteracy that is being cast upon her, and take her pround place among the foremost of the American states.

CHARLES E. MADDRY, '03.

RADIO-ACTIVITY OF MATTER.

IT was in 1896, while the world was still lively in the discussion of the X-rays of Röentgen, that Henri Becquerel created a sensation by the announcement that certain kinds of matter gave off rays that effected photographic plates. While working with Uranium, he left a tube of it one night in a draw with some photographic plates. In subsequently developing the plates, he found that they had been effected in some way, and decided that the effect must have been due tc the Uranium. Several experiments followed which proved his conclusion to be correct. But how could Uranium salt effect the plate? By further investigation, Bequerel found that there were certain rays given off by Uranium and its salts that resembled cathodic rays very much. These rays would penetrate many kinds of matter, were not easily absorbed and were deviable in a magnetic field.

Two years after the discovery of Bequerel, Schmidt and Mdme. Curie found that Thorium was radio-active. Then followed the discovery by Mdme. Curie of an active body associated with Bismuth, and this she called Polonium. Yet in the same year followed the most brilliant discovery of all by M. and Mdme. Curie, that of the new element Radium. This new element showed most remarkable properties. Its radio-activity is over 100,000 times that of Uranium.

The salts of Radium are themselves luminous. The rays from Radium color glass, generally violet color, sometimes brown; they change oxygen to ozone; white phosphoresence to red; they cause gases and liquids to

become conductors of electricity; cause insulators to become conductors for a long time after exposure to them; and cause serious burns on organic tissue similar to X-ray burns. Rock-salt, which is transparent to ordinary light and to ultra-violet rays, is opaque to the rays from Radium and to X-rays. But Radium rays will pass through the black paper used for wrapping X-ray plates. The rays of Radium have the property of discharging electrically charged bodies. If Radium or its salt is held against the temple, it produces the sensation of light. The burns produced by Radium rays are bad and hard to heal. M. Curie produced a burn on his temple by some minutes exposure, that was weeks in healing. In speaking of Radium himself, he said he would not trust himself in a room with a kilogram of pure Radium as it would burn all the skin off his body, destroy his eyesight and probably kill him.

No one, however, possesses such a quantity of Radium. It requires the working of 5000 tons of Uranium residues to obtain one kilogram, two and two-tenths pounds. The market price of Radium is $6000 per gram, or over $2,700,000 per pound. J. J. Thomson has said there is more gold in sea water than Radium in pitch-blende, the mineral from which it is obtained. If Radium is brought into a room, soon the walls, furniture, ceiling, all become radio-active. Some diamonds if subjected to rays of Radium will phosphoresce, while paste, ruby, topaz, zircon, do not phosphoresce.

Part of the emanations from Radium are gaseous, as has been shown by Rutherford and Soddy. Prof. Thomson and Becquerel have independently calculated the rate of emanations, and both have come to the conclusion that

one square centimeter of Radium will lose in one million years only .000001 gram. But the most remarkable property of this remarkable element is the fact discovered by Mdme. Curie and A. Laborde that Radium chloride always remains one and one-half degrees Centigrade, or about three degrees Fahrenheit, hotter than the surrounding atmosphere.

Since the discovery of Radium scores of workers have been investigating the property of radio-activity. Besides Radium, the other radio-active elements are Thorium, Polonium and Actinium. Elster and Gutel, moreover, have found that and metal will become radio-active if a fine wire of it is charged negatively in air for sometime, and this radio-activity may be scraped off, or dissolved off by liquids. If the solution is evaporated the radio-activity appears as residue in the dish. It has also been found that rain and snow just fallen are for a short time powerfully radio-active. What, then, is the nature of radio-activity is the question that confronts the scientist, the solution of which promises much in solving the question of the ultimate constitution of matter.

R. O. E. DAVIS.

FOUR LETTERS FROM SONNY JONES, STUDENT.

My Dearest Susieanna:

You have no idea how glad I was to receive your last letter. Of course life up here is not monotonous to first year men, and we are never at our wit's ends to know what to do; if anything it is knowing what not to do. Your letter, moreover, came to me while I was neck deep in gloom and blankness, and caused me to have new hopes and aspirations to make myself a man of whom you can justly be proud.

FRESHMAN.

[The love paragraph, even though the average girl shows it to her two dozen solemnly-promised-not-to-tell friends, is omitted on account of its sacredness.]

Now, Susieanna, do not become impatient, for it will take time for me to work out that destiny I know is awaiting me. Just think some day how proud you will be of your dearest as Lawyer Jones. And then who knows but what some day I shall sit in our Washington hall, and speak for some burning measure? Of course this is building the aeriel castle too lofty, since little of the material can be seen by the average one, but you and you alone are the only one to whom I should think of breathing this.

The work here is simply delightful. I am in love with all my studies, but I think I shall specialize in Mathematics and Latin. You know how I used to beat all you girls in Math., don't you? Well, I am giving the boys the same medicine up here.

Politics between the classes and other various factions is extremely interesting. I am taking, as every patriot

should do, an active part in this, and I heard an upper-classman whisper yesterday to some one, that I ought to be President of the Freshman Class. He did not know I heard him, and hence I take the whisper as a compliment. However, I shall make no effort to secure the honor. I have put myself in the hands of my friends, and they may do with me as they think best. I do this knowing that as soon as I am known for what I am worth I shall get my dues.

I came near forgetting to tell you about the fraternities up here. They are pleasant social societies or clubs—only the best fellows join. I have not yet decided which one I shall join; for first year men cannot join, and then again I want to pick out the best one. You may write down to my credit, however, one fraternity pin next year.

I am taking great interest in debating, and judging from the applause at my hands-in-my-pocket effort, I am succeeding beyond my hopes. As soon as I catch on to gesturing and other little technicalities, I shall be able to hold my own (your own) with any in our venerable society.

Now please answer this letter tomorrow, and think often of me, for, to tell the truth, I do feel a little lonesome sometimes: sometimes I have that feeling of blankness, as when one has been riding on a train and gets off at the station, and the wind is not blowing.

Yours devotedly,

Sonny Vance Jones.

My Dear Susieanna:

I am just beginning to appreciate what life is. I have

as it were, been looking through a glass smoked green, and now I have the purer vision and the broader view. This confession I know would not be understood by any one else, but I know you will understand exactly what I mean I know you will have no inferences about me judging myself to know it all. I thus tell you because we really know each other.

SOPHOMORE.

I have changed my lawyer-vocation purposed, and am now thinking of following after some knowledge ideal. Law is not what it is cracked up to be. You must not think, though, when I say I am going to follow some knowledge ideal, that this ideal has any mathematical form. Such would give me evil thoughts; and in my quest I could not have the strength of ten on account of lacking just that much purity of heart. Then again I have learned to ride jacks, and while I have not exactly broken any bones by being thrown, I have roughly learned that there is a world of difference between beating four love-affected girls in *amo*-ing, *amas*-ing and *amat*-ing, and even in keeping up in any class with fellows from all parts of the state.

A study of English literature, I think, would suit me better. You know I have always been interested in those delightful love lyrics we have read together, and I am now beginning to think that if I concentrate all my energies on the emotional field of literature, I shall make a sure success. I can almost see myself now before four hundred girls—the Normal for instance—rousing their souls to a nobler life ideal. Oh, how grand such a moment will be! I can hardly wait for it to arrive.

The political side of my life lately has been undeveloped. My friends have not yet seen fit to bestow on me

an office, in fact they do not seem really to appreciate my worth. The longer I live the stronger the truth comes to me of that unappreciated prophet in his own country. It may happen yet that I shall have to go out of my native state to secure recognition. I shall not decide this yet, for the students may find me out before I finish my four years course.

The fraternity business is a humbug. I really thought it was something last year, but it is nothing. I was told when I entered college last year that the best way to get in with a good crowd of fraternity fellows was to be liberal and congenial in the cold drink line. Well I decided to do this, though at the start I did not like this bribing business. I picked out several good looking fellows at once, and hung on to them about a week. They smiled and accepted each one of my iced encouragements. They seemed really to appreciate me. When we were all drinking together one evening, I gave them strong hints that I thought they had the best fraternity in college. As a matter of fact, I found out later that these fellows did not belong to a fraternity, and so the joke of the college last year was on Fresh Cold Drink Jones. And that ended that.

Do not forget to write Sunday.

Lovingly,

——— Sonny.

Dear Susieanna:

I have about come to the conclusion that I am good for nothing. I doubt this and I doubt that. I hardly know what I believe. I hardly know what I do not believe. All is vision. I have thought that I loved you; but now I am not sure even of that. Now do not think I am trying to

JUNIOR.

craw-fish out of my love for you. You are the only one whom I tell this to, and I tell you because I hope my confession will shame me, or in some way cause you to love me out of my doubt.

I said I was not sure of anything, but there is one thing about which I have no doubt, and that is that during my past two years at college, I have made a fool of myself—I finished up the job pretty well too.

Sometimes I wish I had never gone to college, for now I try to analyze and explain everything I meet. The home kiss last Christmas did not have that sweet affection flavor, and those joy tears failed to arouse in me that deep responsive emotion for mother's love, because while holding the cheeks in my hand I was base enough to ask myself inwardly what this affection and what these tears psychologically were—but I must write no more of this. Please forgive and help me in my darkness.

Sincerely,
S. Vance Jones.

Dear Anna:

The bill for my cap and gown reminds me that soon I am to step out into life. Somehow I feel that during the past four years I have lived one life, and when feeling this I have a gladdened feeling, because I know these past four years, though full of trials and troubles, are but the preparation for the larger life of usefulness in my remaining allotment of the three score and ten. It is a pleasure, moreover, to think that while I have been making mistakes, I have had numerous ones to criticize

SENIOR.

and correct me openly. Such will not be the case with me in life—except perhaps behind my back.

I shall probably teach next year, and then go to a northern college. I have no desire to conquer the whole world, but I do expect to make my life count, however small the unit may be, for something definite.

I am just beginning to draw a long sigh of relief. Last year my whole life was plunged in the vanity-of-vanities, thought, and I was beginning to think that after all the vexation spirit formed the majority of man. I am beginning to see that I cannot explain and understand all things, and that I need not expect to do so. That very love and affection which defies analysis is, after all the best part of creation. Somehow all life seems more glad and all love seems to me more beautiful than ever before. I know I have been deep in doubt, and I am therefore unable to tell whether it is the contrast or whether my honest doubt has strengthened my life. Life seems brighter now and home seems my ideal heaven. I just long to see you to tell you all.

Much love,

Sonny.

R. M. HARPER, '04.

"YANKEE."

"THE Yankees! the Yankees! they're coming," was the cry of a frightened negro that announced to a score of his fellows something more to be feared than judgment day. It was in '65, a March day, cold and rainy and dreary. All the morning a light rain had been driven savagely by the northwest wind upon the desolate country and chance travellers. People didn't travel that day for the pleasure of going. Such days had been passed before on the Palmer farm, not unpleasantly by the negroes in their cabins and the white folks in "the big house," all with their great roaring fires. But this day was different. For some days there had been rumors of the approaching invaders and their depredations, and on the day before everybody had heard that the rumors were true; they were coming and were nearby. No news, nothing, could have changed the farm more. The sounds of merry negroes, dancing, singing and the picking of the banjo did not come from the cabins. They were deserted. The men had been given the horses and told to hide and save them, and before daybreak they had ridden away, leaving the farm without a man. The women and children were all at "the big house," wanting to be near their mistress when their doom came. Some were in the kitchen and some had their posts as lookouts, watching in every direction for the Yankees. Mrs. Palmer went frequently among them trying to quiet their fears, but with little success. When she was not with them they used every pretext for going to her. Although she did not show her fears

she was filled with great anxiety. Defenceless she was awaiting the approach of a hostile army that would certainly destroy much of her property and might leave her homeless. She was sitting in her room talking to her little daughter, Olivia, who was, besides the slaves, her only companion, and was trying to hide a heavy heart with a cheerful voice when the terrified negro shouted, "They're coming!"

Immediately the negroes fled to various hiding places, under beds, into closets, anywhere. Their mistress, holding her daughter's hand, went to a front window and saw coming down the long lane a line of blue-uniformed soldiers, some on horseback and some walking. Quickly they advanced toward the house. One horseman was in the lead and galloped rapidly up the walk. Leaving his horse he ran up the steps and knocked at the door which was opened by Mrs. Palmer and Olivia. The soldier removed his hat and bowing said:

"Madam, may I come in and warm? I am wet and cold."

"Come in, sir," said Mrs. Palmer, who could hardly conceal her astonishment at courtesy she had not expected, "it is very cold. I would have a room prepared for you but my servants are so frightened that it is impossible to get anything done. Come into the sitting room."

"Thank you, madam, a fire is all I want."

He was shown into the sitting room, where he removed his overcoat and stood before the great fire.

"Sir," Mrs. Palmer said, "I see that you are an officer. May I ask you for your protection? I am quite alone except for my daughter and the negroes who are useless

now. My husband and my son are in the Confederate army."

"I should be glad, madam, to protect all your property, but there are higher officers outside, and with some of them I have no influence, but I will protect your home."

In response to her thanks he assured her that his service was a real pleasure and that he felt like a debtor for the comfort he was enjoying. That he spoke the truth was evident from his pleasant smile as he stood there with his back to the fire. Mrs. Palmer noticed in spite of his rough growth of short beard that he was very young, almost a boy. Although not very tall his slender figure was well made, and his kindly blue eyes, finely cut features, long dark hair and youthful beard made him a handsome man.

In a few moments the other soldiers had come up and were overrunning everything. A party of them burst into the house, but were met by the officer, who turned them back and posted a guard at each door, giving orders that the house was not to be molested. He then returned to the fire. Mrs. Palmer was looking after the negroes and the things of her house, so he was left for awhile with Olivia. They soon formed an acquaintance, he telling of his soldier life and she of her soldier father and brother. She played with his sword and he with her pretty curls.

"Papa's got a sword too," she said. "Brother John hasn't though. He's too young. He's not but ten years older than me, and I am six."

They were so interested in each other that they did not notice the squealing pigs and cackling chickens chased by the soldiers outside. Olivia soon told much and heard

much and when her mother returned to the room she glibly announced that their guest was Captain Gray and was from New York, but she added that she was going to call him "Yankee." Mrs. Palmer smiled at the new friends and told the captain that she had prevailed on the cook and was having a hasty meal prepared for him. Presently it was served in the sitting room, and with his beautiful hostess and pretty Olivia to wait on him, he thought it a pleasing change from camp fare.

During the meal one of the guards announced that the last of the troops were leaving. The guards were dismissed, and left with their haversacks well filled with dainties from the pantry. When Captain Gray regretfully announced that he too must go, his entertainers were plainly sorry that he was leaving. As he put on his overcoat and prepared to go, Olivia cried:

"Mamma, I am going to give Yankee my locket," and disengaging it from a chain about her neck, she handed him a gold locket. He turned to her mother as if expecting her to object, but she said:

"Certainly, daughter, if you wish to. I shall be glad, Captain Gray, for you to have it. It contains pictures of my husband, my son, Olivia and myself. It will be a small memento of a family which you have greatly befriended today."

He took the locket and asked Olivia to kiss him before he went away. Then he turned to Mrs. Palmer and said:

"Madam, you have been very kind to me and I am glad to have been of service to you. These few hours have been the most pleasant I have known since I went to the war, and telling you goodbye is like leaving home two years

ago. I left mother alone. She has died since then and I am going back to a lonely home."

His eyes were wet and his voice full. Bowing low he kissed her hand and went away without another word. He rode slowly down the lane, and as he was about to go into the woods he turned and lifted his hat to the two figures in the window who waved at him. As he disappeared, he could just hear Olivia's clear young voice call:

"Goodbye, Yankee."

II.

One afternoon in the autumn of 1885 two persons were driving along a pleasant country road in North Carolina. They were Dr. John Palmer and his sister, Miss Olivia. It was one of the delightful afternoons that come after the hot days of early October, afternoons that are a great part of a famous climate. As they drove slowly along Dr. Palmer was saying:

"Yes, Olivia, I know it would mean much for mother and for you to leave the old place, but she is getting old. Of course, the servants are faithful, but you ought not to stay here by yourselves. It would be much better for you to be in Baltimore with me where I could look out for you. And think what it would be for me to have you there; even so busy a man as I am can get very lonely some times. You could come and spend the summers here and I would spend a day or two with you as I do now. And besides," he added with a sly smile, "you must remember you are not a little girl nowadays, Sis. Twenty-six, aren't you? Yes, for I am nearly thirty-seven. You are getting to be an old maid and if you stay out here in the country you never will get married;

you never see anybody. As good looking a woman as you ought——"

"You flatterer," said Miss Olivia, "as if I had nothing to do but get married. Wouldn't it be fine though, going to town to catch a husband, to show off my wondrous beauty? A very grand idea. You know mother would'nt be as well satisfied anywhere else as——. Ah! what is that?" The horse had shied suddenly and stopped, looking at an object in the fence corner some distance away.

"Why, it's a man."

"Yes, some poor fool sleeping off his spree."

"No, John, he may be sick. Go and see."

Dr. Palmer got out of the buggy and went toward the man. Bending over him and making a quick examination, he said:

"Well he does seem to be sick. He certainly looks it. I can't wake him. We must do something for him. It is not more than a mile home and we had better carry him there. I haven't any medicine with me."

He quickly lifted the man into the buggy beside his sister, and jumping up behind drove rapidly away. His sister who was supporting the lifeless form said:

"Why, he must be very sick, see how thin he is."

"Yes, he looks like he is starved. He is as tall as I am, but hardly weighs a hundred pounds. I don't reckon anybody starves around here though."

"He is certainly a stranger," remarked Miss Olivia. "But he doesn't look like a tramp. His clothes are dusty but they were nice, and his features and hands are too refined; he can't be a tramp."

In a few minutes the buggy stopped at the Palmer home. Little time was lost in explaining to the white-haired lady who met them.

"He is sick mamma. We found him side of the road," Miss Olivia said, as her brother carried the still unconscious man into the house.

Both the ladies assisted the doctor as he loosened the man's clothing and applied restoratives. Soon the patient stirred and showed that he was waking from his stupor. He opened his eyes and looked wearily about him. In a moment he closed them again. More medicine and nourishment were given him and soon he moved again and spoke. At first his words were indistinct, and as they grew plainer his hearers saw that he was delirious.

"Poor fellow," said the doctor, "he is in for a spell of it. We had better get him to bed."

When he was in bed the delirium continued and his voice grew clearer.

"Every cent paid," he said, "every cent. Not a dollar left, but every cent paid. Hungry, my God, so hungry, but I can't sell that. She was a pretty child and———"

As he appeared to grow stronger the doctor gave him something to quiet the delirium and held to his lips some nourishment which he greedily swallowed. In a little while he was asleep.

"Who is he?" was the question everybody looked.

"His people should be notified if possible. Perhaps there is something in his pockets to identify him," said Dr. Palmer, who proceeded to examine the pockets. He came to a purse.

"Here is a pocket book," he said, "but it's empty. No, here is something," and took out a locket. "Why, it has 'Olivia' engraved on it."

"Oh! let me see it," said his sister. "Why, mamma,

it is my locket I gave the Yankee. See here are the pictures, yours and father's, and these children must have been John and myself."

"Can it be Captain Gray?"

"It must be."

Further investigation of the pockets showed a letter addressed, "Wm. Gray, ———, New York." Then the Palmer family knew that the sick man was their guest and benefactor of twenty years before.

Telegrams of inquiry sent to the address of the envelope were returned not delivered. For days the unconscious patient was watched over and tenderly cared for by the grateful family. Continually Dr. Palmer was sent for to return to his practice in Baltimore, but the calls of the rich were unheeded. He was helping to pay a debt of gratitude that was a dear tradition of his family. At last the sick man grew better, and when the greater danger seemed to be over, he was left by the doctor to his two faithful nurses. He was forbidden to talk for some time, but as they moved about the bed he would watch them with unceasing gaze, and often he would smile as if in recollection. Finally one day when he was much better Olivia was alone with him, and she told him where he was and of his sickness. He listened wonderingly, and as she talked to him he seemed almost to forget that he was sick. Then he related his own Odyssey. How after the war he had gone into business with the fortune inherited from his parents. For some years success had been with him and then disasters had come; mines in which he was interested failed; endorsements he had made he was compelled to pay; with the stress his health had broken down.

"My doctor often advised me to come South, but I couldn't. I gave every bit of my time to my business, trying to hold it together and hoping for better times. But they never came. One day I realized that it was the end. My debts were becoming no less; so I sold everything I had and paid them all. I paid every cent, but it took all I had to do it. Then I decided to come South to regain my health and start anew. Forty years is not so old.

"I had let my watch go with the rest, but I got together what few things I could and pawned them for enough to get a ticket to Richmond. The rest of the way I walked, working to get something to eat and going without when I couldn't. My mother's gifts were destroyed when my house was burned some years ago. All I had was the locket you gave me, and I couldn't part with it. I have always cherished it, and that last day as I sat down by the fence, I was thinking, as I had done so many times before, of that day so long ago and of your mother and of you. It seemed that I could hear your sweet voice as you called me Yankee."

THE TWO HANDS OF THE WATCH.*

IT was already late in the night. On the streets perfect quiet reigned, and the watchman had lighted his lamps. In the large, stately house at the market-square, where the two stone giants stand at the pier and support the large balcony with the strangely adorned, old-fashioned iron balustrade, only the corner-room was dimly lighted near the little bay-window, and only now and then was a light to be seen like a little glow-worm, wandering through the long adjacent suite of apartments, soon to return again to the corner room. Thus it had been for a week.

The neighbors all knew what it meant; for when they had arisen early and stepped out in front of the house-door, or stuck their heads out at the windows to draw a breath of fresh air and to wish one another "Good morning," as is the custom in small towns, they regularly asked one another: "I wonder how things are going over there at the president's house to-day?" Generally the person to whom the question was addressed would shrug his shoulders and answer: "Poorly, poorly! God 'a' mercy!" perhaps adding: "Old Christina, when she brought the rolls just now, had eyes thick with weeping, and she said there was no hope."

And then the people related to one another what they had already related a hundred times: how the president's daughter, who was the favorite of every one of them, had returned a fort-night ago as a happy bride from a tour in Switzerland; how during those first days she had nodded in a friendly way at all the neighbors from the bay-window; and had then fallen hopelessly ill.

* Translated from the German of Richard von Volkman.

But this evening things really were going badly over there; the end had come. A ray of light was again seen going out from the corner-room in which the poor sick woman lay; then the spacious old hall became bright and it was not long before the president, with a light in his hand, stepped out in front of the house-door in company with the stout, friendly doctor. His white hair streamed in the night air of autumn and the candle with its flickering light shone on his deeply-troubled face.

He held the doctor's hand firmly pressed in his own, as if he did not want him to go, and thus they two stood there a long time. Suddenly the old man drew the doctor to his breast and then went slowly and with bowed head up the great stone steps again.

He walked through the long bare suite of apartments with the dim portraits of his ancestors and the furniture carved after an ancient style, tiptoeing softly as soon as he came near the corner-room; then he opened the door cautiously and noiselessly and took his post near the head of the sick woman's bed. By her side the old Christina was sitting sobbing. The old man's face was now gray and stony as those of the giants at the gate, and the tears rolled down over his pale cheeks and fell on the pillow.

After a while the sick woman raised her eyes and looked uneasily around her, as if she were looking for something.

"What do you want, my child, my poor Mary?"

"The watch, Father!"

From the little table beside the bed the president took a little gold watch, to which was hanging a chain with a medallion, and held it out undecidedly before the sick woman.

"Open it!" she whispered.

He pressed the spring of the medallion It contained the picture of a young man. But the sick woman had already closed her eyes again, and slowly the father let his raised hand fall with the watch and the medallion.

After a few moments the young girl again made a motion with her pale hand and said softly: "Under my pillow!"

Old Christina turned the pillow back a little, placed the sick woman's dark hair, which had fallen down in confusion, carefully on her shoulders, and the president hesitatingly laid the watch at the desired place.

The watch ticked audibly in the hushed stillness. The sick woman sighed and breathed irregularly. Her white breast, on which her black hair lay, rose and fell violently. Then she became calmer again and seemed to be asleep and dreaming.

But she was listening anxiously to the ticking of the watch. It seemed to her as if she heard it speak. Fine voices answered each other, at first softly, then very intelligibly. From the watch under the pillow came the voices:

"Dear, best friend," said the short hand to the long one, "say, are you really going to leave me again so soon? Why, you have hardly come. Oh, you are always running away from me. Barely for a moment do you ever come home. Even at noon you allow yourself to be seen hardly for a minute."

"Darling wife," answered the long hand, "you know it cannot be otherwise. I have to attend to my duties, as befits a husband and father of a family, and as you attend to your duties in the house. And then, you

know, I give you a call once every hour in the day and chat with you. Very few men do that."

"Oh," said the short hand, "you always give me the same answer again and again. I already know that by heart. I should not have anticipated this when we were still betrothed. At that time our watch hung in the large bright shop in Geneva, which is situated hard by the wharf, and the dial-plate was turned straight towards the beautiful blue lake, and you and I stood precisely at twelve, one close over tne other. Then we could chat with each other as we pleased. It occurred to no one to wind up the watch and chase us around in a circle continuously like mad,—and especially you, my poor husband. Why, you must be quite out of breath already. You are becoming thinner every day.!"

"Yes, yes," said the long hand with a sigh, "those were splendid times! We looked out upon the wharf where the people were taking walks; we saw the steamboats arrive and the tourists disembark; and then we looked away again over the surface of the lake, which was as clear as a mirror, to the snow-clad mountains, and saw their summits glow in the sunset."

"And then we were married," the short hand again interrupted, "it was just as fine at first; then you stayed with me all the time. But one day, just six weeks ago today, a young man of rank came suddenly into the shop and said to the watchmaker: 'Show me the most beautiful gold watches you have for ladies.'

"Then the watchmaker put on his large horn-framed spectacles, took a great number of watches out of the showcases and placed them on the counter. The young man looked at them all again and again and seemed un-

decided. Suddenly the watchmaker went to the window and took our watch also from its small brass hook. 'Something very fine, 'pon my honor, Baron!'—he said to him in French.

" 'It is certainly very pretty,' replied the young man, viewing the back of the watch. 'Why there are the two angels of the Sistine Madonna on it in enamel. That will please her.'

"Then he had a gold chain fastened to the watch, took from his pocket a medallion, fastened it to the chain, counted out a great number of gold pieces on the counter or the watchmaker, and went away.

"Outside on the wharf an old man and a beautiful young lady had been walking up and down in the meantime, and when the young man came out of the shop, they went to meet him. 'Why, you stayed quite a long time, Conrad,' said the young girl, 'and you only wanted to buy a watch-key for the one you lost.'

"But the young man did not answer and acted as if he had not heard the question. He gave her his arm and they strolled along the lake, chatting gaily. Then after a while, when the old gentleman had dropped behind a few steps, he drew the watch from his pocket and said: 'A little souvenir of beautiful Geneva, Mary, where our happy hearts found each other.' "

At this moment the clock of the town hall at the market-place struck twelve. The poor sick girl heaved a deep sigh and let her head sink softly on her breast. The president shrank back with pain and bowed with an expression of the most nameless anxiety over the head of his daughter, listening, if perchance he might hear her breathe or hear her heart beat. But it was quite still. She was dead.

He knelt down beside the bed, took her cold hand, and pressed it to his lips. Thus he remained half an hour perhaps. Then he shook himself as one who is cold, arose, smoothed down the dead woman's hair and adjusted the pillow. As he did this the watch slipped into the bed.

He picked it up, looked a long time at the dial-plate, and then said to old Christina, who was still sitting in the armchair weeping incessantly:

"She died at twelve o'clock and the watch stopped precisely at twelve. The two hands are standing now, one right over the other. Nobody shall wind it up again—at least, not until he has come and has read the hour of her death on it. Go to bed, Christina, you have not slept for many nights; I don't need you any longer. Goodnight!"

GOOD-BYE.

THEY were seated on the veranda in the moonlight. It was his last evening with her. On the morrow he would start for the University. He had come to say goodbye.

"You have not been very civil to me since I came home," he began.

"As civil as I knew how," she replied.

"Then your knowledge of how to be civil must be rather limited."

"Explain, please."

"Perhaps I can best explain by telling a story."

"Then proceed."

"Once upon a time—all stories begin that way, don't they?"

"All prosy ones do."

"Then I shall continue: Once upon a time, many, many moons ago, it chanced that I was left on a Sunday afternoon of a hot June day at a dreary little station in a dry little town, with no way of getting home but to walk three miles over a dusty road under a broiling sun. While I sat there like Job, lamenting the hardness of my lot, Providence took note of me and sent a very pretty girl down the street, who, by the way, had a sister at home who was much prettier. This girl realized the sternness of my predicament, and had compassion on me, and invited me home with her to wait for the cool of the evening to make my pedestrianage home. I went.

"When we arrived at the house the family were seated in the hall. The sister who was much prettier extended

to me in greeting the tips of three fingers of a marvelously small hand, and then modestly intrenched herself behind her mother's chair, leaving visible to console me one eye, one ear, one elbow, and one corner of her skirt. Now that was kind and civil of her, wasn't it, considering that she might have hid herself entirely by moving only a few inches?"

"Very considerate indeed. But go on; I am interested."

"Three o'clock came. No change. Still nothing visible but the one eye, one ear, one elbow, and one corner of skirt. Conversation was lagging horribly. The sister who was much prettier had opened her mouth exactly three times, and each time had let escape a monosyllable. Four o'clock—still no perceptible change. Half past—ditto. A quarter till five; and she had receded one inch farther behind the maternal chair, and the one eye was eclipsed. I made a hurried calculation as to how long it would take the one ear, the one elbow, and the one corner of skirt to vanish at the same rate. I found the time would be half past six; and I began to weigh my chances of sunstroke in a three miles walk under a scorching sun. But here——"

"Pardon me for interrrupting. Your story is very interesting, but it has one serious fault, and that one irremediable."

"And the fault?"

"It does not produce the illusion of life. No girl of my acquaintance would ever have treated you so."

"Rest assured. None of your acquaintances have ever treated me so."

"Then I do not know the heroine of the story."

"No; but you see her pretty often, I presume."

"Where, I wonder?"

"In your mirror."

"The heroine does not recognize herself."

"Where; in the mirror?"

"No; in the story."

"Heroines have bad memories, and that was many, many moons ago—three months, you know."

"But you were an old friend of papa's, and I thought you might like to talk with him awhile."

"Your papa is excellent company, but you must have known that I preferred to converse with you."

"How should I know?"

"Some things may be taken for granted—but why multiply words without wisdom? If you are still unconvinced, I might tell another story."

"I am all attention."

"Once upon a time——"

"Can't you invent a new beginning for your story?"

"But you said all prosy stories began that way."

"Then why do you tell prosy ones?"

"Well, how will this do: At no very remote period of the world's history, when the nations were all at peace, when Cuba had been freed, when Edward VII. had been crowned king of Great Britain and Emperor of India; I went to a lawn party?"

"Excellent! please go on."

"I wandered about through the crowd in the shrubbery till I found a little Spaniard in white with black hair and eyes, seated alone on a vine-covered rustic. I say alone, but there was another young lady, the new school mistress, in a wicker chair several yards away, to whom

I bowed in passing. I seated myself on the vine-covered rustic, and settled back comfortably for a long conversation with the little Spaniard with the black hair and eyes. I was just beginning to admire the style of her hair and the hang of her dress and to reflect on the kindness of fate in leaving the seat beside her vacant, when she rose, excused herself, and vanished under an arch of rose bushes, and left me looking and feeling very foolish——"

"But I tnought you were interested in the new school mistress."

"Ah! my stories are improving; the heroine recognizes herself."

"Only a very distorted image of herself. You forget that your conversation was directed almost entirely to the school mistress."

"She addressed me first; common civility demanded that I reply. But if I had wished to converse with her, why might I not have taken either of the three vacant chairs near her?"

"There were only two."

"One would have been quite enough for me."

"But before you came she had expressed herself as anxious for a tete-a-tete with you."

"Ah! I begin to appreciate the beauty of your character,—so self sacrificing."

"But it would have been unkind not to have given her the opportunity after her expressed desire."

"It was kindness, with a vengeance, to leave me for two mortal hours to the mercy of a Yankee school marm, with red hair, pink eyes, an aquiline nose, and matrimonial tendencies."

"If you did not enjoy the evening, I am sorry."

"Are you willing to make atonement?"

"How?"

"By letting me write you a letter and answering it?"

"It is impossible. Mama would never consent—not going are you? Your hat? Yes, here it is. Let me carry it around to the steps for you. It really isn't very late."

"I suppose it would be asking too much to shake hands."

"No; not at all. But take my left; the other has a finger jammed. I suppose you are coming home Christmas?"

"No."

"I am so sorry—about the letter."

"Do you think it altogether impossible to persuade your mother?"

"Quite impossible. But you might write once, and I will try."

"How soon?"

"As soon as you like."

Her face was very close, and her hand was still in his. He bent forward.

"May I—just this once?"

"And you will never ask such a thing again?"

"Never."

"Then just this once."

"Goodbye"—"Goodbye."

THE HYPOCRITE.

THE long summer day's play was over. A number of little lads and lassies from the neighborhood had gathered under the corner light and were sitting close in a row along the curbstone. As these tots and toddlers sat there, waiting for their mothers to call them in—now tickling one another, giggling and tittering; and now whispering one to another, unfolding some burdening secret; now picturing some monster of their childish exaggeration; and now pointing to the stars, trying to count the swarming, mingling host and breaking out in exclamation on finding the star that twinkled most,—as they sat there, indulging in their curious ways, describing big dogs, doll marriages and baby petticoats, laughing and full of glee, their child chat drew an occasional smile from those who carelessly overheard from a nearby porch.

It was when these happy, contented children began to discuss the pedigrees of their papas and mammas and their papas' and mammas' papas and mammas that the attention of the breeze seekers gradually yielded in pleasant anticipation. Half listening, half expecting, filling in with a passing remark, they caught the proud challenge of a mannish fellow at the lower end of the group:

"Tawking 'bout your daddies and mammies," he ventured, "my daddy's dad was Governor of Georgia."

The Governor's grandson had scarcely crossed his white legs when Tommie, the parson's boy, accepted the dare, and turning to the challenger, replied in defense:

"Shucks, you're not so much; my papa is a Besiding Elder in the M. E. Church South."

There was a smothered chuckle from the piazza as Tommie resumed his knee embrace. A moment's silence followed, and then a soft voice from down the way broke over the night's stillness. A tiny, black-haired maid, not yet dreaming of her 'teens, answered the call as she sprang to her feet. Turning quickly she faced her playmates and, with a confident stare at the preacher youngster, she retorted triumphantly:

"D-r-a-c-i-o-u-s, 'at's nuffin' neefer, Tommie Thompson, mi mamma shed mi danmamma 'uz'r hipertit."

Blithe and blissful, the little bare-footed champion tossed her curly head and flirting her short chubby arms in the street light, went pattering home to mother.

DO WALLS HAVE EARS?

IT was Sunday before the opening Monday of college. Jack carried Lillie to church as usual. They went to Lillie's sister's house for dinner. After dinner Lillie proposed to Jack that they go on the porch where it was cool. Now all around the porch was a frame covered with vines and trailing flowers which kept out the sun and afforded a very pleasant shade. In this shade, at one end of the porch, was an old wicker-work seat. In this seat they sat down fanning. Now thought Jack, is my opportunity; but not one word could he say. Finally Lillie said:

"What's the matter with you, Jack? I never saw you so glum."

"Nothing," he answered, "that I know of."

He was evidently ill at ease. He frowned; tried to say something, but thought of the window open at his back, and failed. He felt perfectly miserable. He began picking at the vines.

"Jack, don't tear all the leaves off the flowers, please," said Lillie, "I never saw you act so in my life."

"I don't suppose you ever heard me a——a——talk so either," said Jack, "but Lillie, I just can't help it. I must tell you."

"What great crime have you done now, Jack?" she asked, with a sparkle of her eyes.

But Jack was not to be deterred.

"I love you, Lillie," he said, "and want——" She interrupted him with a ringing laugh.

"Please don't make fun of me that way," he pleaded. He had intended to tell her how very dear she had grown to him, how he couldn't live without the promise of her love, and a thousand other such things; but his courage failed, and he could only sit there stammering.

"Why, Jack, I've been knowing that a long time," she said, somewhat hesitatingly. But the hesitation was lost on Jack.

"Please don't talk like that," he begged, "after I've laid bare my heart to you, and have shown you how vital a part your answer plays in my future life; surely I deserve better treatment than that."

"And, Jack, sister's flowers deserve better treatment than that too," she replied.

"You know I must start back to college tomorrow," he said, "a——"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "and William Burnside told me last week that he was going back tomorrow."

"Please don't be so cruel," he begged humbly.

"Don't you think William is a nice fellow?" she continued.

"Well, if that is the way you are going to treat me," he burst out, "I'd better——"

"Don't get angry, Jack. I didn't mean to offend you," she said.

"Then there is some hope for me?" he cried. "I haven't but one more year in college. You'll wait for me, won't you? Please say you will. If you knew how much it meant to me, how much my future life depended upon it. I know you would. Won't you, please, sweetheart?"

Just then from within the house came a ringing peal of laughter, and Lillie's sister came walking towards the door. But when she got to the porch the birds had flown. They were found in the parlor talking about "The Honorable Peter Stirling" as innocently as you please.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Books taken out of the library during September:

Fiction,	616
English,	153
History,	30
Science,	26
Total,	825

Among the new books in the library are several on serious subjects which the students seem to have overlooked. There are some excellent works on literature, biography, and art. On literature we find a History of the Literature of Scotland, by J. H. Millar, and a History of English Literature in six volumes by Garnett and Gosse. The first and third volumes of the latter work are in the library; the others are not yet published. This work promises to be a classic. In biography there is a life of Robert Louis Stevenson in two volumes, by Balfour, which surely ought to be interesting. Then there are two other books of this class, one on Contemporary Biography, by Bryce, and "British Political Portraits," by Justin M'Carty. These books give us the lives of such men as James Bryce, John Morley, and Lord Salisbury, and should be read by all who wish to be acquainted with the great figures of contemporary history. In art we have "Enjoyment of Art," by Noyes, and "How to Judge a Picture," by Van Dyke. These books are written with the aim of teaching the average man to appreciate art and to be able to say something more definite about it than "it is just perfectly lovely." Such books as these, rather than fiction—all the time fiction—should be read; books that teach while they entertain.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

THE MAGAZINE.

The aim of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is to reflect the literary activity of the students of the University. How to make it best accomplish this purpose has been the perplexing problem of the past, and earnest attempts to solve this problem have brought into play various policies.

Whatever theoretical objection there may be to the policy of prize-giving, it must be admitted that the prizes offered for the past two years have had a decidedly good effect. They certainly helped to improve the character of the MAGAZINE.

Convinced of this truth, we take pleasure in making

the following announcement: For the year 1903-1904 a medal and three prizes have been offered. The medal, known as the Hunter Lee Harris Medal, established a few months ago by Dr. Charles Wyche, of St. Louis, is to go to the contributor of the best short story. For the second best story the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies offer ten dollars, and for the story of third rank, five dollars. The prize of ten dollars, awarded for the past two years for the best thoughtful essay or serious article, has also been offered for this year.

With such encouragement in the way of prizes and a sincere desire on the part of all loyal students of the University to make their periodical the best possible, we see no reason why the MAGAZINE may not become a fair representative of the literary life here. To this end the incoming board of editors solicit the hearty coöperation of the whole student body. Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, devote a little of your time to writing for your MAGAZINE. Do not stop to consider whether your contribution will be accepted. Do your best to make it worthy of publication and rest assured that every earnest effort will be rewarded.

JUDGE BYNUM'S GIFT.

The generous gift Judge William Preston Bynum recently bestowed upon the University for the erection of a gymnasium as a memorial to his grandson, William Preston Bynum, Jr., of the class of '93, has been the occasion of much grateful rejoicing on the part of the students and friends of the University. This gift supplies an urgent need. We have long felt that the use of Memorial Hall

as a gymnasium amounted almost to desecration, and watched longingly for an alternative to come in sight. Many thanks to Judge Bynum, who has changed our despair into joy.

OUR OUTLOOK IN FOOTBALL.

The MAGAZINE watches with interest the development of our football team. We think that one of the most noteworthy features in connection with the daily practice is the earnest endeavor of the fellows to carry out the instructions of Coach Olcott and those under his direction. Individuality is sacrificed, as it were, to genuine team work. With nine of our old men back, the excellent new material, the wide experience, tact, and good judgment of our coach, and the inspiration that comes from the victories already won, we have reason to be hopeful for the future.

EXCHANGES.

Owing to the fact that our Exchange Department is not fully established and that comparatively few magazines have come to our desk, our criticisms this month will necessarily be confined to two or three magazines.

The October *Haverfordian* has very little to interest others than Haverfordians. Its pages are taken up mainly with Commencement, Alumni Notes, Cricket, and College Notes. It contains two or three fairly good pieces of verse; in fact, the '04's of Haverford give promise of turning out some very creditable work in this line. We would suggest that the magazine could be made much more attractive by the addition of a few pieces of fiction. However, we believe that the present issue was a summing up of commencement and the fall opening, and we trust that the editors are going to give us more literary matter in the future.

Although *The Georgian* seems to be lacking in quantity, yet its quality is not below the average, we think. All that can be said for "A Mistaken Identity" is, that it is perhaps as good as the average story in college magazines. "A Pigskin Romance," a story of the old, yet ever new, passions of love and foot ball (as the title indicates), is well written and has only one fault—it is too unreal. In an age of miracles, a Vassar girl, disguised, might play a "star quarter" in her injured lover's place without knowing the signals, but in this age she couldn't do it. Even a story must have at least the semblance of truth. The sonnet "Dreams" and the other two poems, "Heroism" and "Ione" are above

the "common run" of college magazine poetry. The very name of the article on Psychology frightened us away; it may have been good—we can't say. On the whole then, let us repeat, *The Georgian* for October comes up to the average in the quality of its material, if not in quantity.

The Wake Forest Student is a very creditable issue when all has been said, although, like all college magazines, it contains some things that might have been left out and that give us the impression of an attempt to fill space merely. There are several short poems that are just passable. The serious matter, what there is of it, does very well. The article on Mrs. Browning is the best of the serious articles. It is interesting and sympathetic. The article on the Jew is without any particular value. The one humorous article entitled, "The Newish of 1903," is rather trivial, we think. As to the fiction, the story entitled "Esther" is written in a very good style although it lacks the unity of purpose that ought to characterize a short story. Its subject too, is better fitted for a serial or a novel. "Amor Vincit" is very good and our only criticism is that it illustrates a tendency to end rather abruptly. "After the Fire" is disproportionate and too obvious—the stereotyped hero story with a love-quarrel and a make-up. "A Real Country Debate" is one of those things which we suggest might have been left out. If it had humor enough about it the grotesqueness might have been redeemed. "Kid Rickman's Gang" is a very pretty little piece of scenery except for the sophomoric element in the first paragraph and the puzzle at the end. The general get-up of the Magazine is very good.

COLLEGE RECORD.

A NEW GYMNASIUM.

Judge W. P. Bynum, of Charlotte, has just made a generous gift of $25,000 to the University for a new gymnasium.

The new building is to be a memorial to Judge Bynum's grandson, W. P. Bynum, Jr., of the class of 1893. He was a student at the University for two years; but his life was cut off before he could fully equip himself for it. He was a member of the Dialectic Society and was a diligent student, making an average of ninety-five per cent. on his studies. His personal character was exemplary. He was a generous friend and a noble Christian. His death was a loss to his State and to his Alma Mater. It is very fitting, therefore, that a building should be erected to his memory on the University campus.

The gift supplies a much-felt want, and comes at the right time. The building will be placed on the old athletic field. Work will begin on it soon, so as to have it completed by next year, if possible. This and the new Y. M. C. A. building will make excellent additions to the campus.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

Ten years ago the MAGAZINE gave an account of a movement being started to erect a building at the University for the Young Men's Christian Association. It was thought then that the building in a year or two would be a neighbor to the other buildings on the campus, and yet all these years have gone by with no build-

ing. This fall the foundation for this much-needed addition to the campus will be laid. The building will cost about $10,000. During the past summer the building fund was brought up to $7,000 in cash and in subscriptions. Friends of this movement who have not yet contributed are asked to send in their contributions to Mr. E. McDonald, Jr., Chapel Hill, N. C.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

Sophomore Class.—C. Cochran, President; T. H. Smith, First Vice-President; V. L. Stephenson, Second Vice-President; I. King, Secretary; F. M. Crawford, Treasurer; J. A. Parker, Class Representative.

Junior Class.—C. W. Miller, President; J. B. Robertson, Vice-President; Z. H. Rose, Secretary and Treasurer; F. McLean, Historian; J. K. Wilson, Class Representative.

Senior Class.—S. S. Robins, President; W. C. Rankin, First Vice-President; E. A. Council, Second Vice-President; L. B. Lockhart, Secretary; R. M. Harper, Treasurer; C. P. Russell, Prophet; A. H. Johnston, Statistician; W. E. Pharr, Historian; E. S. W. Dameron, Orator; C. E. Betts, Poet.

First Year Medical Class.—W. C. Rice, President; J. V. Dick, First Vice-President; T. H. Royster, Second Vice-President; R. P. Noble, Secretary; H. B. Best, Treasurer; J. J. Barefoot, Historian; I. Mayerberg, Surgeon; R. F. Leinbach, Prophet; M. R. Glenn, Poet.

Second Year Medical Class.—A. H. Rose, President; Brand Starnes, First Vice-President; Peter McLean,

Second Vice-President; John Knox, Secretary and Treasurer; John Williams, Surgeon; W. S. Jordan, Historian; Ed. Clement, Chaplain; J. Patterson, Coroner.

Law Class.—A. W. Haywood, President; R. S. Stewart, First Vice-President; S. J. Adams, Second Vice-President; L. T. Johnson, Secretary; D. Witherspoon, Orator; O. A. Barbour, Poet; C. E. Taylor, Historian; Dr. Thos. Ruffin, Judge; T. G. Britton, Judge *pro tem.*; R. W. Herring, Solicitor; G. R. Ward, Clerk; I. Andrews, Sheriff; A. L. Bulwinkle, Coroner.

The following is the new editorial staff for *The Tar Heel* this year: C. P. Russell, Editor-in-Chief; W. E. Pharr, Business Manager; C. W. Miller, Assistant Business Manager; W. T. Shore, J. L. Moore, J. K. Wilson, J. A. Parker and J. V. Howard, Associate Editors.

The Athletic Association elected the following officers for the year: J. B. Ramsey, President; A. H. Johnston, Vice-President; T. H. Hill, Secretary and Treasurer; R. S. Stewart, Graduate Member Advisory Committee; A. W. Haywood, Undergraduate Member Advisory Committee; L. S. Holt, Chief Cheerer.

ALUMNI NOTES.

CLASS OF 1903.

G. H. Andrews is with the Raleigh National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

H. H. Bennett is engaged as chemist for the U. S. Soil Survey.

G. R. Berkeley is studying medicine at the University.

B. H. Bridgers is located with the the Atlantic National Bank, Wilmington, N. C.

C. A. Bynum is studying law at Texas University.

Milton Calder is in the Murchison National Bank, Wilmington, N. C.

W. F. Carr is with the Durham Hosiery Mill, Durham, N. C.

D. Z. Cauble is a chemist for the Bessemer Iron and Steel Works, Birmingham, Ala.

R. B. Collins is teaching at Farmington, N. C.

E. B. Clement is studying medicine at the University.

Preston Cummings is studying law at the University.

R. O. Everett is teaching in the Durham Graded Schools.

N. F. Farlow is principal of the Boys' High School, Salem, N. C.

F. L. Foust is surveyor for the N. C. Geological Survey.

T. B. Foust is chemist for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company.

G. G. Galloway is a merchant in Jacksonville, Fla.

J. R. Giles is with the Charlotte Chronicle.

M. R. Glenn is a medical student at the University.

T. J. Gold is teaching at Shelby, N. C.

W. J. Gordon is assistant in French at the University.

G. W. Graham is pursuing a business eourse in the Charlotte Commercial College.

W. A. Graham is an instructor in the Warrenton High School.

G. J. Green is teaching school.

T. L. Gwyn is engaged in the lumber business at Springdale, N. C.

F. M. Hanes is a medical student at Harvard.

F. S. Hassell and E. A. Hawes are representing the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, at Hickory, N. C.

R. W. Herring is studying law at the University.

E. P. Holt is a professor at St. Albans, Va.

Hazel Holland is a chemist for the Welsbach Light Co., New Jersey.

J. W. Horner is teller in the bank at Henderson, N. C.

B. F. Huske is teaching Mathematics in the Fayetteville Graded Schools.

C. E. Johnson is with the Raleigh Savings Bank.

G. L. Jones is a law student at the University.

H. M. Jones is studying medicine at the University.

Z. V. Judd is instructor in French at the University of Florida, Lake City, Fla.

J. H. McAden, Jr., is with the Merchants' and Farmers' National Bank, Charlotte, N. C.

H. R. McFadyen is studying for the ministry at Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

C. E. Maddry is pastor of the Hillsboro Baptist Church, Hillsboro, N. C.

J. L. Morehead is with the American Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C.

R. C. Morrow is teaching at Goldston, N. C.

L. L. Parker is principal of the Rocky Mount Graded Schools.

J. E. Pearson is principal of schools at Biscoe, N. C.

E. Ray is teaching at Morganton, N. C.

J. K. Ross, our clever humorist, is continuing his medical course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

J. J. Skinner is specializing in Chemistry at the University.

H. P. Stevens is traveling for the Goff Refining Co., of Port Arthur, Texas.

R. S. Stewart is studying law at the University.

B. I. Tart is teaching at Morehead City, N. C.

J. B. Thorpe is chemist for the Clariston Steel Works, Clariston, Pa.

H. G. Turner is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

N. W. Walker is principal of the Asheboro Graded Schools.

G. R. Ward is a law student at the University.

H. R. Weller is chemist for the Garrett Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

G. W. Willcox is located in a law office at Florence, S. C.

J. W. Willcox is studying medicine at the University.

H. B. Whitehurst is teaching at New Berne, N. C.

Of the Class of '03 sixteen are teaching, fifteen are in the business world proper, eight are studying medicine, seven are studying law, eight are chemists and geologists, and two are candidates for the ministry.

LAW CLASS OF FEBRUARY AND AUGUST, 1903.

The members of the class are practicing their profession at the following places:

S. J. Adams, Raleigh, N. C.
T. A. Adams, Wilson, N. C.
T. M. Allen, Raleigh, N. C.
R. L. Ballou, Ashe County.
J. L. Barham, Goldsboro, N. C.
T. G. Britton, University of North Carolina.
T. E. Brown, Louisville, Ky.
Hayden Clement, Salisbury, N. C.
J. S. Cook, Graham, N. C.
E. G. Davis, Fayetteville, N. C.
J. F. Duncan, Beaufort, N. C.
J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Tacoma, Wash.
J. B. Gibson, Dillon, S. C.
D. F. Giles, University of North Carolina.
M. B. Gilliam, Windsor, N. C.
R. L. Godwin, Godwin & Godwin, Dunn, N. C.
Louis Goodman, Wilmington, N. C.
E. M. Green, Newbern, N. C.
Geo. C. Green, University of North Carolina.
F. F. Griffin, Monroe, N. C.
F. A. Gudger, Asheville, N. C.
C. H. Herndon, Ocala, Fla.
J. A. Lockhart, Lockhart & Lockhart, Wadesboro, N. C.
J. E. Long, Burlington, N. C.
N. Lunsford, Jr., Roxboro, N. C.
S. B. McLean, Maxton, N. C.
T. J. McMichael, Charlotte, N. C.
J. A. McRae, Wadesboro, N. C.

A. D. Monteith, with Judge Shuford, Asheville, N. C.
Jude Palmer, Greensboro, N. C.
J. Peele, Laurinburg, N. C.
J. B. Ramsey, Ramsey & Rountree, Chapel Hill, N. C.
J. B. Ray, Burnsville, N. C.
D. L. Raymer, Rock Cut, N. C.
H. M. Robins, Asheboro, N. C.
J. R. Rountree, Ramsey & Rountree, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Michael Schenck, Greensboro, N. C.
H. B. Short, Columbia University, N. Y.
W. F. Smathers, with Judge Endicott, Atlantic City, N. J.
J. Y. Smith, Jr., Beaumont, Tex.
H. V. Stewart, Gastonia, N. C.
K. B. Thigpen, Conetoe, N. C.
D. S. Thompson, Statesville, N. C.
F. M. Wooten, Greenville, N. C.
B. A. Brooks, Burlington, N. C.
P. H. Busbee, Raleigh, N. C.
L. T. Cook, Maxton, N. C.
S. A. Douglas, New Mexico.
E. H. Gibson, Gibson, N. C.
J. A. Gwyn, A. & E. Encyclopœdia Co., Lockport, L. I.
T. F. Hudson, Salisbury, N. C.
W. W. Hyams, Washington, D. C.
A. D. Fry, Leaksville, N. C.
C. B. King, Sanford, N. C.
W. L. Luther, Chandler, N. C.
E. R. Preston, Charlotte, N. C.
G. L. Reynolds, Ashevillo, N. C.
A. P. Spell, Johnston County.

A. L. Starr, Startown, N. C.
J. L. Woodall, Benson, N. C.
T. L. Wright, Clinton, N. C.
W. W. Boddy, Nashville, N. C.
E. C. Chambers, Durham, N. C.
T. S. Fuller, Raleigh, N. C.
J. S. Kuykendall, Greensboro, N. C.
D. F. Morrow, President Rutherfordton Bank, Rutherfordton, N. C.
R. S. Reid, Boone & Reid, Durham, N. C.

NOTES.

The Alumni Editor will appreciate all news of interest concerning any alumnus of the University.

Dr. R. M. Littlejohn, Med. '01, who graduated at the head of a class of one hundred and forty-three, University of Maryland, is practicing medicine at Charlotte.

D. M. Swink, '01, who has been at Pittsburg with the Westinghouse people, is now manager of the City Electric Light and Power Co., Newark, N. J.

John Ferrell, '02, has been elected Superintendent of Education for Sampson County.

R. N. Lichtenthaeler is instructor in Chemistry at University of Florida, Gate City.

Prof. Thos. Sharpe, formerly Superintendent of Schools at Florence, S. C., was recently elected Superintendent of Education for Guilford County. He receives the highest salary of any county superintendent in the State.

Chas. Ross, ex-'04, is secretary to Congressman Page. He is also pursuing a course in the Columbian Law School, Washington.

C. B. Buxton, '99, is chief clerk in the local freight offices of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. Co., New York.

Prof. Holland Thompson, '03, of the New York City College, spent a few days on the "Hill" in September.

Louis Graves, '02, is a reporter for the New York Times.

R. S. Hutchison, '02, has been promoted to an overseer's position in the Albemarle Cotton Mills.

I. F. Lewis, '02, is taking a special course in Biology at Johns Hopkins University.

Geo. Stevens and L. Reid, '02s, are students at the Princeton Theological School.

L. W. Hovis, Med. '03, is studying medicine at the North Carolina Medical College, Charlotte.

C. M. Byrnes, '02, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

J. K. Hall, '01, Eben Alexander, '01, and Emory Alexander, Med. '02, are students at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

M. C. Guthrie and F. L. Sharpe, Meds. '03, are at the University Medical College, Raleigh.

Claude McIver, '01, is Superintendent of Schools at Burlington, N. C.

Jas. McIver is an instructor in Brown's University, Charlotte, N. C.

Dr. Wm. MacNider, '99, is an instructor in the University Medical College, Raleigh, N. C. He is also associated with Dr. Royster.

John Willcox, '02, is in the mill business at Laurens, S. C.

MARRIAGES.

J. L. Harris, '02, was married to Miss Lillie Hooper, of Stumpy Point, N. C., on July 1st.

On the 28th of September Alexander Shuford, ex-'00, and Miss Maud Furgerson, Waynesville, N. C., were united in marriage.

D. Z. Cauble, ex-'03, was married in June to Miss Jessie Cheek, of Chapel Hill, N. C.

Holly Bell, Phar. '03, was married to Miss Mary Williams, of Warrenton, N. C.

NECROLOGY.

Maurice Phelan, Esq., of Michigan, died, after a brief illness from typhoid fever, at Asheville, N. C., Sept. 8th. Mr. Phelan came here, as a lawyer from Michigan, to acquaint himself with North Carolina statutes and practice. He received his license at the February term of the Supreme Court and purposed settling in North Carolina. The deceased gave promise of a successful career—for he was a strong lawyer, a man of sterling qualities and a pleasant gentleman. While at Asheville and during his short sojourn here he made many friends. He leaves a devoted wife to mourn an irreparable loss.

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 25. No. 2---DECEMBER, 1903. New Series, Vol. 22

A QUANDARY.

Of all the hues the fairest one, I ween,
  Is that which dwells within my lady's eyes;
No clearer blue in ocean's depths is seen,
  Nor glows a lovelier tint in summer skies.
But no! can blue be valued o'er the gold
  That glimmers prisoned in her sun-kissed hair,
Bright as the heart that lily-buds enfold,
  Or wheat fields rippled by the evening air?
Yet stay again! While on her cheek I gaze
  And watch the fleeting blushes come and go,
Nor gold nor azure can enthrall my praise,
  Nor aught beside that tender morning glow.
O Love, in pity come and choose for me,
And tell me, which is fairest of the three?

M. H.

THREE CONCEPTIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.

LEGEND tends to gather around a misunderstood character with the ages. His deeds, whether they be good or evil, are enhanced by the glamor of poetic fancy. If he is conceived to be a saint by those of his own time, a saintly halo shines about his head in the legend; if a demon, a demon unsurpassable. He is conceived too as a different character by every nation and by every age; for every nation and every age beholds him from a different point of view. Race prejudice, conditions of life, all these lend their tinge to the legend and make it distinctively the property of each nation.

No character in history, perhaps, has been more misunderstood than the saint of the French people, Joan of Arc; and for this reason no character perhaps has had more of the glamor of legend thrown about him than this heroic leader of the French. Every nation beholds her from a different point of view; every age forms a new conception of her character. Let us compare three representative conceptions—Shakespeare's, in *King Henry VI.*, Schiller's, in *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, and Mark Twain's, in his *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*—and see, if we can, how they were influenced by their nationalities and by the spirit of the times in which they wrote.

In beginning the discussion of each conception of Joan, it will be necessary to review enough of the work of each author to understand Joan's character as portrayed by each. And before beginning the review of Shakespeare's play, it will be necessary to state that the play, *King Henry VI.*, the first part of which we are to

use, was not written by Shakespeare, at least, not conceived by him, but only worked over and re-edited by him; and although we shall call it Shakespeare's, we must remember that it does not represent Shakespeare's impression, most especially in his more mature stage, but the spirit of the English people.

To begin with, Shakespeare's Joan is a rude peasant maid, pretending to be possessed of magic powers. In her speech she is a braggart, but she accomplishes little. The actions which, according to history, she wins, are omitted; defeats are imputed to her which, according to history, she never suffered. She gets her army into Rouen by stealth. Then, she and the Dauphin are

> "Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
> That cannot live asunder day or night."

In the last act she calls upon her "charming spells," "periapts," "choice spirits," for help. They fail her in her extremity and she falls into the hands of the English. She denies her former stories about her birth and mission, and denies her old father to his face. When on the point of being burned at the stake, in order to escape death she confesses to an impure life in the camp.

It can clearly be seen that Shakespeare's view of Joan of Arc is a low view. But this can easily be understood by considering that it is the English view of that time. England and France had been mortal enemies for scores of years. When England had over-ridden France for years, a poor peasant glrl (inspired or not, it does not matter) came to her country's rescue and won back all that had been lost. In her trial the English had concocted all sorts of lies to sentence her to the stake and these had been accepted by later generations. Is it sur-

prising then that the English, even 150 or 200 years later, should look upon Joan as a low character and conceive of her as a witch? For the old prejudices about Joan had been handed down from generation to generation; and prejudices are slow to change. Can you find a Confederate veteran today who does not feel that the South was right in seceding from the Union? And can you find a member of the Grand Army of the Republic who will concede that the Southern generals and their men were braver, better fighters than the Northern side produced? Old feelings and prejudices of this kind are so slow to change that unless there is some revolution of ideas they will be transmitted from generation to generation. And so it was with these English; it was a case of race prejudice with them. These same lies about Joan of Arc, concocted in order to convict her, were accepted by them and transmitted, and it is not strange that the English people of Shakespeare's time should have held this view. Furthermore, if they believed that she was a witch, and an impostor as far as inspiration was concerned, it is perfectly natural that Shakespeare (or rather, the English) should conceive the idea that a woman of this nature, when associated only with men in the camp, should not live a life of purity. With them there was nothing of the purity, nothing of the saintliness, about this young leader which later ages in other lands have conceded to her. And so Shakespeare's conception is only the natural view of a people who are held in by race prejudice.

Now, for Schiller's Maid of Orleans. She is a poor peasant girl, but not illiterate as history shows her. The "Mother of God" comes to her while she is watch-

ing her sheep on the plains of Domremy and tells her that she is chosen of God to lead the French to victory. She is enjoined never to spare the life of an enemy and never to yield to earthly love. She takes her sword and obeys the vision; wins battle after battle, her very name inspiring terror in her enemies. But she meets the British general, Lionel, is smitten with love at first sight, and spares his life, thus violating her two vows. Then her conflict begins. She feels that she is no longer pure enough to carry out her mission. Her father denounces her and she cannot conscientiously answer him. She is denounced as a witch and cast out. Then in a thunderstorm in the forest, forsaken by all save one faithful friend, she again consecrates herself to God; and when captured by the English, though threatened with death, she refuses all alliance with Lionel. Her misfortunes have brought her thus into communionw ith God. She triumphs over herself and her love. In all respects save her bonds, she is the Joan of old. She is again supported by the divine hand. So when her countrymen are being overcome in sight of her prison, she bursts her chains and goes to win a glorious victory, then dies in the arms of her King.

Schiller's conception of Joan of Arc is clearly a high one. He is the poet of freedom, freedom of the individual, freedom of the human soul. And so his Joan is a heroic soul, in a time that tries men's soul, a soul striving for perfect purification. His is a highly idealized form of the woman. With him she is the inspired apostle of liberty.

Now why should Schiller form this conception of Joan of Arc? For an explanation let us look to the spirit of

his times. Consider first that the age of Schiller was an age of revolution. In his own country, princely oppression, and in literature, the resisting "Storm-and-Stress Movement;" in France, the political revolution corresponding to the German literary "Sturm und Drang"; in America, the great Revolution; all these came in Schiller's younger days. And in 1800, when he wrote *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, the effects of this spirit of revolution were still strong on the literary men of the day. In his "Sturm und Drang" period, Schiller had written wild, "blood-and-thunder" plays. *Die Rauber*, *Fiesco*, *Kabale und Liebe*, his "Sturm und Drang" dramas, are characteristic of the spirit of the literature at the time. They are like Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen*, only fiercer in their outcries against oppression. The literature of the period is characterized by its struggle for freedom. The period, in fact, is just the turn which the German gave to the movement which in France resulted in the French Revolution.

Furthermore, while a nation is absolutely free from the heel of any oppressor, it does not cry out against oppression and for freedom. Great orators spring up only when there are great questions to be discussed and great wrongs to be righted. Great cries for liberty go up only under such circumstances. But when there are great wrongs in the land, when the people are ground down by the heel of the oppressor, when the thing desired above all else, liberty, is far from them, then it is that their cries go forth in pleas for liberty. So it was in this period of German history. Lessing had produced his masterpieces and among them a great outcry

against oppression, *Emilia Galotti.* Goethe had written his fiery "Sturm und Drang" productions, and later his more mature pleas for perfect liberty. Schiller had written *Die Rauber* and his other fiery denunciations of oppression; and before his *Jungfrau*, had just completed his plea for perfect freedom of the human soul, *Maria Stuart.* Now he takes the theme of the French struggle for liberty, in general, and the liberty of a human soul, in particular.

In portraying the character of his heroine, Schiller departs from the facts of history, not as Shakespeare did, to suit the English mind, but to accomplish his purpose of a plea for liberty. His is only an idealized form of the character. He was far enough removed from the time of Joan to appreciate her and there was no race prejudice to come into his estimate. He had a purpose, he needed a character to represent this purpose, and Joan of Arc, as he conceived of her, was the character for this purpose.

Now Mark Twain represents an entirely different view from either of these. He lives far enough removed from the times of the heroine to see her as nearly in her true light as the facts of history, mingled with a tinge of legend, will permit. His is then a historical view; he sifts the old records of her life, trial, and death, and follows them carefully, weaving in enough of imagination to make the account highly interesting. He represents her as a maid inspired of God to lead the French to victory. From childhood she has the gift of prophecy; and although she cannot read and is unlearned in the arts of war, she never makes a mistake either in her campaigns

or in her defence of her life in the trial at which she is so long persecuted. What is the secret of all this? He explains it: "She was Joan of Arc; and when that is said, all is said." He gives her life from childhood; her five great deeds, the raising of the siege of Orleans, the victory of Patay, the reconciliation at Sully-sur-Loire, the coronation of the King, and the bloodless march; her long, wearisome trial; and finally her death at the stake.

Mark Twain's view does not represent as much as the other two. His work is more of a chronicle (strikingly interesting, nevertheless) and represents the practical, common sense view of a man who looks at the facts in the case with an unprejudiced eye. It represents a view that is not controlled by race prejudice or by the spirit of any particular time, save the spirit of practical research of our own time, but it is a view which strives, by long research into the most reliable sources, to give a fair account of a long misunderstood character.

Now we have seen the three conceptions: the first, Shakespeare's, a conception controlled by race prejudice; the second, Schiller's, a conception controlled by the spirit of the author's times; the third, Mark Twain's, without race prejudice or *Zritgeist* to control it, a clear, reliable, entertaining history of the life of the Maid of Orleans; the first an ugly conception, the last two charming, each in its own way. There are other conceptions of this same great character but these will suffice to show how legend gathers around a great misunderstood character; how each conception is influenced by some phase of the life of the people who conceive it; and how it is only in the light of deep research

carried on in a common sense way by a practical man or men that the true conception is gained, and even then the view cannot help being tinged to some extent by legend which has been handed down through the ages.

W. C. Rankin.

A NOTE PREFATORY TO MR. KERN'S ARTICLE ON "A PIONEER IN ANGLO-SAXON."

HAVING examined the manuscript left by Edward Dromgoole Sims, I take pleasure in calling the attention of North Carolinians to the following interesting paper by my friend, A. A. Kern, of the Johns Hopkins University, on *A Pioneer in Anglo-Saxon.* Through the kindness of Mr. Kern and Dr. Henneman the paper is reproduced in full from the *Sewanee Review* of July, 1903 (Vol. XI., No. 3). It is to me a source of peculiar pride that the first Anglo-Saxon Grammar written in America should have been prepared by a graduate of the University of North Carolina. Thomas Jefferson's interest in Anglo-Saxon is well known, but it resulted only in an *Essay*; and Klipstein's two volumes of *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, which were written from "St. James, Santee, S. C." and which have hitherto been considered the first products of Anglo-Saxon scholarship in America, are both dated 1848. Prof. Sims was, therefore, as Mr. Kern shows, the real pioneer. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that his manuscripts were never published.

Wülker, in his famous *Grundiss der angelsächsischen Litteratur*, makes mention of Jefferson and Klipstein (pages 74 and 75) but of course knows nothing of Sims. This number of the MAGAZINE will be promptly sent to Professor Wülker and the request made that in future editions the work of Sims be given due credit. It may be said in passing that Professor Wülker is in error when he claims Klipstein as "ein Deutscher"; Klipstein was a Virginian but was living in South Carolina when he published his Anglo-Saxon works. Professor Wülker

errs again in classing Jefferson's *Essay* as "eine angelsächsische Grammatik," as well as in dating it in 1851. Jefferson, as every American knows, died July 4, 1826; and not even the most ardent enthusiast in Anglo-Saxon can reasonably claim that the spirits of just men made perfect occupy themselves in their celestial leisures with the intricacies of Germanic dialects.

There is little to add to Mr. Kern's sketch of Professor Sims. I find, however, in the *Register of Members of the Philanthropic Society* from 1795 to 1887, edited by Stephen B. Weeks in 1887, that Edward Dromgoole Sims entered the University of North Carolina in 1820 from Lawrenceville, Va. After his name there are the following entries: "A.M., Meth. Epis. Min.; Tutor U. N. C., 1825-'27; Prof. of Anc't Langs. and of Eng. Literature, Randolph-Macon College; Prof. of Math. and Nat. Philosophy, and of Eng. Literature, Univ. of Ala., 1841-'45."

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

A PIONEER IN ANGLO-SAXON.

IN an article entitled "The Study of English in the South" (Sewanee Review, II., 180), Prof. Henneman, of the University of the South, writes as follows (p. 184): "It was likewise another Virginian, Louis F. Klipstein, a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College, who somehow or other got over to a German university, and in order to show his interest in the subject as early as the forties began the publication of the first Anglo-Saxon texts in America—the Gospels, and two volumes of selections, besides a grammar. . . ." Quoting once more (p. 187), "Randolph-Macon College would have deserved notice for devoting a separate chair to English literature as early as 1836, almost from its inception, and Edward Dromgoole Sims (a Master of Arts of the University of North Carolina) have a course in historical English in the year 1839. He was installed in that year as professor of English, after a stay in Europe, where he heard lectures on Anglo-Saxon. Tradition tells how, having no text-books, he used the blackboards for his philological work. At the end of three years he removed to the University of Alabama in consequence of having contracted a marriage not then allowed under the laws of Virginia. He was preparing a series of text-books in Old English, tradition again says, when he died, in 1845. Had he accomplished his purpose, these works would have preceded Klipstein's in point of time."

Dame Rumor, for once at least, has proved herself truthful, and it is the discovery of these traditional text-books which has led to the writing of this paper.

On July 8, 1890, the Rev. J. Stephan found several notebooks in a second-hand bookstore in St. Louis, and,

noticing the name of Prof. Sims on the title-page, he purchased the lot and sent them to the Librarian at Randolph-Macon College, from whom it was my privilege to obtain them. The entire lot consists of four note-books, in which are found, in addition, many loose leaves which contain notes on various subjects, the entries extending from 1827 to 1844. The third notebook contains the beginning of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary, bibliographies, and notes on grammar. The fourth book contains a second attempt at an Anglo-Saxon dictionary, over which the author has written his Anglo-Saxon grammar, advice to speakers, sermons, etc. The remainder of the notes relates mainly to his private life.

Prof. Edward Dromgoole Sims was born in Brunswick County, Va., March 24, 1805. His father united the callings of planter and physician, and in his later years became a minister of the gospel. Prof. Sims received the usual education of a child of that period, being sent from one private school to another, and at times being instructed at home. In his youth he was not noted for his brilliancy as a pupil; but in July, 1820, at the age of sixteen, he entered the Freshman class of the University of North Carolina, in which he gained first rank for scholarship. His course consisted of arithmetic, algebra, Sallust, Virgil's Georgics, Cicero, Græca Minora, Græca Majora, Xenophon, modern and ancient geography—surely not a preponderance of the modern languages. He took his A.B. degree in 1824, and his A.M. degree in 1827, and was for three years a tutor at the university, presumably in the years 1824-'27. After obtaining hii A.M. degree he made a tour of the Western States, going as far as St. Louis.

Randolph-Macon College was opened for students on October 9, 1832, and Edward D. Sims, then professor in La Grange College, Alabama, was elected to the chair of Languages. He was an enthusiastic teacher of English, and, being unable to procure Anglo-Saxon text-books, he wrote the elementary exercises upon the blackboard. He frequently emphasized the importance of having a good command of language, and regarded the thorough and radical study of the English language as the great means for gaining a true knowledge and just appreciation of our own literature. The trustees were so impressed with the value of his course that in June, 1835, they granted him leave of absence to visit Europe, in order that he might prosecute the study of Modern Languages, and particularly of Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, preparatory to a more thorough teaching of the English language, one of the first moves in such a direction made by any college in America. George F. Pierce was elected to fill Prof. Sims's place as professor of Languages, and in June, 1836, the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson was elected to fill the chair of English Literature until Prof. Sims's return from Europe.

Prof. Sims returned from Europe in 1838, and assumed the chair of English Literature and Oriental Languages. From his diary we know he studied at Halle, and also paid a visit to Leipzig. His chief friend and companion at Halle appears to have been Prof. Tholuck, under whom he also took lectures. At a called meeting of the Board of Trustees of Randolph-Macon College, held in April, 1842, Prof. Sims tendered his resignation. The law of Virginia at that time prohibited a person from marrying the sister of his deceased wife. Prof. Sims

was about to marry Miss Annie Andrews, the daughter of Prof. E. A. Andrews, the father of his first wife, and he was therefore compelled to leave the State in order to effect the marriage. His loss was much regretted by the trustees and friends of the college, particularly as there was no one to fill his position in the special English course. He was then elected to the chair of English in the University of Alabama, where he formulated a course of instruction in English based on the Anglo-Saxon, similar to the one he had taught at Randolph-Macon. Here it was that he worked upon his Anglo-Saxon dictionary and grammar, the remains of which have come into our hands. There are also portions of his notes which indicate that he had intended writing an English grammar. He died in the spring of 1845, before the completion of either work. The only male member of the family named Sims now living informs me that Prof. Sims helped Prof. Andrews, his father-in-law, in the compilation of the Latin Grammar, known as Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar.

I have found it rather difficult to collect further data with regard to his life; even that which I have succeeded in obtaining has often been of the most untrustworthy nature, the family Bible having occasionally proved inferior to the college catalogue as a source of information. He has left us a faithful diary, extending from his earliest days through his Freshman year at the University of North Carolina. From this we learn that he came of good stock, members of his family having been prominent in the Virginia Legislature, that a stubborn tongue always hindered his rapid advance in the speaking of foreign languages, and that he was also a

preacher of the gospel. He was a lover of travel, and has left us a record of a trip to Andover, Mass., which he made in July, 1834, for the purpose of studying Hebrew. His disposition as shown in the diary may be characterized as sensitive, methodical, deeply religious.

One of his pupils at Randolph Macon has written of him as follows: "He was a man of marked personal appearance, of great dignity and gentlemanly manner, and a most devoted Christian. Though not endowed by nature with the mental powers of others of his associates, he nevertheless by industrious application became a fine scholar and a model professor. He was a high man in person and every way, and was also thoroughly imbued with the love of his native English." (Irby's History of Randolph-Macon College, p. 43.)

The dictionary is in an unfinished condition. In one volume he has set down in alphabetical order a large number of Anglo-Saxon words from *A* to *W*, and opposite them he has made various notes in pencil, such as *an*, *ain*, *aen*, gen-*es* (wk.), *aenette*, *aenig*, *naig*, *ana*, *annes*, *aninga*, *anlaga*, *anlic*, *naenig*, *nan*, *nem*, *amber*. *A* is fairly well filled out, but the other letters are filled in irregularly. In another book he has written out a number of words alphabetically arranged, and discussed them down to about the middle of *C*; then he seems to have given up the task, for, running his pen through the words, he has used the same pages for his grammar.

This he outlines as follows:

Preface, System, and Design of Work.

INTRODUCTION.

1. History of Anglo-Saxons.
2. History of Anglo-Saxon Language (both of these

in the Indo-Germanic aspect).

3. Anglo-Saxon Literature and Bibliography.

The grammar proper he divides as follows: Part I., Etymology; Part II., Syntax.

PART I.

Chapter I. Sounds and Letters.

1. History of Anglo-Saxon letters.
2. Sounds of letters.
3. Articulation of sounds.
   (*a*) Vowels.
   (*b*) Consonants.
4. Interchange of sounds.
   (*a*) Vowels.
   (*b*) Consonants.
5. The syllable.

Chapter II. Kinds and Forms of Words.

1. Kinds of words.
   (*a*) Notional words—verb, noun, adjective,
   (*b*) Relational words—pronouns, numerals, prepositions, conjunctions. Adverbs are mixed.
2. Form of words.
   (*a*) Verb.

The Preface he deferred writing, or else what he wrote has not yet come to light.

One characteristic of the whole is, as might be expected from a pioneer work, a fullness which strikes us of the present day as unusual and unnecessary. For instance, grammar in general is defined and explained, the necessity of language to a nation, and the relation is shown between language, sentences, and words. Such sentences

as the following would hardly appear in any of the Anglo-Saxon grammars of to-day: "The body is suited to be the instrument of the mind, and the varied and delicate construction of man's organs of speech correspond to the rational and discriminating spirit within him. As this latter creates ideas of things with its cognizance, and out of ideas by referring them to each other constructs *thoughts* and *judgments*, the former (*i. e.*, organs of speech), by an easy and natural course, enunciates *words* and *sentences* as correspondent outward signs of these *ideas* or *thoughts*."

One of the most interesting paragraphs is that on the interchange of sounds. According to Sims, the interchange of vowels arises from the fact that they are all made with the cavity of the mouth open, and that the shape of this cavity, when fitted to make one vowel sound, passes into those suited for other vowel sounds by very slight alterations. We shall let him for the most part exclaim it in his own language.

$$\left.\begin{matrix} a \\ i \\ u \end{matrix}\right\} e \left.\right\} o,\ ou$$

A, *i*, *u*, are the general and original vowel sounds, and are but seldom found interchanging with each other; *e* is by nature intermediate between *a* and *i*, and is really equivalent to $a + i$. In like manner, *o* and *ou* are but different modifications of the diphthong of $a + u$. Now the most common and general law of vowel interchange is based upon this relationship of sounds; and is this: that *a* and *i* interchange readily with *e*, and that *a* and *u* also severally interchange readily with *o*, *ou*, *au*, while *a*, *i*, *u* are very seldom found placed for each other. The

chief case where the primary vowels interchange contrary to the general rule is found in the conjugation of some verbs, the plural of some nouns, and in a few derivative words, such as *deman* from *dom*. Thus to illustrate: the parallel forms *man* and *mon* are due to the easy transition from *a* to *o* (this is the nasal influence of Sievers's Grammar, 68); *swotol* and *swutol* to the easy transition between *o* and *u* (S. 71, influence of *w*); *licgan* and *lecgan* to the easy transition between *e* and *i* (S. 89, i umlaut); *heah* and *hehst* to the easy passage of *a* to *e* (S. 101, palatal umlaut). It was in such words as *fot*, *fet*, *dom*, *deman* that the scheme fell through. It has at least the advantage of simplicity: for, instead of taking into account breaking, the various umlauts, influence of *w*, influence of the nasals, etc., he gives but two simple rules for explaining every change.

As a last example of the grammar, we shall give a short synopsis of his treatment of the verb.

Transitive, intransitive, reflexive, reciprocal, and passive verbs are explained fully. Moods, tenses, and numbers of the verb are then treated, and blank spaces left for the insertion of examples. Conjugation is divided into simple (corresponding to Sievers's weak) and complex (corresponding to Sievers's strong). The verbs of the simple conjugation are divided into two classes: First, those which are derived by affixing *i*, *si*, *ni*, *ci*, *igi*, *gi* to the root before it assumes the formative syllable, thus corresponding roughly to what Sievers terms the *o* class (*lufian*, *lufode*), and the original short stems of the *jo* class (*nerian*). Second, those which append the formative syllable to the root with or without a change of the radical vowel, thus corresponding to the original and

polysyllables of Sievers's (*deman*, *demde*) and the *ai* class (*habban*, *haefde*).

Another class of verbs is cited as not only following the above changes, but as also changing the vowels of the present. He says that, since the verbs of this class are the most common in our language, he will draw up a list of them. This he has failed to do, but he gives the following rule for them: When a vowel stands in a monosyllable it is *a*, *ae* or *ea*, but when it is followed by another syllable it is *u*, *eo*, *oi*. I presume that the preterit-present verbs are referred to, since many of them comply with his rule (*sceal*, *sculon*, *sceolde*; *thearf*, *thurfon*, *thorfte*).

In his discussing the complex conjugation no mention of ablaut appears. The change of the radical vowel is noted as a characteristic, as is also the change, *helpe*, *hilpeth*, but no cause for the changes is assigned. Complex verbs are divided into two classes: First, those which preserve the vowel of the perfect unchanged. Of this, there are three species; those in *ae*, *baed*, *baedon* (where the change in quantity between singular and plural is not noted); *o*, *for*, *foron*; *e*, *feng*, *fengon*. Second, those which change the vowel of the perfect to some other vowel in the second person singular and the plural of the indicative, and throughout the tense in the subjunctive mood. There are also three species of this: *a*, *u*, *band*, *bundon*; *a*, *i*, *grap*, *gripon*; *ea*, *u*, *bead*, *budon*. It will be seen that these approximate the later scientific classification of the Anglo-Saxon strong verbs.

Here the manuscript comes to an untimely end, but we can see from the plan of the book, and from the many references to other portions of the work, that he purposed

making a complete grammar, a grammar far in advance of Thomas Jefferson's "Essay on the Anglo-Saxon," and one which should compare favorably with its predecessors. Prof. Sims seems to have been been well acquainted with the Anglo-Saxon literature of his day. The books most used in the preparation of his grammar are: Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, Hickes's Thesaurus, Freese's Deutsche Prosodie, and W. Grimm's *Ueber die deutschen Runen.*

We thns have a portion of the first Anglo-Saxon grammar written upon this side of the water, nor does a comparison with the Anglo-Saxon grammars then in existence (as far as the incomplete state of Sims's grammar allows us to make such a comparison) tend to make us ashamed of this product of early American scholarship.

A. A. Kern.

Johns Hopkins University.

*HUNTER LEE HARRIS, B.S.

HUNTER Lee Harris was born at Sassafras Fork, (now Stovall), Granville County, N. C., December 16th, 1866. His father was a man of rare ability, combining with simplicy and integrity the duties of physician and minister. Mrs. Martha Harris, his mother, is a splendid lady of broad culture and noble influence. Thus fortunate in birth, Hunter Harris' youth was blessed with the guidance of Christian parents.

In an autobiographical letter to Dr. Weeks, the Historian, he wrote with much feeling concerning his home life. "My life," he said, "up to the age of sixteen was and always will be the bright fountain-head of my existence. My home influence, though devout, was of that free and liberal sort which is devoid of cant. . . . As to my education, all that previous to my college days was of the home studies; the work being directed by my mother, sisters and brother, (Eugene), in turn. I cannot say that in my early life I ever loved hard study, but nothing was more delightful to me than reading—chiefly of the Magazine sort: descriptive, pictorial, adventurous, fanciful, grotesque!"

After receiving a thorough preparation at home, Hunter Harris entered the University in 1885. Long before his college days began he manifested a fondness for observing natural objects, and he had been a student but a short time when his tact and talent won him recognition. In Chemistry, Geology, and Natural History he attained to a great proficiency. One of the Professors, in com-

*In whose memory Dr. Chas. Wyche, of St. Louis, Mo., recently presented, to the Magazine, the Hunter Lee Harris Medal. This medal is to be given, annually, to the contributor of the best short story.

menting on his average work, reports him as "a careful, thorough and persistent student." The application and readiness in study not only placed him high in the list of the scholarly but also merited him the esteem of all his instructors. On the completion of four years of exceptional work, he was knighted, Commencement Day, 1889, "an honor graduate," and received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

It was in every day college life, however, that Hunter Harris proved his real strength and worth. Here, through his frankness and stand for the right, he gained the confidence of fellow students. Every duty intrusted to his care was faithfully discharged and, being thoroughly practical in his methods, the work he accomplished was always of a high order. As a member of the Young's Men's Christian Association he showed an intense interest in the welfare of his colleagues and did much toward more firmly establishing that organization as a factor in college life. He also took particular interest in the musical affairs of the University. In the Glee Club, his place as a singer is pleasantly remembered by many today. This live interest, which he constantly manifested in the various phases of college life, is perhaps, well illustrated by his work as Magazine editor. As a representative of the Philanthropic Literary Society, 1888-'89, he contributed materially to the success of the periodical. "The Shrunken Pond," "Song Birds Will Awaken You" (artistically illuminated), and "Retrospection," represent no small measure of poetical turn, (one of the above poems was published after his death). A short narrative entitled, "On Mitchell's High Peak: A Night Adventure," is an example of his prose. While a student,

he, also, composed lines for the Detroit Free Press. But after all the pre-eminent thing about the work of the man is the example set therein and his college life—that of a man of serious purpose—should be an inspiration to every thoughtful student.

After graduating he first served as clerk to the Government Experiment Station, Raleigh, N. C., 1890-'91. When Prof. Holmes assumed the duties of Head of the North Carolina Geological Survey Hunter Harris was appointed Instructor in Geology. In 1892-'93 he attended the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard and took the B.S. degree of that University. The thesis he prepared while at Harvard, "History of the Atlantic Shore Line," was published in the Journal of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society. At his death he was engaged as Assistant Geologist to the North Carolina Geological Survey. Prof. J. A. Holmes, with whom he was associated in the Survey work says of Mr. Harris, "His varied accomplishments as Draughtsman, Photographer, Mineralogist and Geologist made him an exceptionally useful man."

Hunter Lee Harris, while exploring the sand hill regions of Harnett and Cumberland Counties, went in bathing in Lower Little River and was drowned, July 13th, 1893. The place of his tragic death is near Little River Academy. Just twenty-six, his life,—one bright promise and already dedicated to usefulness—was suddenly ended. How deceptive must have been the cruel waters! How treacherous, the hidden sands! Ensnared by a jealous eddy—drowned! What a contrast to his own gentle disposition and calm, quiet life!

There is about his untimely death a patheticness which

his own lines on "Retrospection" somehow seem to have foretold:

"There have been times when out of twilight shades—
  That time when sprites from shadowy coverts stir,
And fireflies flicker in the sheltered glades—
  Sweet ghosts have come to me from days that were.

"The ghosts of voices I remember well,
  The ghosts of forms, the ghosts of faces dear;
The ghosts of those that, ever flitting, tell
  To mine own ear the tales of the days that were.

"And what a glory now—the days that were!
  Far less to me the days that are to be,
Because they lead to where I cannot see;
  And from the dark unknown there comes a fear,
A nameless dread, a sense of mystery:
  There is no dread in dreams of the days that were.'

THE LIBRARY IN COLLEGE WORK.†

MR. DEWEY, librarian of the New York State Library, has ventured the prophecy that even as the mediaeval period of history is sometimes spoken of as the Cathedral Era, so historians will ere long refer to the days we are now living in as the Library Era. Perhaps some stickler for more specific phrase may bequeath us to posterity as the Carnegie Library Epoch. Whether or not Mr. Carnegie succeeds in thus gratuitously chiselling his name into history, he has, nevertheless, aided in a very material way the library movement in the United States. Within the last twenty-five years the increase in number of libraries, and in the number of volumes in these collections, has been almost as wonderful as our marvelous growth in industrialism. In 1875 there were 3,648 libraries, housing 12,250,000 volumes; in 1900 the reports show a total of 9261 libraries with more than 46,500,000 volumes on their shelves, an increase of more than two hundred and fifty per cent.

The thought comes naturally, where is North Carolina in this great educational movement. The answer is not altogether encouraging. In comparison with the other states of the Union, the relative rank of North Carolina in number of libraries is twenty-seventh. In number of volumes her rank is twenty-eighth. But the most suggestive comparison is by the ratio of volumes to population. Massachusetts has two hundred and thirty-six volumes to every one hundred of population; California, one hundred and twenty; Ohio, forty-nine; Virginia, twenty-six; Georgia, thirteen; *North Carolina, fifteen.*

† A paper read before The Teachers' Assembly at Wrightsville, June, 1903.

Or, to state the comparison finally, in library facilities North Carolina ranks thirty-ninth on the list of the states of the Union. The old saw, "There are three kinds of lies, lies, damn lies, and statistics," will apply here only to the unit places; the fact stands out indisputably, that North Carolina is somewhere near the tail end of things. These figures, however, are from the government reports of 1900 and, therefore, do not take into account the rapid progress of the educational movement in the state during the last two years. It is gratifying to note that at last in our state also, neck and neck with the schools, this no less important phase of education has entered the stream of progress. Taken into account the splendid donation to Trinity College, the generosity of such men as Mr. Raney, of Raleigh, the efforts of the present administration of the State University and State Library to increase and render more efficient the respective libraries, the prospected public libraries of Charlotte and Wilmington, and above all the movement for school libraries in town and country, the next census of North Carolina will contain as startling facts in the library field as in the world of spindles, leaf tobacco, or strawberries. And for my part, I note gladly that native patriotism and energy are behind this movement as they are behind our industries. The Old North State is looking out for herself.

Inasmuch as the larger collections of these treasures of knowledge are on the shelves of the colleges and seminaries of the state, I take it, that the reson d'etre of this paper is your right to know how this trust is being administered, and to call for such suggestion and aid as, by reason of their longer experience and better facilities, the colleges may be able to give.

The ordinary functions of a college library, these, collection, conservation, and distribution of knowledge in book form, do not differ materially from those of any other library. The subject matter collected is, perhaps, a bit weightier, more complete and technical, with a larger proportion of books in other languages; the grouping on the shelves closer, conforming more exactly to the subjects taught in the various courses of the college curriculum. In the distribution of this knowledge, however, the college library parallels itself with three lines of activity in college work:

1. The student reads for recreation.
2. He reads for the acquisition of knowledge—*culture.*
3. He reads for the production of knowledge—*research.*

In the pursuit of pleasure, culture, and in the prosecution of knowledge, then, the library is a factor in college work.

I. The student reads for pleasure.

The old idea of a library is that of an ideal lounging place for the dreamer and book worm, a place of rich lights, soft shadows, secluded alcoves, whose shelves are laden with rows of tomes covered with the traditional cobweb and dust, suggesting visions of rare old scholars at work. Here an idler may sit and while away an hour with his favorite author. The new idea, born of the strenuous American, is that the library is a laboratory, an instrument, a work shop for utility alone,—quiet withal, only because quiet and silence are useful. These are the two extremes. Now the first is as necessary as the second. The tired brain of the student, be he freshman or professor, needs rest and relaxation from problems of thought, and when he is not finding it in the

athletic field and society hall, what better than that the Library supply the need. Perhaps a serial in Harper's Monthly will prove the medicament, or the cartoons in Puck, or the pen satires of Gibson; or it may be an essay by Mark Twain, or the philosophy of Mr. Dooley or Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch; perhaps the latest popular novel in its five hundred, or infinite, thousandth.

Just here I know I am treading on bloody ground, but I am unterrified. The management of the University Library purchases current fiction, and the students read it, I state candidly that the Librarian's report for 1901 shows that sixty-five per cent. of the books borrowed came from the fiction alcoves. But this statement is misleading. Of the reading and work done within the library building itself, no record can be kept, and but a fraction of this is fiction reading. Perhaps a fair estimate would be that twenty-five per cent. of the books read are novels. James Freeman Clarke has said that reading is not an evil to be abated, but a tendency to be refined, guided, purified. Close your Ibsens, shut your d' Anuncio's, and open your Scott, Thackeray, and Hawthorne. Some months ago the librarian of Princeton sent a circular of inquiry to many college librarians, asking what effort was being made to encourage serious reading among the students. The answer from almost all was that no effort was being made, and from most, that this was not the business of a college library. The University of North Carolina thinks with James Freeman Clarke, and its policy is to guide and refine.

How? (1) Kind friends of the Library have offered valuable money prizes for the faithful pursuit of courses of reading, open only to Sophomores. Lists of readings have been prepared by a committee of the faculty, and ex-

aminations are required of the candidates for these prizes. These lists contain the world's masterpieces in all fields of literature, and the student may select almost ad libitum. The Homeric poems, Niebelungenleid, Arabian Night's Tales, works of the great novelists, the Origin of Species, Lambe's Essays, show the diversity of the fields. Or, perhaps the student has chanced to read George Eliot's Romola and wishes to familiarize himself with the times of Savonarola; a special list of Florentine history and literature is prepared for him. Some forty or more second-year men have entered for these prizes this year.

(2) In another way, an effort is being made to direct and purify the students' pleasure reading, in connection with the frequent lectures, delivered by men eminent in different fields. If Hamilton W. Mabie is the lecturer, his best works are listed with a brief biographical note and placed on the bulletin board of the Library. George W. Cable furnished an opportunity to direct the curious to the settlement of the Arcadians in Louisiana and to Longfellows's Evangelyn.

(3) Still another device is to write the titles of half a dozen good novels on a slip of paper and paste this in the much read books of inferior quality, on the leaf facing the very end of the text.

Thus we endeavor to dignify the department of fiction by pointing to the highest authorities in style and morals, just as the teacher of science refers his students to the best scientific classics.

II. The student reads for culture.

That is, he is making a *conscious* effort to acquire such knowledge as will count for general culture—something beyond the text book, lecture room course. Here the

library supplements the work pursued for the undergraduate degrees At this stage of his career, the student is not left entirely to his own caprice in the choice of his reading. Teachers of courses prepare bulletins of works which they call "prescribed readings". These are handed to the Librarian, who is requested to "reserve" the volumes indicated,—that is, they are taken out of their usual position on the shelves and placed in some convenient part of the library where easy access may be had to them. These volumes may be borrowed only over night. For example, the Department of Economics may reserve Adam Smith, Malthus, Jenks on Trusts, and a dozen other classics, all of which the students of that course are required to read. Again, supplementing this "required reading" by the departments, are lists of "collateral readings", recommended only for those who desire further knowledge of the particular subject. The Librarian keeps special track of these works and usually places some time-limit on the borrower, but does prohibit them otherwise. The Southern poets, the labor troubles, the kindergarten, are topics illustrating such lines of reading.

But of all the incentives to acquisition of knowledge in a latter-day college there is none more productive of sounder culture than the debate, inter-class, inter-society, inter-collegiate debates. Good English, good logic, patient, unflagging search for absolute truth and exact fact are the essentials for success in debate. It is with the last that the Library and Librarian are concerned. About thirty-six reference bulletins each year are prepared by the Librarian for as many debates. These debates represent work participated in by two hundred students. The field of literature covered by such a ques-

tion as the subsidizing of the merchant marine, or the annexation of tropical lands, and the work necessary to mastery of the field, would appal the uninitiated. I have yet to see a student hand back his reference list, when his work was done, without the play of conscious power about his brow and the light of battle in his eye. Ever afterwards the Library is to him a foster mother; he has formed the library habit and instinctively and constantly turns to her pregnant shelves.

The colleges of North Carolina find the open shelf system, by which the students have free access to the books, productive of the best results. Just how much reading the students are thus doing, outside of the required and collateral work, it is impossible to tell; but, as Lowell said, the very smell of the leather in itself has much to do with forming a literary taste.

Professor Woodrow Wilson is misquoted as saying that since the general public has taken to going to college, teaching of literature has been obliged to consist chiefly of setting people to count the words great writers use, and to note the changes they make in successive revisions; that degrees are made available to those who can count and measure and search diligently. Is this culture? My room mate at college, who was the first *summa cum laude* graduate after a period of five years, and who could count and measure and search diligently, said to me on the eve of graduation, "I'd give my *summa* for a plain, unhonored degree and six months of intelligent general reading." He had not found the time for both. It was only one year thereafter, that at the request of the Senior Class the honor degrees were discontinued by the Faculty of the University. To count, to measure, is mathematics, and with all due respect for the poetry of

of conic sections, mathematics to an unmathematical mind if small beer to a champagne taste. This is the laboratory idea run mad. Is it doubted that culture is character built with fibres of the best thought of the best minds?

III. The student reads for the production of knowledge.

At this stage of his career he is a member of the University, and his quest is to add some new atom of thought to the sum total of knowledge. To this end, he must know what every other worker has produced in a special field, that he may both avoid duplication, and also avail himself of results already obtained. If he seeks to resolve Thorium, in the belief that the resolution may reveal a new element, some obscure pamphlet perhaps, or chemical journal, may contain the result of the failure of a previous worker, and thus save him years of experimentation on a false process. The Librarian, or the card catalogue, or a bibliography must give ready direction to this information. Usually the Librarian is beyond his depth. Herein you have research. Perhaps the worker in the biological laboratory, with apron on, knife in hand, hundreds of yards from the Library, wishes to know immediately the exact location of a cell or nerve; his reference book must be within reaching distance. Here you have the grounds for a department library. In every university any department of research has its standard reference books and periodicals in rooms convenient but necessarily apart from the central library.

A word as to the aids and methods used in rendering a library available to its clientele. First and most important of all is the librarian. He should be gifted, if Providence were willing and human nature capable, with

that apochriphal attribute called omniscience. As Mr. Spofford says,* "he cannot carry all his eggs in one basket," even if he would. At one moment he is trying to corral that elusive phantom, the Monroe Doctrine; at another, searching for the origin of the custom of egg-rolling; now guessing at the wealth of the Klondyke, or courteously explaining that the author of Junius's letters is still unknown; anon he directs a freshman how to use the card index, or explains to the embryo politician that as yet no book has been written on the "lily white" party of North Carolina. At times he is wrestling with the doctrine of predestination, or asservating that no one except Dr. Battle knows who struck Billy Patterson. Or, it may be a misplaced Greek accent, or a quotation from Hegels's metaphysics he is chasing. He must be well nigh ubiquitous, acclimated in the Arctic, Philippines, and Cuba and be equally at home in the Italian's Inferno or the Hebrew's New Jerusalem. In short, he must know all mysteries and all knowledge. In relatian to the student body he may be the most useful and influential man in the college. He should be a man of thorough learning, a full professor with the salary thereof. Dr. Canfield resigned the presidency of a university to become librarian of Columbia University.

Classification, card catalogues and bibliographies are the by-paths, and index-fingers showing the way through these tropical gardens of knowledge. But they are details of technique.

W. S. BERNARD.

* A Book for All Readers, by Ainsworth Spofford.

THANKSGIVING EVE.

I.

Sunset and evening blast
  Cold from the North.
Clouds in the chilly light,
Sped on their Southern flight,
  Bear the King* forth.

II.

Bleak on the barren hills
  Shiver the trees.
Stars in their frosty light
Pierce through the coming night
  Flashes that freeze.

III.

Yet, Lord, a thankful heart
  Lift I to thee:
Thou who the wintry dart
Strikest at Nature, art
  Good unto me!

* O Winter, ruler of the inverted year!

—*Cowper.*

THE HAND OF THE LORD.

IT was the middle of December. For a week the weather had been bitterly cold, and I had struck my tent and moved into the cabin with the two moonshiners. We had just finished supper, and were seated around a roaring fire of hickory logs.

Since his return from the valley, an hour before, Sandy had been unusually silent and thoughtful. He sat with his back to the fire, his arms tightly clasped around the back of his chair, intently studying the glow in the bowl of his pipe. It was obvious that something was weighing on his mind. But I did not question him, for Sandy did not like to be questioned; and I knew that he would speak his mind in due time.

At length, from the bowl of his pipe, his eyes wandered over the cabin, to the coon skins on the wall, to the deer horns over the the fireplace, to the guns in the rack, and then rested on Dave. Kitt, Sandy's wife was in the other end of the cabin. He blew a ring of smoke about his head, poised his pipe again carefully, and addressed Dave.

"Have y' seen ennybody prowlin' roun' th' cabin today?"

"Nope; why?"

"'Cause."

"Smell trouble?"

"Yep."

"What's th' natur' uv it?"

"Suggs an' his gang uv bottle-suckers, wid all th' other revynues fer three counties roun'."

Dave looked another question, and Sandy continued.

"Their ambylance an' ammynition waggins is hauled

out in th' woods this side o' th' creek; an' I see their hoof-marks in th' sand leadin' toward th' still. It's dead certain they've run it down by this time. An' y' kin see as plain as smoke that th' jig's up wid us ef somethin' aint done—an' that still's a new un what's never been cut."

Dave glanced longingly at the two Winchesters in the rack, but Sandy shook his head sadly.

"'Twont do, Davy; 'twont do. It's dead easy pottin' revynue officers an' middlin' safe. But we don't want a whole regyment uv sheriffs and deputies a-swarmin' inter these hills gunnin' for our skelks, all on 'count o' some little beast of a revynue what wusn't worth th' powder an' lead it took to kill 'im."

"Wish I knowed who puked on us," mused Dave.

Sandy leaned forward and assumed a confidential tone.

"What 'ld y' do to him, Davy," he asked.

"I'ld make it warm fer him—so warm that he'd wish his mother had died an ole maid."

"Then y' can perceed to make it warm fer th' new sky-pilot what preaches at the mishun chapel, 'cause he's the saint what done the pukin'."

"Is they enny proof agin him?"

"None worth speakin' uv—his own word is all."

"Ord'narily that wouldn't convict him, but in this case I'm thinking it would. How'd you corner him?"

"He tol' Horton an' Horton tol' me."

"What d'y' s'pose made him do it—tired of livin'?"

"Nope."

"Got frens in tother world what he's ambishus to see?"

"Nope."

"Then what?"

"It's 'cause he don't know no better. He's been cooped up all his life in some blasted little town in th' flatwoods, an' by rights he's not to be held 'countable fer his ignerunce tell he's had a chance at learnin'. By consyquince, I'm fer lettin' him down easy this time, so's to give him a chance. Ef he don't profit by it we'll square th' count next swipe."

"Ignerunce uv th' law is no egscuse fer crime; an' ef it was, enny unborn babe could've told him that informin' was a black sin. By consyquince I'm fer squarin' th' 'count this swipe."

"That's yer one weakness, Dave. Y're a bloodthirsty little Injun what's allus lettin' yer temper run away wid yer head. When y' gets in a trap, 'steed uf settin' down an' thinkin' yerself out agin, y' fer everlastin'ly wants to go a-gunnin'. It's head work what counts these times, an' it's in head work that y're weak, Davy."

"He don't please me a little bit," said Dave doggedly. "Why don't y' think he had th' gall to tell me tother day that we ought to dump our still an' outfit inter th' creek? Said we'd go to hell if we didn't."

This new piece of folly on the part of the preacher struck Sandy dumb. For a long time he smoked in silence, thinking. At length a light dawned on his countenance, and he spoke.

"Arter all, Davy, he may be right. How do we know that we aint a-goin' to hell? An' how do we know we hadn't better r'pent an' turn back 'fore it's everlastin'ly too late?"

"Sandy, is yer head a-gittin' soft in yer old age, er what's th' matter wid y'?" Dave spoke with much concern and Sandy chuckled.

"No, my head's solid as a rock. But did y' ever r'flect on th' base ingrattytude uf yerself, Davy? Here's that saintly preacher been comin' here all these weeks, takin' up c'leckshuns, and prayin' for judgment on moonshiners and preachin' th' same, all fer yer soul's good, an' y' aint give him no sort uv cause to think that y' 'preciate his ministrashuns. I'm 'shamed uv y', Dave. Y're wuss'n a heathen Chinee. An' that aint all. Y're goin' to trot right over to his sankchwary 'fore y' take a mouthful uv sleep, an' ax his saintly pardon fer yer beas'ly conduc'."

Dave tried to interrupt, but Sandy waved a warning finger.

"No; y' needn't say y're not a-goin', 'cause y' are. How kin a man sleep wid such a load uv black sin on his conscience as you's got? I'll give y' jist two minits to git started. Ef y're not under way at the end uv that time I'll 'sist y' wid th' toe uv my boot."

"Cain't see no good in it," said Dave.

"That's 'cause y've got no insides to yer head. It's this way. Suggs, y' see, has got his spies in th' woods aroun' th' still, watchin' fer somebody to come tamperin' wid it so's they kin nab him. They'll stick there all night, same as if they was growed to th' ground. In th' mornin' their tempers will be raw wid th' cold and waitin', an' their religun will be sufferin' from cussin'. Now in this unhappy state who would be so welcome to these sufferin' sons uv she-skunks as a preacher? An', Davy, ef y' could hatch up a little scheme to send 'em one unbeknowunst to them an' him, it 'ld be good mishunary work, an' y'd be doin' somethin' toward offsettin' a good-sized hunk uv yer hanus sins. D'y' see now?"

Dave did see. He took his hat and went out into the night. A cold gust swept in at the cabin door as he opened it, scattering ashes and sparks about the floor. The fire burned with a peculiar popping noise like the tramp of boots in snow. We drew our chairs closer to the hearth, and Sandy became confidential.

"We've took a good deal off'n that sky-pilot by reason uv his callin'. But they's some things a man's got to square even wid a preacher. I might overlook his reportin' th' still an' his talk to me an' Dave, but he's been comin' here an' puttin' fool notions inter Kitt's head, an' she's turned agin' my bizness. Now, sir, look at it as y' will, it's hard on a man when his aun wife sets her head agin his makin' a hones' livin' by breakin' a dishones' law. An' th' man what brings sich things to pass has got to suffer—that's all."

The wind roared and sighed in the pines outside. The fire had burned down, and blue and purple blazes flickered over the ash-heap. Sandy relapsed into silence, and watched these; and I left him and went to bed and slept till morning.

When I rose the sun was a handbreadth above the hill The morning was intensely cold, with the same cutting wind of the day before. Kitt was preparing my breakfast. She still knew nothing of the raid. Sandy and Dave, she said, had gone into the valley an hour before snurise, and I did not see them again until supper. I was already seated at the table when they came in. Both their faces bore unmistakable evidence of strong excitement, and they seemed to be unusually well pleased with themselves and the world in general. Once or twice during the meal Dave had to hug his chest very

hard to stop a fit of laughing, and there was the slightest suspicion of a suppressed tear in the inside corner of one of Sandy's eyes.

At length when Kitt was not looking Sandy tipped me a wink and, reaching over his shoulder patted himself contentedly on the back, and then, forgetting himself, he laughed immoderately. Dave assumed a look of infinite gravity, and seizing a gourd of water he waved it threateningly. Sandy retreated through the door in the partition to the other end of the cabin. I followed and found them seated on two stools, holding their sides and slapping their thighs like men in the last stage of colic.

"It wus good—it wus most infernal good," blubbered Sandy.

"It wus better'n a circus, an' a horse race, an' a fight all in one," sputtered Dave.

"Tell me about it, Sandy," I said.

"Shut th' door, Davy; we must break it easy to Kitt, 'cause she'll most likely be fer givin' me a curryin' down wid her tongue when she hears uv th' misforchin uv th' saint. But it was worth it, an' a deal more. He did look so bloomin' happy marchin' off wid all that jewelry on his arms, and wid his biscuit-hole filled wid—" Sandy went off into another fit of laughing, and Dave reached for the water gourd.

"Are you goin' to stop your beas'ly laughin', Sandy, an' go on wid yer tale er are y' not?" He waved the gourd again, and Sandy ducked.

"Don't do it, Davy; I'll be so's I kin go on wid it in a minit—'Taint much to tell nohow, though it wus dam' good to look at.

"Y' see, Suggs an' his gang had th' ups on us. They ambushed th' still 'fore we knowed they wus on th' war-path, an' I had to do some head-work to save it. I knowed they would stick by it like bloomin' leeches waitin' fer somebody to come monkeyin' wid it so's they could 'rest him, and have proof agin' him when the trial come. I knowed too they wus a sof' lot an' wusn't pertickler 'bout who they 'rested, ef th' proof wus good. So I held a council uv war wid myself.

" 'Sandy', says I, 'why don't y' send 'em th' sky-pilot?' But my better self says to me, 'He's a minister uv th' gospul an' a holy man, an' it 'ld be playin' it ruther low on him to have him caged.' Then my other self says to me, 'It's a howlin' lie; he's a dam'd fake an' don't d'serve no sort uv considerashun. An', besides, he's been puttin' fool notions in yer wife's head an' callin' y' names to her, an' he's been pukin' on ye', an' he's at th' bottom uv this whole dirty bizness.' 'Then,' says I, 'all right I'll send him.' An' that's why Davy went over last night and said to him—what wus it y' said Davy?"

"After passin' th' time uv day an' the weather wid him, I says, speakin' confydenshus an' wipin' my offside eye wid the corner uv my sleeve, 'That wus a mighty fetchin' sermon y' preached last Sunday at th' mishun chapel.'

" 'I only hope, brother David,' says he, 'that it has fetched you.'

" 'It has,' says I.

" 'What!' says he, his eyes lookin' big as saucers wid s'prise.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'me an' Sandy both.'

"At this his eyes stuck out so's I could have hung my hat on 'em, same as on a peg. 'Brother David,' says he,

an' his words sounded like they wus comin' from the bottom uv his belly, 'this is th' han' o' th' Lord.' An' wid this he fetched a hair-raisin' groan an' hugged hisself tight aroun' th' pit o' th' stummick.

" 'I hope nothin's wrong in yer insides,' says I.

" 'Brother David,' says he, 'this is a happy day.'

" 'Tis so,' says I, 'an' more's the pity y' caint be happy yerself,' fer he wus sobbin' an' groanin' like all his r'lashuns wus dead.

" 'I am,' says he; 'I'm allus took this way when I'm happy.'

" 'Then you've got cur'ous notions uv bein' happy,' says I.

" 'Y' don't understan' these things now,' says he, but wait tell you've had it long as me.'

" 'Had what?' says I.

" 'Religun,' says he.

" 'Mebbe it will,' says I, 'but ef it's a thing to make folks have cramp colic an' convulshuns when they're happy, I'm thinkin' they ought to be a way thought up fer stoppin' th' spread uv it. But that's neither here nor yonder,' I says, 'I've come to say that we're done wid th' still an' to ax yer advice 'bout disposin' uv th' same. What might be yer pleasur' concernin' it?'

" 'Roll it down to th' creek an' sink it,' says he.

" 'We spoke uv that,' says I, never battin' an eyelid at th' lie; 'but Sandy wouldn't 'gree to it;—said it 'ld be too much like drownin' a ol' frien'. He favored haulin' it up an' keepin' it in th' loft as a sort of remembrancer uv the days uv sin.'

" 'Twouldn't do,' says he. 'Sandy's religun 'ld grow cold, an' he'd backslide an' take it down agin.'

" 'I tol' him that, but we couldn't 'gree to destroy it ourselves; but'—I says, speakin' thoughtful as ef I hadn't planned it before—'ef somebody else 'ld do it—' He took my lead like a flash.

" 'Brother David,' says he, 'I'll destroy it.'

" 'When 'll y' do it?' says I.

" 'Whenever y' want it done,' says he.

" 'Then go an' do it soon in the mornin', fer Sandy may backslide,' I says. An' wid that I came home an' snoozed tell a hour 'fore day this mornin'."

"An' wid that," said Sandy, taking up the story, "we both went circumspeckshus an' clum a tree over-lookin' th' valley where th' still wus. An' a little while arter daybreak, when th' sun wus jist toppin' th' hills, an' ev'rything in th' valley wus lookin blue wid th' cold, we see th' sky-pilot comin' down th' little path toward th' still. He wus carryin' a axe an' a gun, an' looked fer th' world like a bloomin' moonshiner. He had brought th' ax to bust up our mash-tubs an' th' gun in th' hope uv gittin' a chance shot at a turkey; but small chance he had o' makin' Suggs b'leeve he wusn't bent on blood an' murder an' rapin' an' all th' other crimes in th' law-books.

"He marched right up to th' still an' then walked roun' it a time er two, same as a buzzard walks roun' a cyarkiss lookin' for a tender place to peck. Then he snatched it offin th' furnace, an' set it up on edge, an' started it rollin' down th' hill toward th' creek.

"He had covered 'bout half th' distance, an' th' thing was goin' like a top, when half a dozen Colts an' Winchesters b'gun spittin' greasy pills from ev'ry way th' win' blows from, an' barkin' trees over his head. At

this his knees give way, an' he dropped down an' commence huggin' th' ground an' howlin' like a mountain had fell on him.

"Two revynues come a-trottin' up an' one uv 'em says, 'Han'le him careful, boys, fer he may be skeered.' So th' other took him by th' scruff an' give him a thumpin' kick which landed him on his back widout a puff uv win' in his hide. He lay there openin' an' shuttin' his mouth like a fish out o' water; then, 'cause he wouldn't talk, th' revynues give him another thump in th' win' that doubled him up in a double-bow knot.

"By this time th' whole howlin' force had come up, an' ev'ry mother's son uv 'em had to give him a cuff er a shake, fer their tempers wus ugly wid th' cold an' th' waitin' an' th' sort uv whiskey they had been drinkin'. When they had let up on him so's to give him time to find his win', he howled out:

" 'I'm no moonshiner, I'm a reg'lar ordained minister uv th' gospul."

" 'So much th' better,' says Suggs, we'll make y' chaplin uv our little salvashun army.'

" 'This is th' devil's work,' says th' new chaplain.

" 'It's th' most promisin' field you'll ever come into, says Suggs. 'Only c'nsider th' 'mount uv cuss words that's been spilled here fer th' last ten minits, an' then think what a chance fer r'form. Fetch 'im on boys,' says he; it's a lucky haul we've made today.'

"Wid this th' chaplin commence tryin' to claw loose from th' two men what was holdin' him.

" 'Put th' bracelets on him, boys,' says Suggs, an' then turnin' to the chaplin', he says by way of 'pology, he says, 'they're not so ornymentul, but you'll find 'em very durabl' and serviceabl'.'

"At this the chaplin' flies up still more an' calls them sev'ral sorts uv names which is never mentioned in sermons.

" 'Be easy wid him boys,' says Suggs, 'he's our chaplin' y' know.'

"So one of th' men what was holdin' him tore a horse blanket in two in the middle an' crammed th' biggest ha'f uv it in the chaplin's mouth. After this he wus as still as a suckin' babe an' they all went very quiet over the hill, an' Dave an' me come down out of our tree to make observashuns."

"What did they do to the still?" I asked.

"Considerable less than they done to th' chaplin," said Sandy with a chuckle. "Y' see, it rolled down to th' creek an' sunk in ten feet uv ice-water. Dave an me has been makin' tackle today to fish it out wid. Ef luck holds we'll have evrything shipshape by tomorrer night."

Dave piled fresh wood on the fire. The blaze roared up the chimney. I drew back to escape the heat. Sandy smoked and looked into vacancy, and between puffs I heard him muttering, "It wus good, it wus dam'd good."

H. H. HUGHES.

TURTLE HUNTING IN AMERICA.

AMERICAN turtle hunting is different from any other in the world. In the open sea the turtles are caught with a harpoon; in the shallow seas of the tropics they are caught by diving. But in America they are caught strolling on the beach in the moonlight. To be more explicit, in the summer, during the full of the moon, the female turtles come ashore to lay their eggs, and are then captured.

Ask any turtle hunter how the turtles deposit their eggs and he will tell you something like this: At high tide the turtle comes shuffling out of the surf, up the beach, and over on the loose sand above high-tide line. When she finds what seems to be a suitable place, she digs a hole in the sand with her hind flippers, deposits the eggs, covers them up, and returns to the ocean, leaving the hatching of the eggs for the sun.

The implements required for a turtle hunt are a stick about six feet long, fifty feet of rope and a quart of whiskey. Turtles are reptiles, you know.

The hunting party starts out a little before high tide, and must be prepared to walk for an indefinite distance. Near sighted turtles have been known to take the sun for the moon and come out after daylight. When a turtle is observed, the party starts in pursuit. The speed of the average turtle is about thirty feet an hour, so no great amount of alacrity is necessary on the part of the hunter—some of the most successful followers of the sport weigh over two hundred and fifty. The turtle is swooped down upon and by the aid of the stick, inverted; then she is pulled back with the rope.

There are a few peculiarities which ought to be mentioned in connection with turtle hunting, and to illustrate these I will tell of a hunt which came to my attention some time ago.

Near Wilmington, N. C., a man from Rhode Island took a one-legged Confederate soldier with him for a guide. They started out about eleven one night, going till three without any success. They decided to go back as the soldier had broken off the end of his leg in a crab hole, a misfortune that made walking very difficult for him. About half way back they saw, two hundred yards in front of them, a huge turtle coming up out of the breakers. Lying down so the turtle would not see them, they waited till she got high up on the shore, then rushed upon the ungainly beast. The turtle saw them coming and started off down the beach. Our friend from the North soon left the old "Confed", and started in the wake of the turtle. The soldier shouted, but too late. When the turtle saw the man about five feet behind him she started shoveling sand, those powerful hind flippers working like the rear limbs of a mule. The man was taken completely by surprise; he was blinded by the fierce sheets of sand that came driving towards him. Standing, rubbing his eyes, he soon became aware that he could not move his feet, soon his hands were pinned to his face, and the pile of sand went up over his head. By this time the old Confederate came up, took the left fore flipper of the turtle off the ground, causing her to move in a circle; backed the digging machine up against the sand hill, got behind it and hollered at the turtle. The old girl slowly turned her head, winked at the "Confed" and started to work. Soon the gentleman

from New England began to appear, only to see our Southern hunter slowly but surely being submerged. The turtle was persuaded to direct her excavating powers against the buried hero of Gettysburg with the result that the man from the other side of the Mason's and Dixon's line went under once more. They kept this up for two miles, until the turtle wore one flipper off, and could only scrape out the veteran. The turtle was reversed and so was the bottle; thus ended the ceremonies, to the great relief of all involved.

Moral: Never attack from the rear.

G. C. Sibley.

COMPARATIVE DIAGNOSIS.

NEIGHBOR Jones was confined to his room with a troublesome breaking-out. As he stood by a window one evening, a youngster playing in the street, saw him—face and neck red, irritated and inflamed. The sight of the afflicted man made a deep impression upon the little fellow's mind and he tarried several moments before again joining the circle of his playmates.

The frolic of the happy group had not been long renewed when the ring of the supper bell and the threats of the cook called the observant lad home. He found the family and visitors already seated at the table. How long they had waited—patiently—made no difference to him and he climbed into his high-chair without offering an excuse for his tardiness.

There was, however unmindful one might consider his years, a thoughtful look on his face. He was patiently silent till the conclusion of grace; then he began, as was his privilege and custom, the iteration of the day's experience. He dismissed everything save the sick man at his window, without a word. A great frown crossed his white forehead as he announced, sympathetically:

"Ma-mamma!—poor Willie Jones' Papa has got the awfulest 'tack of red collar-morbus on his face and neck you ever saw——"

"Sh—! don't talk wildly son—mamma's boy knows better than that. Papa says Mr. Jones is suffering from eczema," gently chided the mother, looking askance at her guest.

"Don't care what kind of x-him'r papa calls it, mamma, it looks just like my morbus hurt," he promptly contended, seriously swinging his head as he buttered an

intrusive fat finger with as much butter and dignity as he intended for his biscuit.

The good mother appreciated too thoroughly the child's recent experience with cholera-morbus-infantum to utter more than a simple word of agreement to the diagnosis. In a submissive tone she called him "papa's brave little soldier" and "mamma's little man"—throwing a sugar-plum into the bargain and suggesting that he might be her doctor. There was one provision to which she demanded his attention and that was simply —he must not interrupt the old folks.

With an innocent nod, he assented to her proposal. And his behavior, for a reasonable time, was gallant, but the conversation, as it gossiped along, not touching upon matters that interested him, soon grew too dry. He ventured the inference, anyhow, by repeatedly calling for water. In fact, he utterly—but blamelessly—disregarded his promises and became noisy. He was intent and determined. The water was quickly supplied. He seized the glass in both hands, gulped the water down in hasty swallows, and setting the emptied vessel heavy upon the table, he broke into the midst of a busy discourse:

"Mamma!—do you remember when sister had the dipper-theory and—"

"Yes—yes buddie—and I guess sister remembers too?"

The answer of his mother was a trifle sharp. A born talker, he was ever mindful of the reproach and a look of hurt feelings lingered on his countenance as he looked down into his plate. The boy was certainly misunderstood. He was not a prattling, tongue-tied tattler. He had a tongue and a father always urging him to use it.

A tongue—to cry—to talk with—and no talk-talk-talk—no nothing!

When he again raised his head, modestly, the soft eye of a sister was fixed on him and he innocently, unconsciously interrupted for the second time:

"The doctor wouldn't let you have any water—would he sister—when you had the dipper-theory?"

"My dear, dear boy," flared his mother, "please be quiet when mother is talking."

There was no objection to the urchin's talking and talking freely, but his parent was positive in her determination to show him when to talk—when old people were not engaged. Her attitude was threatening—too severe for the really unintentional transgressor. He pushed his chair back roughly and sliding out of it took a defiant position by his father. The doctor's strong arm drew him close and his big hand brushed back the stray curls from his face. This affectionate reception was so different from the seemingly cold position of his mother that he could not refrain from tears.

"Don't cry my boy—mamma thought you were disobeying her—run kiss her and it will all be right." But no!

"I want to be by you, papa, mamma has got the nettlerash," complained mamma's manikin as he buried his head in his father's lap and sobbed pitifully.

A HUMBLE CUPID.

THE young music-teacher sat in her room at the one hotel and boarding-house of the village, and gazed thoughtfully at the two sticks of wood blazing in the narrow fireplace. The lamp had burned low; the room was barely light enough to reveal a slight wrinkle on her brow. Her right hand unconsciously played the melody of an old love song on the arm of the chair. A letter lay open in her lap; on the little table at her elbow were writing materials.

The front stick burned in two, the chunks falling back over the the andirons on either side. She awoke from her reverie and, gathering up the loose sheets of the letter in her lap, rose and replenished the fire. Then she sat down and went back to her dreams again.

"Why did he bring it to this? Aside from the question as to whether I could love him or not (I'm sure I've never analyzed my feelings to see), the match is absolutely impossible. With me two whole years older than he and a sophisticated old music-teacher—why, it's simply absurd. Yes, as he says, I am in sympathy with all his plans and ambitions, but for that very reason I won't see his young life ruined by an unsuitable match. He is the dearest boy, and we were such good friends, why couldn't he leave the old relationship alone, and not—"

A timid tap on the door. "Come in," she called, as she crumpled the letter in her bosom.

The door opened noiselessly, and it was the head of Sarah, the young negro servant girl, that appeared in the crevice.

"Come in, Sarah," she said in a kindly tone, and the girl stepped timidly inside the room.

"What is it, Sarah?" she asked, for the girl seemed ill at ease.

"I wants ter git you to do sump'n fer me, Miss Mary, ef you doan' min'. I'll allus wait on you if yo'll do it."

"Very well, Sarah, if I can, Sit down here and tell me what it is," she said, pushing the stool on which her feet rested towards the girl.

"Miss Mary," began Sarah, rather sheepishly, "I knows dat a woman ez purty an' ez good ez you is, is boun' ter hev a lot o' sweethearts. An' mebby you won' laff at me ef I tells you I'se got one an' dat he's workin' way up dar in Richmun'. You knows dey lives in big style up dar an' Jake he's gwine to be er big nigger 'fo' long, an' he ain' gwine to be satisfied wid no common nigger fer his gal. I wants ter git you ter write my letter ef you doan' min', case you knows how ter put de big words in an' show Jake I'se ez big ez he is."

"All right, Sarah, but hadn't you better let me write in your own words and you just tell me what to write?"

"No'm, dat ain' gwine ter suit Jake. He's gwine ter be too big er nigger fer anything lak dat ter suit him. I wants you ter fix it up yo' own way."

"Well, Sarah, you tell me what you want me to say to him and I'll look out for the big words."

"Fust, I wants you ter tell him how lonesome-lak hit's ben sence I seed him las'. I allus lub'd him sence we wuz little chilluns together. Mebby you thinks dat ain' de way ter keep him, but, Lawd, Miss Mary, I cain' he'p it. De Lawd knows I wants ter see you, Jake. Seems lak I ain' never gwine ter see you no mo'. "

The young lady looked up with a smile, but there was such an earnest expression on the girl's face that she

was forced to repress it. While Sarah looked into the fire, Miss Mary rapidly put her thoughts in order and translated them into white man's English, according to the girl's injunction.

"What else?" she asked as she finished the first installment.

And Sarah continued with further protestations of her affection for the far-distant Jacob. Then, having exhausted this theme, she expatiated for some moments on the hardness of her work and how she wanted him to come home soon and take her out of these trials and tribulations into a cosy cottage of their own.

Miss Mary finished the letter and read it to Sarah who expressed her approval of it: "Dat's jes' whut I wanted. I knowed you'd fix it right. I'll allus wait on you good fer dat, Miss Mary," and her moist eyes bespoke her gratitude.

"I have some letters to mail and I'll mail yours with them, Sarah."

The girl gave her a soiled, crumpled bit of paper on which her lover's address was scrawled, and then stole out as noiselessly as she had entered.

"Now to my own," said Miss Mary, "and I wish with all my heart that I could write the dear boy one as favorable as the one I have just written. But it's all for his own good," and she proceeded to write her letter.

When she had finished it she leaned back and read:

"Dearest, best Friend:

You can never know how much your letter pained me. What you propose is, as you must see, impossible. With your young life before you, your plans and ambitions, to do as you propose would ruin every-

thing. Besides, I do not love you, save as a friend, and such a thought as our ever marrying never entered my mind. Furthermore, I'm sure that you do not love me as you think and that if you will consider the matter calmly you will agree with me. We have always been such dear friends, why could you not let the old relationship continue to exist? Calmly reconsider your statement that we can no longer be merely friends. I appreciate fully the honor of possessing the love of such a noble man, but I should appreciate far more the friendship of the same noble man. Write and tell me that this flame is forgotten and that the dear old relationship shall continue to exist. With love from her who wishes always to be thought of as

Your best friend."

"It's all for his good," she repeated, as she put the letter in the envelope and laid the two letters on the table, to be mailed as she passed the post-office the next morning on the way to her school-room.

She had just settled down comfortably before her blazing fire two nights later and was glancing over the pages of her *Etude* which had come in that morning's mail, when she heard someone come running up the steps and knock at the door. Hardly waiting for her "Come in!" the door was thrown open and in rushed Sarah, too much out of breath to speak, simply thrusting two letters into Miss Mary's hands.

"Thank you, Sarah," she said, looking at the address of each. "Oh, yes, one of them is for you. Sit down and I'll read it to you in a moment."

She broke the seal of her own letter and began to read. "What does this mean?" she said to herself. " 'The

happiest man alive!' He seems to have seen the folly of his way and my letter was welcome news. Well, that's flattering, to be sure. It's well that I didn't do otherwise." And she read on, her eyes opening wider and wider as she read, until she came to the last words:

"Shall I come and take you in my arms and tell you how happy you have made me. Wire me, dearest, that I may.

Your own

Tom."

"Well, of all the incomprehensible things!" she exclaimed, letting the letter fall into her lap. "After the letter that I wrote him how can he have the face! He evidently does not intend to be gainsaid."

She sat for a moment in deep thought. Then she happened to notice Sarah sitting there with eyes fixed on her.

"Oh, yes, Sarah, I forgot. Of course, you want to hear your letter." And she opened and read it to Sarah in Jacob's own language.

" ' Miss Sarah Jane:

You wants us ter be frien's, does you? I jes' wants ter know what black nigger's been shyin' roun' you an' 'casionin' you ter put on all dem airs. No, thankee, I doan' wanter be no frien' o' yo'n. Dere's too many gals up here, big folks, better-lookin', gals wid mo' sense den you got, fer me ter be wastin' my time wid po' black niggers dat wants ter be frien's. You will please, Miss Sarah Jane, recomember me atter dis as

Mister Jacob Smith. ' "

Miss Mary grasped the whole situation now and she could hardly restrain a smile from playing around the corners of her mouth as she looked up to see how Sarah was taking it. The poor girl was sitting there with eyes and mouth wide open, amazement written in every feature of her black face.

"Whut you reckon's de matter, Miss Mary? I ain' done nuthin' fer him ter git so high about, is I? Jes' lak I said, some triflin' black nigger gal's been shyin' roun' him, an' he thinks he's too big fer dis nigger. Big sight dis nigger keers!" But Miss Mary could see that, in spite of her feigned indifference, she was on the point of bubbling over.

"I see through it all now, Sarah, and I'll make it all right. I sent him the wrong letter and he doesn't understand. It was all my fault and I'll straighten it out for you right away."

But Sarah was dubious. "Is you shore you kin fix it?"

"Yes, Sarah, and I'll do it right away. If you don't get the right sort of an answer within a week you need never forgive me." And Sarah seemed satisfied.

"Wait just a minute," Miss Mary said as Sarah started to leave the room. "I want you to do one more thing for me."

"I can't destroy the dear boy's happiness," she said to herself, "and—two years is a very slight difference anyway, and I—I've always loved him." Then aloud, "I want you to take this to the telegraph office for me, please, Sarah."

And she wrote a telegram which said simply: "Come."

W. C. RANKIN.

BOOK NOTES.

The most important books received in the library this month are Ainger's *Life of Crabbe* in the English Men of Letters series, and the *Life of Gladstone* in three volumes by John Morley. The latter is a scholarly production, and by far the best work that has been done in that line.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR for the common schools by Dr. C. Alphonso Smith. (B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.)

Instead of writing a review of this book we have asked Dr. Smith for some representative notices of it. He has kindly furnished the following, which we print with pleasure:

Dr. Gustav Krüger, Berlin: "So viel habe ich aber schon ersehen, dass es ein gründliches und zugleich praktisch angelegtes Handbuch ist, das überall davon zeugniss ablegt, dass sein Verfasser den Stoff durchdacht hat."

Dr. Frederick Klaeber, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis: "For an instructor using this book it must be a pleasure to teach grammar."

Dr. Johannes Hoops, University of Heidelberg, Germany: "It seems extremely practical and useful. What makes it most interesting and attractive are the many quotations from well-known poets and prose-writers."

Professor Edwin Mims, Trinity College, Durham, N. C.: "It seems to me to meet a long felt want—a good, sensible, practical text-book for the schools."

Dr. Thomas P. Harrison, Davidson College, N. C.: * * * "These two considerations raise the book, in my opinion, above all others in its field as a text-book of formal English grammar for the schools."

Prof. H. K. Strickland, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.: "Without any reservation, it is the best English grammar that I have ever seen."

President E. A. Alderman, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.: "I have seen nothing better in the twenty years that I have given thought to school and college text-books."

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD, by Ellen Olney Kirk (7½ x 5¼. pp. 352. $1.50) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The author has studied well in the school of Miss Mulock and Mrs. Gaskell, and her "Our Village story" is wholesome and delightful in its freedom of movement, its little cameos from provincial life, its thumb-nail portraits of every-day characters with the charm of individuality upon them, and—without any attempt at dialect—its racy bits of the speech of unconventional people. But we are taken into the busy city before we reach the country town, and under the spell of one absorbing personality before our interest is claimed for those who are nothing without her.

It is in the office of the *Dawn*, a Boston newspaper, that we are won by the woman member of the staff, with her clear-sightedness, her moral soundness, her all-round efficiency. She excites sentiment, but appears to have none. Under her regulative influence the Bohemian tendencies of her association can never lapse into any-

thing but a pleasant affectation of wickedness. She is the intense worker of her coterie and is adapted to every situation, but she is urged by the one desire to flee the city, to abjure the world and its work, to have a cottage in the wilderness and freedom. This genuine, capable, unromantic woman to whom all minds, perforce, swayed from their orbits, and from whom all her own sex withheld their shafts, what is to be her fate?

There is a sudden turn of fortune, and a prospect of realizing all her dreams of sweet content. Again the unexpected happens and she is shaken out of her rest as she settles into it with a sigh of relief. Just here we cannot praise too well the many passages of idyllic grace, of poetry out of the very heart of simple nature. Will every reader see the prophetic hint of the crisis through which Millicent is to pass? You will note a slight but insistent reminiscence, a mysterious stranger, the hidden qualms under outer self-poise, the singular situation in which the heroine's skill diverts a blundering suitor in the very hour and article of his wooing into a successful pursuit of the other woman who was predestined for him, the shadow of tragedy lifted into the slow-coming but sure happiness—but we had better let you read the book for yourself in this fine romance of real life.

THOMAS HUME.

—The Baltimore *Sun*.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

Our foot ball season for 1903 closed, with the Virginia game, on Thanksgiving Day. As we glance over the fall's record, in a cursory way, we cannot fail to notice the figures that represent two very unfortunate defeats: one defeat at the hands of Georgetown and the other by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. These figures stand out, however, simply as reminders of the mistakes of an undeveloped team. It takes time to develop a winning team. We won the great game—the game that counts—and won it in grand style over gallant foes. In hailing with pride the victors of the Thanksgiving contest, we extend a thankful hand to

our Coach and bestow a season's gratitude upon the faithful Scrubs.

Debating is practiced much at the University; it should be more. There is no more effective way for one to develop himself and at the same time pay his debt to the college and the literary society whose benefits he enjoys than by careful, thorough, and conscientious work at debating. It is the purpose of this article to express the belief that the duty of every man who belongs to one of the societies is to do his best in this work. Most of us are apt to forget that our duty is threefold; we think in a more or less general sort of way that a man ought to do his best, ought to use his opportunities; but generally we declde that if we make pretty good marks it is done. This is a mistaken as well as a selfish view. Of course a man's first duty is to himself but there are other essential ones.

Especially is it true that one who is a student at this University and is a member of the Dialectic or Philanthropic Society owes an obligation to his college and to his society. Carolina has sent out debating teams that have won notable victories from other colleges; she has sent out men who were leaders in the Republic and in the State. These men received their forensic training in the halls of these two societies. They have made a name for their institution which it is a proud honor to bear, and which imposes on the wearer an obligation. The successors of those men are in honor bound to uphold the reputation which has been made and to add to the prestige which splendid achievement has won. A man who is qualified for an intercollegiate debate should do his best to make the debating team, and one

who has an opportunity of representing his society ought to use every effort to win. The inter-society debaters are not chosen by a competitive system but on account of the abilities they have shown in the past. The inter-collegiate debaters, on the other hand, are chosen solely with a view to what they do in a competitive test. It will not be denied that the greater the number of contestants the better the winner will be. The race is to the strong and the running makes the strong.

But to the man himself. Nothing can be more effective than debating in developing in a man power of analysis, of reasoning, and of expression, in giving him the self-control and feeling of mastery over himself and others so desirable and so necessary for any one. The benefit from careful and thorough preparation of a debate is difficult to estimate, even comparatively. It represents a world of work; wide reading, whose relation and meaning are to be seen, and a logical and clear development of the facts which those details support. This is something of special interest to the man who has just come to college. The college library society is much bigger than anything of the kind he has ever been in before. The debates are different: he no longer has presented to him such a question as "Resolved: That Columbus deserves greater praise for discovering America than Washington for saving it." The questions he has now are in the main live and practical. He does not have to depend upon his imagination and speculation for facts, but has a well equipped library to refer to and it is possible for him to study the subjects and discuss them intelligently.

A practice which gives one the ability to stand before an audience and say just what he wants to say and in the way it should be said is of undoubted value. Debating is such a practice. Take the college debater in his highest development, the intercollegiate debater. The man who, representing his *Alma Mater*, faces worthy opponents from another college, and, before a critical audience and able judges, with hundreds of students and thousands of alumni looking to him for victory, struggles for a decision; that man, if he is a man, must come out of that struggle with a consciousness of his power. The man in that position feels that he is against the most serious proposition he has ever encountered. He must think, must go to the bottom and bring out what is in him. He may develop power that might otherwise never be disclosed. This is the testimony of experienced men; we shall do well in accepting it.

Some of the advantages of debating have been enumerated; that a man owes a duty to himself none denies; that he is under obligation to his *Alma Mater*, only reflection is needed to show. A way of discharging this triple duty has been shown. Men of the upper classes, whom experience has trained for the work, it is your duty to go into the intercollegiate contests. New men, who have not had this experience, it is your duty to fit yourselves by conscientious work in the weekly debates for these contests.

The faculty has recently decided that in the future the University is to offer but one bachelor's degree, Bachelor of Arts; the degrees Bachelor of Philosophy and Bachelor of Science are to be abolished. Instead of three courses leading to three degrees there will be three

groups of studies, each group leading to one degree, Bachelor of Arts. The groups consist of only the studies of the first two years, the Junior and Senior studies being under certain conditions almost entirely elective. In this respect the new system will be much like the present one, for the required studies now are, in the main, those of the first two years. Of the new groups the first, or classical, is almost the same as the present A.B. course except that less science is required. The other two correspond in general to the courses to be abolished, but differ from them somewhat; it may be said that the new ones are more difficult. The three new groups are arranged so that they are of practically the same difficulty.

The change is an excellent one. When a college offers several bachelor's degrees there is inevitably an impression that the degrees are of different value. This impression is not altogether wrong. The A.B degree is considered by almost everybody as in some way *higher* than the others. As a result, the man who holds another bachelor's degree has often to contend with an unjust handicap. He sometimes has the need of explaining that his degree is "just as good." He does not get proper credit for doing as much as, or perhaps more work than the Bachelor of Arts. For the University man this unfairness will be obviated hereafter.

As said, the Junior and Senior studies are elective. There are, however, two conditions to this: they must be elected so as to show a definite purpose in the selection, and they will not be open to men who are not qualified to take them. In electing his studies a student must show that he has some object besides simply getting enough hours to his credit to graduate. He must make

his course a unit. The second condition is an important one. Many a man comes to college with the belief that he is destined to be a great lawyer or journalist perhaps, and that he needs only to get a smattering of economics, history, and psychology and he will be prepared for his work. Often such a man is hardly able to take some Freshman studies; but he takes the advanced ones and fails on the greater part of his work. After being in college for a year or two and finding out what he really needs and is able to do, he decides to graduate. Frequently he finds that the time he has wasted on work he could not do makes graduation as a four year's task impossible for him. The result is that his college course is more or less a failure. It is well that this should be prevented.

ALUMNI NOTES.

NOTES.

David Ballard, '02, is now situated in Greensboro.

Marvin Carr, '02, is in business in New York City.

W. B. Jones, Law '01, is practicing law in Raleigh.

Hollis Winston, '96, is now a lieutenant in the Navy.

Warren Kluttz, '00, is a chemist in Birmingham, Ala.

W. F. Stafford, '02, is teaching school at Fayetteville.

T. R. Brem, '02, is in the insurance business at Charlotte.

J. B. Cheshire, '02, is a clerk in the Raleigh National Bank.

Thos. Hume, Jr., '00, is teaching school in Winston-Salem.

Thos. H. Cash, ex-'05, is teaching school in Winston-Salem.

Reston Stevenson, '02, is a student at Cornell University.

L. L. Stevens, '01, is now teaching at Horner's School.

Holly Bell, Phar. '03, is studying medicine in Richmond, Va.

Harlee Bellamy, '99, is practicing medicine in Wilmington.

Tom Oliver, '02, is at the Denver School of Mines, Denver, Col.

T. C. McAden, ex-'05, is working for the Ada Mills at Charlotte.

W. K. Battle, ex-'01, is cashier of a bank at Rich Square, N. C.

W. J. Brogden, '97, is principal of the Fuller Graded School, Durham.

D. P. Stern, '02, is engaged in the mercantile business at Scotland Neck.

O. S. Thompson, ex-'01, is working for the Southern Railway, Raleigh.

W. P. Allison, ex-'06, is working for the Southern Railway, Charlotte.

Richard N. Duffy, '02, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

W. A. Heartt, ex-'05, is in Washington working for the Washington *Post*.

Alex. H. Jones, ex-'04, is engaged in business at Manila, Philippine Islands.

Henry M. London, Law '02, is practicing his profession at Pittsboro, N. C.

H. L. Frye, ex-'06, is working with the Southern Railway at Greensboro.

John Turrentine, '01, is assistant professor of Chemistry at LaFhyette College.

T. L. Parsons, ex-'05, is working for the Bank of Rockingham, Rockingham, N. C.

H. H. Harrison, Med. '03, is a student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

H. C. Irwin, Med. '03, is studying medicine at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

A. T. Pritchard, Med. '03, is a student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

Gaston Means, '01, is working for the American Tobacco Company, New York.

W. O. Heard, ex-'03, is a chemist for some nitroglycerine works, Woodbury, N. J.

J. H. Saunders, Med. '03, is finishing his medical course at Richmond Medical College.

A. Disosway, Med. '03, is completing his medical course at Bellevue College, New York.

Dr. Frank Shaffner, '96, of Winston-Salem, was on the "Hill" for a few days during November.

The Alumni Editor will appreciate all news of interest concerning any alumnus of the University.

A. S. Root, '01, is on the United States Geological Survey. He is stationed at Sacremento, Cal.

T. E. Brown, Law '03, has recently moved back to Wilmington and is a member of law firm of Carr and Brown.

J. L. Morehead, '03, has recently moved from Durham to Savannah, Ga., where he is engaged in the cotton mill business.

M. R. Farrar, Med. '03, is completing his medical course at the University of North Carolina's Medical College, Raleigh.

J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Law '03, who has been practicing at Tacoma, Wash., has moved to Elizabeth City, where he will pursue his profession.

John London, ex-'03, William Stevenson, ex-'04, Henry Lee, ex-'04, and W. T. Mallison, ex-'05, are midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis.

William James Battle, A.B. 1888, A.M. 1889, Ph.D. (U. N. C. and Harvard), Professor of Greek in the Uni-

versity of Texas, is enjoying an off year in the study of Archaeology in Europe, principally in Berlin and Athens.

Herbert B. Battle, B.S. 1881, Ph.D. 1887, once Director of the Experimental Station at Raleigh, is now general superintendent of all the cotton oil factories of the Cotton Oil Company of Alabama. His residence is Montgomery, Ala.

MARRIAGES.

Jones Fuller, Law '98, was married to Miss Mattye Pace, of Raleigh, N. C., on November 11th.

Harvey A. Lambeth, ex-'01, was married to Miss Lizzie Yates Faison, of Charlotte, N. C., on November 19th.

NECROLOGY.

Died in Warrenton, N. C., September 23rd last, William J. White, a respected merchant of that place. He was born October 4th, 1842. During the Civil War he held the position of Quarter Master C. S. A. He was a student in this University 1859 to 1861, when he left in order to enter the army. His father was Wm. White, who was sent by Governor Vance to England during the war as our State Agent, and managed a large business involving great sums of money with intelligence, fidelity and accuracy. His son inherited his excellent qualities.

Judge Samuel F. Phillips, of Washington City, a distinguished alumnus of the University, who once occupied the chair of Law here, departed this life on the 18th of November.

Judge Phillips was born and reared in Chapel Hill. He took the A.B. degree at the University in 1841, and and in 1844 the degree of A.M. He studied law and obtained his degree. He practiced his profession for some time but was soon called to the professorship of Law at the University. Later he was elected to the General Assembly of North Carolina. He also served as Speaker of the House of Commons. Later in his career he was appointed Solicitor General of the United States. This office he held from 1873-1885.

We grieve to chronicle also the death of another most worthy son of the University, Colonel James Souders Amis, nearly all his life a citizen of Oxford, N. C. A few years ago, having suffered a mild stroke of paralysis, he removed to Waynesborough, Va., to live with his daughter and her husband. He died on the 7th of this month.

Colonel Amis graduated at this University in 1846 with high distinction, and was one of the best debaters in the Dialectic Society. He married a Chapel Hill lady, daughter of a Representative in Congress, Hon. John Scott, of Hillsboro, who removed to Texas and died there, whereupon his family made Chapel Hill their home for some years. Col. Amis was a lawyer of learning and ability. He went into politics only once, when he represented his county (Granville) in the House of Commons (now Representatives). He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was always distinguished for the steadfastness of his principles, the kindness of his heart, the soundness of his judgment and the suavity of his manners.

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University Magazine.

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FUTURITY.

I.

Ay, God has veiled the future from my eyes,
  I know naught of its joys, its fears,
And yet with impious hands I'd raise
  And rend the veil to see the coming years.

II.

But He hath also blessed me with a will,
  The power to do, yea even to command:
So to Futurity I say, "Be still,
  And I will mold thee in my hand."

R. M. Roach.

*DIRECT ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.

MY colleague has shown you the conditions under which the Senate was conceived; he has shown you that we have continuously grown away from such a condition and that today in accordance with that growth the people demand this change in Senatorial election. And now in concluding the argument of the affirmative it behooves me to justify this change.

The change may be justified first because it will work no fundamental change in the Senate in so far as it was intended to be a check against the House. The Senate is differentiated and characterized from the House in four particulars. These are a long term of office, a small number of members, the continuity of the body, and the mode of election. And it is from the first three of these that the Senate derives its paramount excellencies; conservatism and skill in legislation. The long term secures conservatism by furnishing a check against hasty and inconsiderate legislation in preventing the party complection of the body from being abruptly changed, and by always keeping in the Senate, for this length of time, men who are conscious that they are serving their last term of political life.

This conservatism is augmented by the continuity of the body. For by this feature a quorum of the Senate is always ready for immediate action. The Senate is never disbanded, never impotent but a continuous body. The same Senate is intact today that sat in the days of Calhoun and Webster. With this length of office, this tradition and this continuity no body could be other than conservative.

*This speech won the Bingham Medal at Commencement, 1903: Query—Resolved that United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people.

Its skill in legislation is the direct result of its conservatism and its small number of members. A small number of members means exalted individuality. And wherever you couple conservatism with a small number of influential individuals you have skill in action as a natural consequence. Then what if anything, today, does the indirect mode of election add to these great characteristics of the Senate? It cannot add to the conservatism or skill of the Senate because these are qualities derived from the number, method of operation, and length of office.

Then since the Senate is differentiated from the House with these functions the indirect mode of election is a secondary matter, and to change that mode of election will destroy neither the functions nor the dignity of the Senate. A change in the mode of election would not mean a change in the term of office; nor would it mean that all the members should be elected at once, as is the case with the House; neither could the change in the mode of election effect the number of the Senators for they must come in equal numbers from each of the states.

Our forefathers in granting the power of amendment to the people wisely made but one reservation. And that is "that no state shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate without its own consent." It matters not what change the people may desire in the mode of election or the function of the elected it must be granted, with this one exception, and thanks to our forefathers, nothing short of a revolution can change this one point. Yet Senator Hoar in his eloquent speech of 1893 has New York to arise and say, "I never agreed to equal representation in the Senate with Nevada on any

other terms than that the Senators should be chosen by the Legislatures." On the other hand, sirs, New York agreed to a constitution which told her that the people might make any change they desired, but that she under no circumstances could ask for more than two Senators so long as the small states refuse. And besides, New York was one of the first states to see the inadequacy of the present mode of election and today virtually elects her Senators by the people, along with thirteen other states. Thus you see the change in the mode of election would leave the Senate with its excellencies and still differentiate it from the House.

The direct method of electing Senators is further justifiable in that it would link power to responsibility and thus bring about the conditions that always breed liberty; that is to say it would make the Senate responsible to the people.

Truly do we boast that the Senate is the most august body in the world. Every government has but three functions; executive, judicial, and legislative. In the Senate of the United States is vested our highest powers of these three functions. It is executive in that the President is powerless without itscon sent; it is judicial in that it is the only body in which the President can be tried; and finally it is legislative in that it acts with and as a check against the House. With all these powers the Senate holds in its hands the prosperity of the American people. But pray tell me to whom it is responsible! It is not responsible to the people because under the present mode of election they are forced to delegate even the right to elect. It is not responsible to the Legislature because it soon after the election disbands and its

members are no more than other citizens. I say that the Senate is responsible to no one because responsibility carries with it the power to direct, to rule, and to correct if need be. For any employer to secure his will through his agent the agent must feel his responsibility and this responsibility must be so arranged that the employer can enforce action. The Senate has no such master. Yet every other branch of our government, save a slight portion of the judiciary, has. For they come directly from and are responsible to the people. Political power and responsibility should go hand-in-hand and in a government like ours there is no safeguard to liberty unless there is responsibility to the people for power. Then, speaking in the light of past experience and present conditions, I feel no hesitancy in saying that direct election of Senators would abridge this source of evil. Wherever you wed power to responsibility you secure liberty, when the two are divorced the child liberty suffers.

Would you ask for proofs of this? Take a single one. Every state that has gone so far as to practically elect her Senators by the people has had their Senators to support the proposed amendment every time they have had a chance but the other states that have declared in favor of it and still allow their Senators to be elected by the legislatures have not been able to cast one vote for it in the Senate.

Thus it is that direct election not only makes the Senate responsible to the people, but on account of this responsibility it represents the will of the majority of the people in the state and in so doing it represents the state as a state in the truest sense of the word. Because the state and the people are identical.

Yet it is claimed by the adherents of the indirect method that direct election of Senators will destroy the representation of states as states in the Senate and thus completely extinguish the individuality of the states for the reason that the people are not the state. Now upon this point I desire a joint issue.

The original conception of the state was that it was a given right, a direct mandate of the Creator, to some family to rule all people falling under their domination. With this conception the individual was ignored and all was foreborne for the aggrandisement of the state. From the oppressed individuals there arose a social combat and from this came the social compact and finally the merger of state and people. During this combat the advocates of popular rule were often thwarted but the democratic idea when once kindled was unquenchable. Through the Middle Ages it burned so low that one might well have predicted that it was extinguished but thanks to our Saxon forefathers it was replenished at Runnymede, and by their support was kept in a progressive path until in 1776 it burst forth like a mighty volcano when America's illustrious son penned those immortal lines, "all men are created equal with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

This was the first true appeal to Democracy to dominate over Aristocracy. When this idea was substantiated by a seven years' war our forefathers in defining themselves in the preamble to the Constitution said their object was "to form a more perfect Union; to establish

justice; to insure domestic tranquility; to provide for the common defense; to promote the general welfare; and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." Why do all this for the people? Because tranquility among citizens means political harmony; because the general welfare of the individuals means a progressive state; and finally, because to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity means the perpetuation of a democratic government. They in their wisdom saw and realized that to have a great and free state they must have a great and free people. And America has taken the topmost seat in the family of nations because she is the greatest and freest people the world has ever seen.

The fallacy in the argument that direct election of Senators will destroy state's rights is found in the confusion of sovereignty and government, between which there is a striking difference, viz.: while the sovereignty resides in, and is the people, the government is the means by which it is expressed. Now the government of the states is only the expression of the popular will and as that will changes the government must undergo similar changes.

The legislatures were created by the people and act according to the powers granted them, and now is it to be supposed that when the people desire to restrict those powers that the creature has become more powerful than the creator? Woodrow Wilson answers this question by saying, "the legislatures in no sense represent the sovereign power of the states, for they are simply law making bodies acting within the gifts of their charter which at any time may be altered by the people who granted it!"

Thus you see the direct election of Senators would not take one iota from the individual states as states. It would only call the franchise power back to the people who granted it. And this, I repeat, is the truest state representation.

Direct election of Senators instead of eliminating state's lines, I propose to show you, would be the only means of carrying out one of the fundamental principles of the federal Constitution; that is, that the spheres of state and national government shall be separate and distinct and each supreme in its own field of action. I say this is a fundamental principle, for listen to the words of the Supreme Court: "the powers of the general government and the states, though both exist and are exercised within the same territory, are yet separate and distinct sovereignties. The sphere of action appropriated to the United States is as far removed from the powers and functions of the states as if the lines of division were traced by landmarks visible to the eye."

Then, sirs, since the powers and functions of these two sovereignties are so far removed from each other we should expect to see the political interests of the two almost as separate and distinct as the sovereignties themselves. Hence the interests of the American citizen are of a dual nature! He is a citizen of both state and nation. As a member of one of the great national parties he should aid in the settlement of questions that fall in the national sphere and state issues should be fought on the grounds of local interest.

Are these the conditions today? We often see candidates for governor canvassing the state on national questions on which the election is expected to hinge.

How absurd when we realize that no point in the issue can be effected by either man but that there is no dearth to questions of momentous importance with which one of them will have to deal when elected. The same scene is repeated on the county stump every time there is to be a Senator elected. By this means local interests are ignored, national questions exalted and state and national politics thoroughly confused.

The most pernicious influence of this intermingling of state and national politics is found in the diversion of the attention of citizens and law makers alike from vital state matters. The primary duty of the legislature is to legislate for the citizens of that state. Yet in the form of deadlocks their attention is often held for weeks, even months, on the election of a Senator at the expense of their more legitimate functions. In our own state this spring this was the case for twenty-one days and as a consequence the important legislation was run through with in midnight sessions. The legislatures of Montana, Washington, and Wyoming in 1893 devoted their whole time to the election of Senators and finally had to call a new session to elect in each case. Now I do not exaggerate when I say that not a law of state importance was passed in either of these instances. As a final example of these contests, full of bitterness and recrimination, which take the attention of the legislatures for weeks and months, as well as debauch and ruin their reputation, I need but mention the Addicks case of Delaware. By the debauching conduct of one man Delaware has for four years been robbed of her equal representation in the Senate besides having to suffer for local attention. The state to show her utter disgust for such

a method, during the long deadlock, passed but one law of state importance and what could that be, other than that the state of Delaware was heartily in favor of the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

Sirs, you can only realize the magnitude of this evil when you consider the range of important legislation falling within the field or state action. The laws that touch a man's daily life most frequently and materially are state laws. Laws relating to property, marriage, inheritance, corporations, labor, public health, pauperism, etc., all come from the state. Does the citizen commit a crime—he is tried by a state court. Does he pay taxes—they are largely regulated by state laws. Are his children educated—the provisions are made by state statute. Yet these interests so dear to himself and family are ignored for questions that touch him but indirectly.

Now the direct election of Senators is the sole remedy for this great evil. What we need is not more but better legislation and under the conditions set forth by the proposed method this tendency and possibility to divert the attention of the legislature from these vital questions will be wholly removed.

This intermingling of state and national politics (caused by the indirect mode) not only robs the state and ignores local interests, but it is a great imposition on the American citizen. It hampers him in the expression of his will; his powers and rights are hedged about and circumscribed; his will is manacled; and his volition paralyzed. Often in casting his ballot he must choose whether he will express his will on state or nationa.

questions. If he expresses it on national questions he is not precluded from full expression on state issues, but is forced to submit to state rule with which he is anything but friendly. Let me give you but a few striking examples. Connecticutt, Pennsylvania and Ohio have repeatedly shown themselves to be nationally Republican and locally Democratic. In each of these states in 1884, '88 and '92, when there was no Senator to be elected, the Legislatures, and consequently local rule, was Democratic. But in '85, '87, '91 and '93, as Senators were to be elected, the local interests were forgotten and the legislatures were overwhelmingly Republican. Examples of this kind are found in the history of almost every Northern state.

In 1892 it was urged upon the advocates of tariff reform in New York to vote for Democratic candidates for the legislature to prevent having a Republican Senator. Under the present system the argument was perfectly logical. But, sirs, what do you think of a system that calls upon a voter to sacrifice the interests of a great state like New York for questions that can only be settled by the national arm.

In Iowa in '90 and '92 it was shown that the state was nationally Republican and locally Democratic. At this time the Democrats favored Prohibition, but the Republicans fought the campaign on a national basis, for a Senator was to be elected. The state went Republican when the majority of the voters were in favor of Prohibition. How do I know? As soon as the Senatorial race was disposed of and the voters got another chance the state went overwhelmingly Democratic. Now in any of the above named cases how did a voter find himself?

He knows that his national aid is in one political camp, but that his local prosperity was in the enemy's camp. See him then as he marched up to the ballot box, for instance in Iowa; he halts before depositing, for he realizes that his state's interests are to be expressed Republican, but in casting that ballot he votes upon himself and family the curses of alcohol. So there you find the honest voter in many a case hanging on the horns of a dilemma. With his iron will he rallies and tries to guide the ship of state over these conflicting tides, yet he sees if he steers to the one side she will be wrecked on the Scylla of national abuse and in dodging this destruction she is dashed to pieces on the Charybdis of local stagnation.

Now the only remedy for these deplorable conditions is found in the direct election of Senators. By this means the cause will be removed and the voter can cast his state and national ballots where there will be no conflicting elements.

Then, sirs, we have shown you that the indirect mode of election was the direct effect of an aristocratic feeling of the time; that we have continuously grown away from that feeling, and that as the crowning idea of this democratic growth the people of the United States demand this change; and in justification of the change we have shown you that it would not only leave the Senate with her excellencies but will add to them in the form of responsibility to the people. We have shown you that the change will give us the truest state representation in the Senate and will differentiate between state and national politics, thus proving a blessing to both state and nation. And finally we have shown you

that the change will result in an everlasting blessing to the American citizen.

In conclusion, sirs, I have to say that to the American citizen we owe this blessing. For by his fidelity our nation has become what she now is. It was his bravery and stability that rent the oppressive change of George III.; his sagacity and patriotism that have met the emergencies of every national crisis since that time. Even when war and famine have found place in our country's history his courage and fortitude alone have enabled us to rise above the desolating effects.

And now should we refuse him this freedom of thought and action for which he asks then all for which mankind has fought, labored and struggled since the world began is forever gone. For exalted American citizenship is our only fortification against federal aggression. The aggrandisement of the individual citizen is contrary to the aggrandisement of the federal head. To enhance the citizen creates and subserves the conditions of distinct, independent personal thought, feeling and action, and builds up the unassailable bulwarks of home rule and local sovereignty. This alone is the foundation upon which our progress and posterity was based and likewise is the hope of the future of this republic, the only defense of American civilization.

A. H. JOHNSTON.

SOCIAL COLORING OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

THE Book of Job presents to the student so many and varied threads of thought and these are so interwoven in the whole fabric that he is at once confronted with a difficult task in attempting to trace one independently of all the rest. An eminent example of this is the "Social Coloring of the Book." The manners and customs which enter into the social life of a people are so colored by its creeds and doctrines that to speak of the sociology means also a brief discussion of the theology. Let it be so. It is natural that contiguous thoughts should be influenced and, to a certain extent, shaped by other thoughts as a thread drawn from a fabric retains the shape given it by overlying threads.

All study of the social life in literature should be made from at least four standpoints. First, regard should be given to the setting of the life, since it is influenced by climate and position. Then, that undue criticism may not be made, the time should be noted. Next and what, in the present study, is most difficult to know is the time of the writer. It is a little unfortunate that we do not know how much of the coloring of perhaps another age is given to the story. Finally, we come to our subject proper—the people.

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job." Thus the story begins. But where is or was Uz? Modern maps do not show it, but scholars have regarded it as being to the northeast of the Arabia Desert. It is at least evident the fickle weather of the desert was familiar to the old patriarch:—

"My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook,
As the channel of brooks that pass away;
Which are black by reason of the ice,
And wherein the snow hideth itself:
What time they wax warm, they vanish:—
When it is hot they are consumed out of their place."

Perhaps one, if no more, of the caravan routes lay through the "land of Uz," the companies making a short stay before setting out upon the long hot journey across the desert for Job, still speaking of the brooks, says:—

"The paths of their way are turned aside;
They go up into the waste and perish.
The caravans of Tema looked,
The companies of Sheba waited for them."

All internal evidence assigns the Book of Job to the patriarchal age. No mention is made of the early fathers of Israel, no allusions to their history or times, and no quotations from their laws. But we find the father making daily sacrifice and sanctifying his sons and daughters—performing the priestly functions of the patriarchal fathers. The incidents of the story probably transpired between the time of the Flood and the time of Moses as there seems to be in the authorized version a reference to the Flood:—

"Hast thou marked the old way
Which wicked men have trodden?
Which were cut down out of time
Whose foundations were overthrown with a flood?"
[XXII., 15-16.]

We can picture for ourselves the simple pastoral life crowned with its peace and plenty and we are led to believe that the writer of the Book lived not far from the time of Moses—at a time when just such a life as is pictured would be appreciated. So far as we have been able to see and know there is very little anachronism to place the writer in a different age from the age of incidents chronicled within the Book. The speech of Elihu might, from its diction and because of the repeated thought in it, be attributed to a different age.

If the order of life and nature could be suspended and we, with the knowledge of the present age, be permitted to live in those old days with Job, we should most likely observe first of all the contrast in apparel, manners, and customs of the two ages. We should note also that with many of their old-fashioned and primitive ways there would be many things common to both ages. The patriarchal robe bound about the loins with a leathern girdle and surmounted by the long patriarchal beard is already familiar to us through history; but we shall very likely be interested in observing the manner of mourning. In this they shaved their heads, rent their mantels and sat in the ashe-mounds of their cities heaping dust upon their heads. Travel, as to-day in desert regions, was done upon camels. To the caravans or to the posts which hurried now and then from one great empire to another was probably entrusted the carrying of the letters and from them they probably obtained news of the distant cities. Writing was done either with "iron pen" or lead upon something like paper. The letter or document was then sealed with clay and given to the post or caravan. The fastening of feet in stocks as a punishment is familiar to us and, in fact, a great many customs

are like our own.

They speak of the grave and tomb and the "solitary piles" of kings; and they are familiar with house and tent. We see the same products—honey, wheat, barley, butter, milk, cheese—that we should expect to see in a pastoral country. Jewelry is not unknown—they speak familiarly of far off Ophir's gold, of Ethiopia's topaz, of the sapphire, and of the onyx. With them are the adulterer, the thief, burglars, murderers, servants, slaves, hirelings, task-masters, judges, priests, counsellors, and kings. And as we, they have seen the strong oppressing the poor

> "And take in pledge that which is on the poor;
> So that they go about naked without clothing:
>
> And being an-hungered they carry the sheaves;
> They make oil within the walls of these men;
> They tread their wine-presses, and suffer thirst."

They listen to the music of timbrel, harp, and pike; they are acquainted with the constellations and call them familiarly by name; they know how to weave, how to combine metals into brass; they describe mining with accuracy; they have a system of weights and balances; and they talk of deadly poisons.

This is the people of Job's day. It is remarkable that in a period of nearly four thousand years there is to be found such little difference in the social life of each age.

True the superstitious fear of the sea has been overcome, the sun has been fixed, and the pillars have been knocked out from under old mother earth and she set to revolving about the sun and in this way some views have

been corrected or modified; but there existed the very same classes of society then as now. We find human nature the same in all the trials and capacities of life, and pre-eminently the same, now and in the beginning—God.

W. F. McCANLESS.

CARLYLE'S "ESSAY ON CHARACTERISTICS" ONLY A HALF TRUTH.

THE fact that Carlyle wrote his *Essay on Characteristics* in 1831 is significant chiefly because the decade from 1830 to 1840 marked a transition both for England and for the greater part of the English speaking world. As this was a period of change in many ways, it was consequently a self-conscious period. Carlyle, looking upon society as having become extremely artificial, deprecates its condition with a fervor peculiar to himself.

The *Essay on Characteristics* though freer from that looseness and abruptness found in many of its author's works, is illustrative of the earnestness with which Carlyle always delivered his gospel. The doctrine of the first line, that "the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick," is the burden of the entire essay. The individual is held up to view, and the test applied to his mental and moral as well as to his physical nature. Afterwards the social organism is shown to be healthy if working unconsciously; unhealthy if conscious and restless. The religion of the day is also declared unhealthy, because, instead of heroic religious workers, we have men inquiring into the evidences of religion. Men are writing reviews on literature instead of writing literature; instead of working out their destiny as they were sent hither to do, they are inquiring into the nature and cause of things. All this, says Carlyle, is the unmistakable symptom of disease. To him it is almost a disease in itself. Yet, through it all his gospel of silence and work is never forgotten nor its echo allowed to die.

Although there is far more of truth in the essay than I can grasp, yet much of it impresses me as one-sided truth. That consciousness of our own virtues is itself a virtue would hardly be claimed, even by the vainest and most self-conceited of us. But on the other hand to know ourselves is not conceit, nor is consciousness of our health itself a disease. That leper who knew he was healed and returned to worship the Healer, was no less healed than the nine others who were unconscious of, or at least indifferent about, their restored health; nor do we believe that his consciousness was vanity. While consciousness of our condition is not a conclusive proof that such a condition is bad, neither is unconsciousness an unmistakable evidence of a healthy condition. The mind may be stupefied; even the disease itself may vitiate the capacity for perceiving its malignity. A person under the influence of an anaesthetic drug may be unconscious of any physical disorder, while the physician is severing a limb from his body.

This is true no less in the moral and intellectual than in the purely physical sense. He who is unconscious of the importance of life is usually the puniest specimen to be found; but he who feels deeply the responsibility of living, who takes a conscious pleasure in contributing his mite of good to the world about him, is the healthy specimen, the noble man. Were the forces always acting in the right direction, we might with impunity fling ourselves into the unconscious drift; but since they are various in nature and complex in action, each of us must think, as well as act, for himself.

As with individuals so with society, unconsciousness is not always the true measure of health. On the con-

trary, it often appears that the more ignorant and enslaved the society, the more unconscious it is of the evils which beset it. But the evils are there none the less; else all education and so-called progress are but the creation of evils for man's harassment. The becoming conscious of evils is not creating them; it is only the awakening to the fact of their existence, which is accompanied by diligent search for means of their removal. Though society may be thrown into convulsions by the violence of their removal, yet to shrink back into the former less conscious state is to stagnate and die under the yoke of custom; to pass through the ordeal is to gain freedom, to add new vigor to life. If society would maintain a respectable existence and advance to its highest development, it must be restless, but not without hope; conscious, but not complacent or vainglorious; and willing to exchange a present evil even for an untried good.

W. K. PERRETT.

TO THE LADY IN THE MOON.

O fair and cold and inaccessible!
Slow-sailing through th' impenetrable blue,
Whither with gradual movement dost thou guide
Alone and unconcerned thine onward way?
The heavens bend above thee clear and still,
And far below the lark's shrill matin dies
Ere it can pierce thy solitude, and wake
With rapturous harmony thy heedless ear.
Too fair, too cold, too far for mortal grief
To move thee art thou, or for mortal love
To warm thy breast of snow. O Stateliest,
If thou wouldst stoop an instant from thy sphere,
Remote, uncherished and companionless,
And lay thy solitary grandeur by,
How sweet the task with whispers low to woo
Thy heart unused to tenderness, and thrill
Thy wonted calm with melodies of love.
Wilt thou not hearken, Lady of my Dreams,
And bend one gracious look below to me?
Alas! alas! thou dost not heed, but still
Majestic glidest far and far away,
And all my cries are idle, bootless, vain.

M. H.

WHERE BEAUTY IS DUST.

CONSTANCE Barden and her mother came to Chapel Hill because they had a friend there once a long time ago, and he said it was such a quiet place to spend the summer—winter, too, for that matter—and they were two women who didn't care much for society that year; for the elder was a widow who lived chiefly by dreaming over the happiness of the past while the younger was doing what no one realizes in its full meaning unless he has tried the experiment; she was seeking for health.

Constance was nineteen, beautiful and more than naturally so by the hectic flush that burned at times in her white cheeks. She had finished that year at the college in Richmond and taken a certificate in painting, but the work had been heavy, and, now that the excitement was over, she found that the muscle she had boasted of was more nervous tension than real strength. She had intended visiting in Washington that winter at her brother's, but the family physician had advised a year of rest and Southern climate.

The place was all that could be desired. The village was over a hundred years old, the houses were old-fashioned and rambling in structure, the yards were closed in by massive ivy-covered stone walls built long ago by the slaves and grown green with age.

There was one place especially attractive to Constance. It was the little Episcopal church with its pointed windows, jutting corners, and castle-like belfry. Some said it was copied from a drawing made of a church in England and built there from this model. The bricks were

almost hidden from sight by the encroaching ivy and the whole was surrounded by heavy cedars and crepe myrtle. Here Constance used to glide in at evening service and linger until the sun had slowly withdrawn himself from the high, narrow window. Sometimes she waited until the big, black shadows crept across the font, the altar, and touched the corner of the organ, then she hurried down the wide old street, across which the large elms met and in to tell her "dear old Madre" all about what she had seen.

She had intended only resting and going to an occasional "affair", but when the University opened and the coeds began to arrive she became hungry to study again.

"Only my English, my Madre, do let me take the Shakespeare course with Dr. Walton. You've no idea what a perfectly lovely man he is."

The professor was introduced. That done, after she had talked five minutes with him, Mrs. Barden was as eager as Constance for the lectures and the reading to begin.

It was English—course 9—that she began and the class met in Dr. Walton's library once a week, Tuesday afternoon, and on the third floor of the Old East Building every Saturday morning. The work was for graduates, and consequently there were only nine or ten in the class. Of course there was the jester, not dependent on the size of the class, the ministerial candidate, one who was working at the course to please his father, another to make up hours, and a half dozen who were there for the love of the literature.

For weeks they revelled in the Mysteries and the Miracles, then came the wonderful Passion Play and fin-

ally the master himself after all the predecessors had been reviewed.

On the first day she entered the lecture room Miss Barden was conscious of a pair of deep eyes—she didn't know their color—that met hers as she came in the door. They haunted her that night, next day, Monday and Tuesday until she saw them again in the library with its rosy draperies and couches.

Strange to say, nothing about his face remained with her but the deep, alluring, thoughtful eyes and the mouth. Yes, she remembered the mouth; it looked like a girl's mouth, the lips were so delicately, beautifully chiselled, and the expression was manly, yet wistful—an unsatisfied expression.

Gradually the man's whole face dawned on her consciousness and lived there night and day. She grew to long for the lectures, not only for them, not so much for them themselves as for the opportunity to catch that one swift, speaking glance as she came in the door. She knew he would be there first, knew where he would sit, and knew that his eyes would watch for her coming, and though she determined every time to keep her eyes on the floor until she reached her seat, she knew that the determination was vain, for the moment she entered the spell was on her and with one thrill she would glance at him and then she would be sitting there with open book, her eyes on the professor, not knowing how the distance between the entrance and herself had been traversed.

At the period bell she had always hurried out before the others, but one morning she stopped to speak with the professor about an essay that she wished to write. When she turned to go the room was empty.

She hastened on by the Alumni Hall, turning into a deep bordered walk a short distance beyond. On one side was a low terrace, on the other a thick hedge of copal, honeysuckle and judas trees all covered over with the climbing roses. The place was restful and suggestive of study and meditation. She always came that way and walked slowly, thinking over the lecture and dreaming of the face she had all unknowingly grown to love.

This morning she walked very slowly, with head bent down, examining a branch of purple judas that she had gathered, until she came to the opening in the wall through which the walks from the University grounds passed into one walk through the yard of the little church. As she neared the gate she gathered up her skirts, tossed the flower away and glanced ahead of her. There was a cripple leaning on the wall looking into a small book spread open there in the shadow of the cedars. His back was to her and she was hurrying on when he was suddenly roused from his book at the sound of her footsteps and turned. She glanced pityingly at the man's limbs, then at his face. For a second all was black as midnight before her, the blood seemed all gone from her body and a sickening sensation flashed through her frame; then the light came back and she was conscious of looking into the eyes of her dream man. With wonderful effort she managed to gasp:

"Good morning," and hurried on past him, past the little church where she always stopped to whisper a hymn or a little prayer for strength and health, past her mother's door, and up to her own room. She stood before the bureau examining her face in her mirror.

There were no tears in the eyes she saw there, no. But in the face itself, over all the features was pain, deep agonizing pain that seemed to have the sting of death in its depth. Like one suddenly bereft of sense she stood and gazed at herself, mutely wondering if what she saw was really what she was.

The great black eyes grew wider, the cheeks became hot with the fever glow, the breath came quick from the hurried walking, and finally the tears began to force themselves one by one out of the proud eyes; the vision in the mirror became blurred and invisible, and with a low moan the girl sank down on the rug and laid her head in a chair. The world seemed far away, and cold; the death she had been fighting and dreading seemed now a relief, a friend whom she longed for; the sweet love that had been more sweet because it had came unsought was now a curse, a bitter loathing. She who had never loved a man before, had never cared for one and never thought that she would, for they told her one of her lungs was nearly gone, the other might be tainted, what reason had she to hope that the happiness of other women would be hers? They told her she was beautiful, superbly beautiful, but what did that matter? She hated pure beauty when there was no soul behind it and—could it be that she had no soul, was that the reason she felt the sickening sensation when she made her pitiful discovery a few moments ago? Was it because the man was not six feet tall and weighed so many pounds? Could it be that after all it was an imaginary body she loved and not the face, that real, pure face with its glorious eyes?

She sprang up.

"No, for shame, Constance Barden! The soul is there, the beautiful soul that makes the face, the eyes so lovely. It is his soul I love, not his body. Yet—Oh! fool that I am to talk of loving him or anyone, for I am not stronger. I am growing weaker than I was last Fall and—yes, I am growing far more beautiful, but Madre and doc mustn't know. No, I must complete my friendship with that soul, I know he feels that we have something congenial, something that we own together—but what will it amount to, come to? Only defeat, failure? Never! I will love him, I will! And he shall know—sometime, if not here, then I know God will grant me—us, for I feel he wishes something, the privilege of knowing each other there in that other land of his, for there they love and are known as they knew on earth, else why that land so pure and happy? I should know him—in a hundred heavens I could find you—my soul, oh! my poor soul!"

The house became so stifling to her, she wanted to run and fling her arms, screaming at the top of her voice. She slipped out and ran through the garden, across the grass and out into the thickest of the woods where the rock wall was lost in a mass of vines and cedars. But here it was too still and she wandered on into Battle's Park, an immense grove with walks that wound up hill and down, by trickling water falls and by boulders and dense thickets. After awhile she stumbled over a bench and sat down.

She had been there in the same position a long time, half moody, half sad, waiting for something outside of herself to put new thought, some motion in her brain; a squirrel ran up in front of her, turned his head this way and that, ventured a little nearer and then scampered

away, the birds hopped about as if seeking to make friends with the pretty new comer, but she gave no heed; she was watching the far off sky and thinking of her own poor heart's bitterness.

The man came and looked at her.

She paled, and rising said:

"Good afternoon."

He stood looking deep into her eyes, up into her eyes, for his head only came to her shoulder.

"You are disappointed," he remarked quietly.

"I was," was the soft answer, "but now I'm not. You will be, perhaps, when I tell you that they say—they told me—I'm a consumptive." She looked at him pleadingly with those speaking eyes of hers.

"So much beauty does not belong to earth," he answered, "I might have known that something was wrong," he turned his head away bitterly and she could have wept, both for pity for herself and for him.

"They say next winter I must go West and the next. You know what that means. But you know," looking full upon him, and smiling slightly, "you know I can go through it without being afraid. There was a time, but now——"

"You will leave?"

"Only my mother and one brother."

"There are no others?" he asked wistfully.

"There might have been," she answered evasively.

"Then you have had no romance?"

"Once I thought I had or was going to have." Why did she tremble so at the light in the man's eyes?"

"I had one."

"You! Tell me."

"I loved a queen, a woman who had money with dozens of men at her feet, beauty, wit, intellect, strength of body," he said bitterly, "as well as of mind and heart. They walked with her, danced with her and visited her, but I could only look up at the beautiful being so far beyond me and look sighing. I never told her, for she would have scorned me for the telling."

She looked away at the far distant blue and said softly:

"She did not know, ever?"

"No, she did not know."

"You should have told her."

"No, it was better so; she was a woman, a majesty alone. To have hung my frail self on her would have been to mar one of God's fairest creatures. I could never have done it."

"But if she had loved you?" queerly.

"Sometimes I thought that perhaps she cared a little, just a little, and my heart was so glad and happy——"

"And then?" she interrupted eagerly.

"Then one day I saw such a look of pity and hesitancy in her eyes, I knew it was a dream whose brightness was too much to have been for long."

"But perhaps the glance was only for a moment, a moment in which a new soul was springing into life in the woman, a soul that overcame the selfish soul that caused the glance. What then?" she moved a step nearer and looked at him.

"Then I should be happy, ah! so happy and—wretched."

She noticed a change in the tense. Why did the blood leap to her cheeks and the tears to her eyes?

"You say wretched, why?"

"Yes, wretched, happy and wretched. Happy for the love; wretched becaase I could never have accepted hers if it had been offered me. I am poor, my parents dead, I have no relatives and only enough money to live decently on alone. Even if I were a stalwart man I would not have insulted a woman by asking her to make such a sacrifice for me."

There was the wretched tone of bitterness in his voice, bitterness born of the consciousness of his own unfitness to dream even of kissing her hand.

"But if her love were great, very great, and she had wished it?" Why was she pleading so for that other, was it another?

A wild, insane hope gleamed for a moment in his face, in those great deep eyes and he moved a little nearer, but then slowly limped backward, shaking his head sadly.

"No, she could not have done it, I could not have accepted the gift, for it was too great. It is impossible," he ended, looking boldly in her eyes, "don't you see that it is impossible?"

"For her?"

"No, for me. I would not have cared for the other thing that was jealously taking her from me so surely; I would have overcome it with loving and serving. That was not it, you can, you must see that it was myself that stood in the way. I was the barrier to my own happiness."

She was quiet, and he thought tired of him. He moved away.

"Stay!" she called, "I am coming too, it is too still

and sad here. I love to be with you, somehow I feel stronger."

He shivered. She bit her lips instantly for speaking that way.

"If——" he began and stopped.

"If what?" she whisdered.

"If we, if I had been a man, ah! how differently it might have been. Would you——?"

"Yes, I would have. But then perhaps you would——"

"No. It would have been the same with me."

"And with me."

"Ahl but even then you could not have loved me?"

Why wouldn't he see; perhaps he wanted not to see.

"I told yoa that I would have, and that now it is the same—I can't say any more." She blushed and turned her glorious face full in his.

"Don't you, can't you see that I, you——"

"Ah! The queen, you do then, you love me, can you really?"

"Yes, heart to heart, soul to soul."

She took his hands in hers; they were no larger than her own. A great wave of pity for him made her tremble and almost faint. She saw the happiness that filled him and made his eyes sparkle with joy, saw the sweet mouth that looked so wistful for something it had never felt—a loving woman's tender kiss, and blinded with a sudden swift movement she drew him to her.

M. G.

A SPECTRE TO THE RESCUE.

"THE 'Sadie' really is aground and it's eleven o'clock now. That means that we will have to wait here until three for the tide to come in!" The girl's voice had a plaintive ring; to Jack it was bewitchingly sweet.

"Oh well," said he, "that's not so terribly long and we can have a jolly good time here at the island. We'll have a little dance up at the lighthouse to pass the time away."

Alice continued to look at the stranded sail-boat which rocked gently in the deep swell of the gulf. A big full moon hung almost above them, and as the two stood at the end of the long narrow wharf they seemed to be entirely surrounded by a sea which rose and fell in long, rolling swells of silver.

Finally the girl spoke again, "And what *will* mama say?"

Jack cared very little what "mama would say." What interested him was what Alice would say before the tide came in again.

"It's getting chilly, too," continued the girl, "and I haven't a vestige of a wrap. What if I should take cold?"

There Jack's conscience suffered a qualm. Perhaps he really had done wrong in promising the negro boatman a dollar in case he let the "Sadie" run aground. He looked at Alice dubiously.

"Why, it was very thoughtless in me not to tell you to bring along a cape in case—er—in case something should happen. Oh, I have it!"

His face brightened. In an instant he had off his coat.

"No," he cried, "there's no use protesting. You might as well submit, for you've got it to wear. Come, come, be a good little girl! I'll be all right; I'm tough enough not to mind the cold."

Alice demurred strongly but Jack was obdurate, so she finally yielded.

"It seems that you are bound to boss me, so I might as well give in," she laughed as she buttoned the coat around her neck. "Oh, how big and awkward it feels; but it's mighty cosy and warm Jack, are you sure that you won't freeze?"

"Don't worry about me, I'm used to it. Come, let's stroll back to the lighthouse."

They turned, he took her arm and they walked slowly up the dock toward the foot of the palm covered hill at whose summit flashed the "Sea Horse" light. They said little as they walked. The beautiful moonlit night seemed to have cast the spell of enchantment over them. Jack's heart throbbed with the glorious thoughts that filled him, of the love that he longed to utter but restrained through a feeling of reverence for the majestic beauty of the night. As for the girl on his arm, she seemed to be walking in a dream. At the end of the dock, Jack did not take the path that led directly to the lighthouse, but turned up the beach and followed a path that wound about the base of the hill and gradually to its summit. As they entered the wood the boy's spell of silence fell from him and he leaned close to his companion as he spoke to her.

"Alice, darling," he almost whispered, "this glorious night has crowded into my heart, which was already fil-

led to over-flowing with love for you. There's not room for that love there longer, sweetheart, so you must hear —"

"Now Jack, please don't, really you musn't. We have always been such good friends and you mustn't spoil it all by persisting in making love to me. You know that we can never be more than the best of friends, so don't be unkind."

But Jack was firm. His voice was gentle but it had a determined ring. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me a little while now. I know that you have spoiled every chance that I have made to tell you my love, but this time I have outgeneraled you and you must hear me. You say that you don't care for me, but I don't beileve it. You do care for me a whole lot way down in your heart, but because I have always been a hulking big fellow who never did anything but spend money and who had no other apparent ambition than to be a typical college man, you have not been able to convince yourself that you do love me. I don't blame you. A fellow who has no aim in life isn't worth much—isn't worth as fine a girl as you—and you've made me realize it. I am not worth a continental as I am, but I am going to make a man out of myself. I know that it's in me and I'm going to bring it out—for your sake. In a very little while I am going away to take advantage of a chance to make myself, and when I come back, then—"

The path had led them out into a little open spot that lay about half way up the hill and faced out to sea. Years before in the Civil war it had been the site of a fort and now, in the crumbling embrasure before them there still lay a great cannon, half buried in the sand.

Among the palms behind the gunpit there was a little cemetery whose slabs and crosses gleamed in the moonlight. As if lead by a guiding spirit the two crossed the gunpit to the battlement of the ancient fort and stood looking out to sea.

"And then," said Alice, glancing at the boy's set face, "and then, when you return?"

"Then," he answered, slowly and reverently, "I shall marry you."

Then silence fell between the pair. They looked dreamily out over the heaving sea that beat in tinkling wavelets upon the beach below them. Far out, where the low tide surged in and out upon a line of reefs, clouds of feathery spray leaped high above the surface of the ocean, hung for a moment like glittering bursts of snow, then vanished to give place to others.

"That reef seems very beautiful under the light of the moon," said Jack quietly, "but it has its history. Many years ago there lived a pair of lovers in the village over there on the mainland. They were only simple fisherfolk but they loved each other so that their lives were wrapped up in preparing for the little home they had planned to build. One autumn day the girl's father made a trip far out to sea and he took his daughter with him. Late in the day a gale blew up, as terrible a one and as sudden as had visited the coast in many a year. The lover in the village was silent with the dread that was in his heart, but he rigged out his little boat and, in spite of the peril, fought against the storm as far as the island here in order to be as near his sweetheart as possible and to be sure that the light kept burning. The night came and the storm increased. During the night

a boat struck on that reef yonder. Through the darkness no one could tell what boat it was; only the crash of her timbers as she beat upon the rocks could be heard over the roar of the storm. But the sailor had felt that it was his sweetheart who was out there tossed by the raging sea, and in his heart he heard her calling him, so he stole away and launched his little boat and started out to save her. Through the darkness and the wail of the tempest, through the pounding waves and the driving spray, he battled on to reach her and somehow out in that lonely waste, God only knows how, he found her. He found her, but he could not save her, and their bodies, shrouded together in the seaweed, floated in on the morning tide. One in love and life, they were one in death, and I believe that they are one in the great beyond. They sleep side by side there in the little cemetery."

Even as the boy pointed to a small white slab there rose from the ground at its foot a white object. Slowly, steadily, silently, it rose until it reached the height of a man. The girl on Jack's arm trembled like a leaf, then threw her arms about his neck and hid her face on his breast. Jack was not a coward, but this white, silent object standing out against the dark background of the palmetto trees filled him with a strange unreasoning awe. As he watched the object it moved. He pressed the girl closer to his side. Slowly two white arms rose from the sides of the spectre and hung for a moment in the air. Then a huge heron launched itself forth in flight and slipped away to find a quieter resting place.

Jack gave a quick jerky laugh. "It was only a great white bird, sweetheart," he whispered.

Alice cautiously raised her head and glanced fearfully towards the cemetery. "Oh, Jack." she cried, "I was *so* scared! Why didn't I scream?" Jack imagined that the arms about his neck clasped him just a trifle closer.

"Why?" he said, bending over her. "Why? Because I am here, darling, and because you love me."

His eyes met hers for an instant, then their lips touched. "Alice," whispered the boy, "I love you even as the sailor laddie loved his lassie, but ours shall not be a bridal of the sea."

The little waves crept steadily up the beach below them and the light on the hilltop flashed the seconds away as its clockwork turned, but time and tide were alike of no account to the couple on the parapet of the ruined fort on the hillside.

QUINCY S. MILLS.

THE PURPLE FLEA MINE.

"WHAT makes everybody look so disappointed around here?"

"Well, stranger, they can't get at it."

"At what?"

"Ther mine over thar," he pointed with a jack-knife in the direction of a cluster of mountains, rising to the right of the village.

"Those mountains don't seem so high," I suggested.

"Well, they ain't so derned high on this side, an' they aint so derned steep on t'other; still, aint nobody made ther trip."

"Haunted?"

"Yer might give it that name."

"What by?"

Before I could get an answer I had to wait for my friend to add to the pile of shavings around his chair and spit at a passing hog.

"Almost got him," he said, as the bunch of tobacco hit just in front of the animal. "Stranger, that's the best natured hog in this vicinity. I have made him feel the influence of the weed thirteen times this month, and he still goes home by this road."

"How about the mine?" I said, "I am interested."

"Wait a minnit," he said, leaning forward and tearing off a plug of tobacco the size of a palm leaf fan, "here comes another."

Up the street, grunting contentedly, came a large black and white hog. It stopped in front of the post-office, looked in, grunted; stopped to inspect the front door of the bar, grunted. As we were in front of the

hotel, the only other house in the business part of the town, the animal had evidently only one more stop. It made that a short one, and left squealing with a large spot of brown completely hiding one of its natural adornments.

"Wasn't that a peach of a shot?"

"Fine, fine, but how about the mine?"

"All right, go inside an' get yer a chair an' get cumftable like, an' I'll tell yer about it."

I got "cumftable like" and looked inquiringly at the big Westerner. He began.

"I don't reckon there's more'n two hundred people in ther State uv Montana knows about ther mine, it's so recent, but if there is, said number are dead unlucky. If ther inhabitants uv this hang-out look disappointed, they've certainly got a right to assume that expression uv countenance. Just think, stranger, uv livin' two miles from a mine that would make yer er—What's ther name uv ther man what's got all ther oil?"

"Rockefeller."

"Yep, always get him an' ther bar-keeper down at Hodge's mixed up. Well, that thar mine's got more gold in it than all ther people that ever graduated from ther Keeley Institutes, an' nobody can't get it just on account uv fleas."

"Fleas?"

"That's what I said, fleas. Great big blue ones, wus'n sharks, millions uv um."

"Why don't someone kill them?"

"Kill um. Er professor come out here from ther East, Kane was his name, an' calculated that if a million men killed a million a day, a million years from now,

ther last specimen would just be cashin' in. Stranger you aint got no idea what a sight uv fleas is up thar."

Evidently not. I could not conceive of such numbers, neither could I imagine how people knew of the presence of gold if no one had seen it, so I enquired.

"Kin see it, kin see it, er small mountain uv it in ther middle uv some mountains like a lump uv sugar in er cup."

"But I don't see why there are so many fleas in this particular locality."

"Saw those swine just now?"

"Yes."

"Well, the fleas live on pork, and pigs has er orful appertite fer fleas, they jest keep one another up."

"It looks like there ought to be some way for reaching the gold, in spite of the fleas."

"Aint though, men have tried to ride hosses with greased legs, used clothes only appropriate at the North Pole, rolled down in bar'ls tied to a rope, nearly ruined ther town by usin' up all the whiskey to get the fleas drunk, an' tried to scare 'em to death with gunpowder; still nobody aint increased their bank account."

"Do you mean to say those fleas can jump as high as a horse?"

"I've seen um jump over a medium-sized pine tree with one foot."

"And that they can eat through several thicknesses of clothing?"

"They don't eat through, just smother the enclosed individual."

"Has anybody tried an iron barrel with glass ends?"

"Can't get gold by looking at it. Almost forgot yer dinner aint yer?"

It was a fact, such a remarkable thing had taken away all thought of food.

"Well, go inside an' tell ther nigger ter fix yer up."

I hardly thought about the meal, although it was pretty good for such an uncivilized country; the cold, sparkling water, however, was especially fine.

"Comes frum er spring up de moun'n," the negro told me.

Having finished my dinner, I rejoined the proprietor; he was still whittling and chewing.

"Splendid water you have here."

"You are right, stranger, rather peculiar though; just take a glance at yer timepiece."

My Ingersoll had stopped.

"Yer see that water runs through er vein uv lodestone, an' has took on ther properties of ther mineral, making it magnetic; nobody that drinks that water can keep a watch in motion."

"What sort of a place have I come too, anyway; have you any near-sighted cows around here that wear eye glasses?"

"Not that I knows uv, stranger."

"Do people amuse their young children with rattlesnakes?"

"Very seldom, very seldom."

"Ever heard of a railroad train getting lost coming through this place?"

"Not sence I have took up my abode in these parts."

I felt relieved.

"Will you take me up to the spring when I get through selling some tobacco to the lady manager of the post-office department?"

"Why, yes; the next smoke wagon don't arrive 'til eleven this evening."

In two hours we had reached, by means of a very stony bridle path, the spring. It was a yellow-lined stream issuing from a cave. Altogether it was an ordinary stream and an ordinary cave; still, it had some attractive features.

My friend and I were standing beside the thread of water. Come to think about it the stream was larger than a thread, about the size of a rope; well, we were standing beside the rope of water looking into its cool depths (two inches), when he pulled out his knife with which to dislodge something that had gotten between two rear teeth. In trying to open it the knife slipped from his hand, but instead of falling straight down, it described a curve, falling into the creek.

I was slightly surprised, but my friend in a very matter of fact way rolled up his sleeves and said "damn."

He got the knife and began using it. "Eer hee anyhane ike at?"

The knife seemed to interfere with his speech. He took it out.

"Ever see anything like that?"

I merely stared at him, I was thinking.

"What's ther matter?" He seemed to think the occurrence had unsettled my mind.

"I've got it," I shouted.

"Got whut?"

"An idea."

"Somethin' onusual?"

"This one is. Say, don't pigs drink water?"

"Yep."

"Don't fleas drink blood?"

"Yep."

"Well, if we could get the hogs to drink this water, they would become living magnets; and since the fleas live on hog, they would in turn become magnetized, and as a result become firmly attached to the swine."

"Yep."

"And arguing by analogy those particular hogs possess means of locomotion."

"Yep."

"Fear in the lower animals usually evidences itself in motion."

"I reckon so."

"Don't that solve the question?"

"What question?"

"Of getting the pigs and fleas out of the valley of untold wealth."

"Stranger, it does; an' if you will be willin' to take an old man like me into the consarn, we'll get ther gold."

I was willing; we shook hands on it, and returned to the hotel.

* * *

A month after this my only occupation was watching a hydraulic ram pump water down into the land of the fleas. My partner, the hotel proprietor, had to watch out for customers. Pretty soon the water commenced to have some effect on the Hogs & Co. The accursed of Israel were increasing in size every day—a new coat of fleas. In a week they were the size of well-fed cattle, then they increased to the proportions of elephants, a little later they looked like huge prehistoric beasts.

For fear the coat would smother them if it got any thicker, we drove them ten miles to a river, drowned the fleas and returned for another load. To show how numerous were the fleas, it took eight trips with seventeen hundred and forty three hogs.

The gold turned out to be iron pyrites, but we sold the hogs for enough to put up a sulphuric acid factory; and now, like the hoop snake of the western plains, are managing to make both ends meet.

I forgot to mention the fact that my partner's name was Bill.

Moral: Where there's a will there's a way.

G. C. SIBLEY.

THE LAST STRAW.

OLD Dr. McRee was talking. Seated in his musty office, his chair tipped back, and his feet on the edge of his desk, he was discoursing on the medical profession.

"Yes," he was saying, "a man should enter no profession that he did not think was the very best, and for which he could not work with his whole heart. Least of all should he take up medicine, unless his highest ambition was to excel as a physician. I know there are a great many men who are doctors because they can make money as such, but they should not be tolerated, sir, they should not be tolerated, and I for one would like to see them debarred from the profession."

The doctor would have continued, for he was in one of his talkative moods, but he was interrupted by a knock on the door. In response to his summons an old woman entered, followed by a boy. She was one of the doctor's charity patients, and straightening himself in his chair he prepared to get rid of her as quickly as possible.

"Good morning, Mrs. Frazee," he said, "I hope your rheumatism isn't troubling you again."

"No, it aint that this mornin', doctor. I does have pains mighty frequent, an' sometimes I feels like I just couldn't get around, but I aint complaining none, if I aint so well as I might be, I aint so poorly as I might be, an' that's some comfort, I——"

"Maybe its Jim you want me to prescribe for," the doctor interjected.

"Well, sir, it is an' it aint, there aint nothin' special the matter with him now, he did catch a bad cold cause

he went swimmin' las' Saturday week, cold as it was, when I told him not to, an' he scratched his leg an' tore a big hole in his stockin', what I had to mend, but he's right well now, though if it hadn't been for that hole I never would have known——"

"Well, what is it you do want?" the doctor asked desperately, for Jim was on a tour of investigation, opening this case and that bottle, handling the instruments, and edging ever nearer the doctor's pet case of knives.

"It's just this, I wants you to make Jim a doctor."

"A doctor! Then Jim would like to be a doctor. I see he has the spirit of inquiry, at least."

"I don't reckon Jim keers much what he becomes, but he's that lazy an' good for nuthin' he aint fitten to be nothin' else, an' I've brung him to you to——"

It was here that the doctor rose up in his wrath. "Mrs. Frazee," he roared, "if you don't take that meddlesome boy," Jim had reached the knives, "out of my office I'll kick him out, and if you ever bring him here again I won't be responsible for his well being," and he ushered her out of the door, resuming his seat with a weary sigh.

R. E. CALDER.

A NIGHT WITH GRANDPA.

IT was my last night at grandpa's. I had been away from school for a few months and on the next day I would return again. The day had been bitterly cold and the night was no better. Outside the wind was loud in its complaints. It fell in great gusts against the loose shutters and howled dismally about the eaves and corners of the house.

In the large, open fireplace lay a heap of glowing, half-burned logs with a light and appearance so mellow that to look down between them was almost like fastening the eyes on those of a bewitching enchantress. It was a fire such that one could sit down before and dream and forget.

Grandpa sat in one corner reading his old Bible. This he always read at nights. I sat on the opposite side now reading, then watching him and now gazing long into that strangely beautiful fire. Everything was silent, for everyone had gone to sleep except Grandpa and me. Why he should have stayed up so late that night I do not know, but of late he seemed to grow jealous that I enjoyed alone all the luxury of the winter midnight vigils. Some nights he would become overcome with sleep and reluctantly go off to bed. At other times he would become alarmed at my own sleeplessness, and predict dreadful results if I persisted in working during the night hours. But that night he seemed to forget his own timely warnings and to bid fair to hold out longer than I was accustomed to do. His interest was never lost, and though the dear old white head would nod at times, yet he would rally so quickly that

his energy seemed never to flag.

At last that cozy, dreamy fire and the feebleness of age were too much for his self-control. Lower and lower sank the old Bible, and nearer came his head down against the wide arms of his big chair, and for hours Grandpa sat sleeping. And what a sleep! His last long sleep could scarcely be more peaceful, and certainly his soul could be in no sweeter communion. Below those whitened locks one could read peace and contentment, and from the smiles that lit up that rosy face one would guess he was in angelic company.

For my part, I tried to read. The selection was Juvenal's satire on old age. For many nights I had been reading selections from the great satirist, and even the above selection I had read before. I had seen, from his point of view, human nature in all its weakness and vanity. He had portrayed the rich in their avarice and the poor in their poverty and filth. Heroes were turned into fools by the praise of the multitude, the politician was discoursed in his cheap tricks, and the pious were seen in their hypocrisy and deceit. In fact, almost every condition of life was touched and nothing so touched came out unscathed. In his treatment of old age his brush was as relentless in its accomplishments as it was unhappy in its choice. I had gazed with him on age in its aches, in its weaknesses and in its pains. I had seen the helplessness and defects of man in second childhood. I had felt aghast at life's ultimate miseries and the body's loathsome impotencies. The pessimism of all this did not escape me. Life seemed one great mistake. I had begun to turn from the sunset glow and watch for the evening shadows. The tenderness and love of the

song birds in their trees I neglected for the plaintive voice of the turtle dove or the pigeon.

But tonight I rather murmured than read. My book seemed out of joint with me and everything. How could I sit listening to its complaints when I felt nothing of pain and held such dreamy luxuriousness. Besides before me was a complete denial of every imputation heaped on old age. True, there were the furrows and wrinkles of age, but the rosy face which held them was frequently lit up with smiles which lingered long in passing. And as I sat, I began to ask for the aches and pains which old age had been credited with. I could not see them, for here was every indication of peace. Instead of the spite of which old age had been accused, what an object of sleeping innocence just before me!

Every word which I tried to read now was a mockery. Old age, suffering and death may be the fruits of life, but I began to wonder why they should be thought of as inseparable. "Is old age a calamity," I began to wonder. "Life must be a mission," I thought, "and if man has come into life, and has labored and is drawing in his plans and hopes in order to give it up, is he to be despised? Is it a calamity for the leaves to turn to brown and the sky to look gray at winter's approach? If springtime lasted always, or summer never waned, or trees took on a perennial green, what were the season's spice? Likewise if the flush of youth were never lost, and manhood's strength would never fail and whitened locks were never seen——"

But here the old clock sounded resonantly, rousing Grandpa from his sleep and me from my reveries. Scarcely had it finished its midnight warning when

Grandpa with his smiles and I with my fancies had disappeared. I don't know whether or not the white head tossed in sleeplessness, but for a long time that night I coaxed sleep in vain, living over again the fireside scene while awake and dreaming of it through the night when asleep.

L. E. RUDISELL.

HER REPORT OF THE GAME.

FRANK Hendricks had been in college only six weeks when an attack of pneumonia sent him to the infirmary. His mother, hearing of his illness, went at once to his bedside. After two weeks of anxious nursing she experienced the joy of seeing her idol upon his feet again.

Before the college physician told her that he thought Frank had recovered sufficient strength to stand the travel home it chanced that a game of football was played on the college grounds, and nothing would do for Frank but to go and see it. Of course his mother went with him; she was anxious to keep him from exerting himself too much or contracting cold by throwing off any of the many wraps with which she had so cautiously enveloped him. After her return home Mrs. Hendricks made a report of this game to one of her neighbors, Mrs. Huxley, and it is with the conviction that this report is due the athletic world that the author ventures to put it in black and white.

"But de foolishes' thing I seed while I wuz thar wuz de game uv foot ball. I allers did think de college folks wuz erbout half crazy, an' when I seed that 'ar game I throw'd in t'other half too. I tol' John last summer he didn't have nerry grain uv sense er he wouldn't sen' Frank ter college, and dog me button ef hit ain't er col' day in Augurs when he gits back thar.

"Wull, ez I waz er gwine ter say, that ar game uv foot ball wuz ernough for me.—Hyur, take ernother dip uv me snuff, Mis' Huxley."

"Much erbleeged; I b'leive I will, 'kase hit's der

bestes' snuff, I've wallered me brash in sence 'fore der Yankees went th'u. What is der name uv it?"

"Blue Ribbin. Jim, he got it frum Backwoodsville yistiddy ——

"Wull, ez I wuz er gwine ter say, that 'ar game of foot ball gin me er bait to college. Frank he went and tuck er fool notion inter his head to 'ten' that 'ar game, an' fer de life of us, me and der doctor both put together couldn't gin ter keep that 'ar boy in der firm'ry."

"Yer don't say so!" interjected Mrs. Huxley, handing the "Blue Ribbin" back to Mrs. Hendricks.

"Wull, when I seed nothin' else 'ud do fer him, I 'greed ter go.

"That 'ar game wuz shet up in er plank pen higher'n me head, an' what in de wide worl' dey wanted with sich er pen ez that 'ar wuz I hain't foun' out yit. Frank, he said der pen wuz to make everbuddy pay er half a dollar, but I say he didn't know, 'kase I know I didn't pay narry cent, an' I seed er heap uv folks walk spack inter der gate an' not eben look fer de hole whar de man took de money at. I done my bestest ter keep Frank frum payin' arry half er dollar tull er lot uv fools got eround us ter snickerin' and p'intin' at me, yer know, and I got so I didn't want ter make myself so arful 'spickshus, yer know, an' so I hauled in me horns, but dog me button, ef hit didn't go arfully 'gin der grain.

"Wull, when we got in I never seed sich a mess er fools an' foolery sence der day I was born on. Some uv 'em had streaked sticks with ribbin er wavin' on der end of 'um; some uv 'um had flappets on um,—eben der women had ribbin an' sticks an' wuz er hollerin' an' slappin', an' der men and boys had ribbin on theirselves

and their buggy whirps an' hosses, an' der purtiest sort uv cloth on der buggy wheels; and der brass ban' wuz er playin' for life and der drum er beatin' lak thunder, an God only knows der rest; I can't tell yer. Hit wuz enough wusser'n der fa'r at Raleigh wuz, an', bless your life, honey, hit got wusser an' wusser ez long ez I stayed. I jest couldn't hyer me yurs.

"Wull, when we fust got in I thought der whole pen wuz plum' full uv folks: but I purty quick seed a big square place in der middle whar der wan't nobuddy, an' I tol' Frank, sez I, 'Le's us go out thar whar we kin have room ter git breath,' sez I. He sez, sez 'e, 'Thar is der place whar de playin' is er gwine ter be at an' we mayn't stan' thar,' sez 'e.

"Wull, jest ez we quit off er talkin' der hull crowd—boys, gals, men, women, ole men an' ole women—'gun ter carry on wusser'n yer ever hyerd at er politics speakin' at Frazer's crossroads. Er pore ole grayheaded cretter jest in der front uv me kicked his wood-leg too high in der win', lost his balance, an' fell kerwhallup ergin me, an' knocked me up agin some more men, an' almost broke nine or ten of my short ribs. He axed me pardin fer erbout five minutes, an' 'sisted 'pun helpin' to hol' me up, but I tol' him ter stan' on his own bottom an' keep that ar wood-leg out of der win' an' I'd do der same.

"Shore thing, when I got sorter half straight ergin I wuz ready ter git out uv that ar pen, but Frank he wouldn't hyur to er thing I said, an' kep' on er sayin' I had lost half uv me life by not seein' uv der good play. An' Frank he jest kep' on er pushin' an' er scrougin' an' me er tellin' him hit would be shore to lay him out. He jest kep' on tull we got to some stair-steps, an' that ar

boy pulled out ernother quarter an' paid it ter git er place fer us to set at. Der crowd kep' on er hollerin' an' er squallin' wusser an' wusser.

"Frank, he punched me an' an' tol' me ter look at der players on der squar', an' lemme tell yer, I wuz sorry I ever looked; for de duncey boys wuz erbout ter kill one ernother. They would back off, yer know, jest lak billygoats, an' pounce tergether, jest lak billygoats, an' push an' scramble an' waller, jest lak pigs in er slop trough, tull de man under de bottom wuz nigh erbout kilt, hit 'peered ter me; an' I think he would shore uv died ef he hadn't er had on er shirt an' breeches made out uv er soft bed-quilt.

"Wull, der hollerin' an' rantin' got wusser an' wusser, but I made out to 'dure it tell one uv der players kicked der ball to der pen. I hadn't seen no cuttin' up tull then. Everybuddy wuz er ravin' an' er chargin' an' er flingin up der hats an' flappets eroun'. Frank lost what little sense he had left an' throwed off his two wrappers an' brayed lak he'd never hyrd of der pneumoner. I wuz er hurtin' an' I wuz weak, but I jerked that ar boy from der sta'rs an' near 'bout toted him th'u der ravin' crowd an' out uv der pen."

BIG BLUE.

KELLY.

WHEN I awoke from the horrible dream I was all excited and great drops of sweat stood out upon my forehead. To convince myself that we had not responded to an alarm—from number fourteen box—and fought the disastrous fire in which, I had just dreamed, four members of our company had lost their lives, I arose from my bed and walked from bed to bed, to find each number in his accustomed place, wrapped in slumber. Still feeling unsatisfied I tripped the trap door, and peered down upon the big fire engine which had thrown so many powerful double streams of water. All was quiet and in its accustomed place. Everything seemed still, as if hushed in death, except the sputtering of the boiling water in the engine, and the deep breathing of the noble horses as they slept.

Listen! could I still be dreaming or did the little "switch gong" peel forth its warning note. Yes, there was no mistaking it, the telegraphic apparatus was working, and I could hear the magnetic needle as it wrote upon the tape—peck—peck—peck—peck—peck—yes, I was awake and an alarm had been received from fourteen box.

The watchman had switched on the "attention gong." All were down the pole, each in his proper place. "Daring Foreman," King Kelly, was watching the indicator, and when, in just forty seconds, the indicator flashed forth the red figures—14, without waiting for the big gong to strike, the doors were tripped, and down deserted Pennsylvania Avenue we went, with the clattering hoofs and ringing bell.

Foreman Kelly's face wore a desperate, determined look as he turned to me and said:

"Bill, is all the 'tachments along?"

"Yes, sir."

"There goes the big bell at headquarters, striking the third alarm. You boys may expect hot work this mornin'."

"Just fourteen years ago I went down this avenue with this same engine to fight fire at fourteen box, and the fire wan't no bonfire neither. Ike, do you remember that fire?"

"Jes' bet old rye I do. Ike Williams aint goin' to forget it long as he lives. 'Twas a reg'lar little hell. Got your promotion on account of that fire in spite of Mike Murphy trying to 'do you' with his lies. Mike always was a mighty big liar. Whin he was a boy he—Say, Foreman, what alarm was that?"

"That is the fourth alarm, Ike, and I was just thinking, that fourteen years ago Billy Jinkins and Lum Slogan heard that same alarm for their last time on earth. Billy fought fire that morning like he had been eating gunpowder, and poor Lum was good stuff, and fought to the last. Mike Murphy was the cause of their death and I haint never going to forgive him so long as he lives and I live. Look out for yourselves, boys, we turn at the next corner. Charlie, drive straight for the nearest plug. Mike Murphy always doted on being a regular fire eater, and from the looks of that light over there, I think he'll get his belly full this mornin'. Ike, throw in some more coal."

"I've got steam to burn, an' a hundred pounds to the good now."

"Look out! Charley, there goes No. 9 with Mike in charge."

"I'll beat him to that fire or kill every d—— horse in the department."

"Look out for wagons—pull to right."

"Shall I drive ar——"

"No, drive over the d—— fools. Whip—hurry! there! there! Too late! Mike Murphy is already attaching hose to that plug—take the next one."

"Must we put on two lines of——"

"Yes, attach both hose, turn off steam gauge, fire her till she leaves the ground."

The smoke and heat was almost unbearable. Foreman Kelly's features were set, and his face appeared haggard as the light glared upon it. We were fighting desperately to keep the flames from the explosives stored in the hardware storage rooms.

As we lay flat upon the floor, directing the nozzle upon the flames, Kelly motioned to me, and not daring to remove the sponge from his mouth, he held up two fingers and pointed to the fire. I understood at once. He wanted me to go for the "Y" and attach it to our hose; that we were to fight with two streams. It was amount and not force of water Kelly wanted.

I had just reached the big engine which quivered and roared as if in great agony. The seemingly moaning of the engine was drowned in a deeper and more effective sound, which shook the ground and threw some bystandoff their feet. There was no use trying to save them. I knew that four hearts had ceased to beat beneath the debris or were waiting to be roasted by the fast spreading fire.

A. R. HESTER.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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EDITOR'S PAGE.

Mr. Nathan Wilson Walker was married on December twenty-ninth last to Miss Eva Hortense Pritchard, of Scotland Neck. Mr. Walker was a former editor-elect of the Magazine, and it is a hearty wish we have that the years for him may be happy.

We are indebted to Judge McRae for a copy of the first issue of the North Carolina Journal of Law. This paper is to be the official organ of the State Bar Association, and Judge McRae will be the editor. An extract from the announcement reads: "Issued from the University, the principal seat of learning, of free thought

and of free speech, it will endeavor to present, through the medium of the lawyers of all sections of the State, free discussion of such topics as will be of interest to the profession. It invites correspondence and items of the character above mentioned." The first number contains papers by some of the foremost lawyers of the State, and in addition various articles which must be of interest to men of the law. The account of the South Dakota bond case, containing as it does a clear *resume* of the contentions of each party in the case, will be of interest not only to lawyers but to other citizens of the State. Especially to the alumni of the Law School of the University is the publication recommended as a means of keeping in touch with the School and the profession.

The Mercerian for December has an editorial advocating the establishing of an employment bureau for the students of Mercer University. The suggestion appeals to us and we are convinced that such a bureau at our University could be of great service. As far as the Senior is concerned there is not so much call for this; he knows that when he graduates a place will be open for him. The authorities care for that effectively; so effectively, in fact, that our graduates enjoy great advantages over those of many other institutions. But the undergraduate, while he is offered many opportunities of honorably supporting himself here, often finds it very difficult or impossible to get employment in the summer. Yet employers have more or less difficulty in finding men for the very places these students are capable and desirous of filling. If there were an organization in the

University which made it a business to keep informed of employers needing men and the positions they had open, a student could, by consulting this bureau, save himself from a summer of idleness that might be avoided. The work of this bureau would probably be considerable for the first year or two, till it became known, but employers would soon find it out and apply to it for men; they would find it could be depended upon. For the students to manage this bureau would be better than for it not to exist at all, but for several reasons the authorities could manage it much better and with more success. We hope this matter will receive the consideration it certainly deserves.

Readers will notice the omission of the College Record from this and the December issues of the Magazine. This will not be continued as a department hereafter. The most inane of things is a department in a monthly publication filled with "personals" stating that somebody went somewhere on some date unnecessary to mention. In a college which has no newspaper there is excuse and perhaps necessity for a magazine to open its columns to such material; here, however, we believe that the news should be left to our contemporary, the *Tar Heel.* But whatever occurs affecting the greater life of the University will be mentioned in the Magazine.

The oratorical contest between the State Universities which is proposed to be held at the St. Louis Exposition is in at least one way characteristic of that great fair, in its greatness. It will be a great thing if it is suc-

cessfully carried out; and we hope and believe it will be. There is no doubt, however, that there will be many difficulties to be mastered in making an orderly and satisfactory system out of the great number of details. The accomplishment of this will be worthy of admiration.

The question has not been discussed by our societies yet and it is not possible to say what will be done. There is a fear on the part of some that arrangements giving general satisfaction cannot be made, and hence it is doubtful if we shall engage in the contest. It is hoped, however, that small objections may not hinder us from doing our part in so worthy and so honorable an undertaking.

RECEPTION AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR COBB.

The members of the staff of the MAGAZINE were entertained on the evening of January the twenty-seventh by Professor and Miss Cobb. Misses Hume, Alexander, Barringer and Venable were also present. An enjoyable game of pit consumed a considerable part of the evening. A unique feature of the game was the score books which were representations of the MAGAZINE in minature and made attractive souvenirs of a delightful evening. After the game refreshments were served and twelve o'clock came, a thorough surprise to all the guests. The score of the pit players was counted and Miss Hume received the prize, and Mr. Rankin the booby. The success of reception should be gratifying to the host and hostess; the guests will remember it with pleasure. The affair was another expression of the interest Professor Cobb has continuously shown in the MAGAZINE and will aid it in gaining the prestige it should have in the University.

EXCHANGES.

The Exchange Desk is piled high with magazines representing the work of men in many colleges, much deserving favorable comment, much too meriting remarks of a more unfavorable nature. Hence we are somewhat at a loss as to what best to comment upon. Yet a few points we think are worthy of mention, whether favorable or unfavorable can be judged from the following remarks.

The Converse Concept is unfortunate in having poor printers. The type is fine and not clear, and the general appearance might be improved considerably. This is unjust to the editors for the "*Concept*" is really an excellent publication. We clip a short poem from it which strikes us as being very fair.

The William Jewell Student is conspicuous among the college magizines for getting out magazines "in season." We have just received the December number in which the cover and the stories centre on one subject, "Athletics." Such an idea is excellent. We think this should be extended so as to have one number of the magazine devoted to Christmas stories, another to Easter, etc. It might be well sometime to devote a special edition in anticipating summer experiences.

The Pine and Thistle is as small as usual, the December stories being short and few. Two stories though are worth special mention. "The First Leaves from an Old Diary" is a gem. The plot is commonplace but the feeling suggested throughout the story is strongly hu-

man. The experience is truly individual. "Au Revoir" is also above the average story. It is in fact hardly a story; it is rather two pictures. "Love and Death" is good poetry, good on account of the harmony of its words.

The December number of *The Trinity Archive* is a very creditable issue indeed. Three articles are worthy of special note. "Some Recent Contributions to Southern Literature" is a delightfully entertaining article, reviewing the contributions of Southern writers to the realm of fiction during the past year. The two stories, "Passion versus Success" and "One Minute Too Late," show considerable talent in their department of literature. The verse of the magazine is hardly up to the average, we think. A piece of verse to the time of "Hold the Fort" seems rather undignified, to say the least, for a college magazine, yet it may be excusable as a plea for foot-ball in a time when, to judge from the tone of the magazine, the mouths of the "Trinityites" are fairly watering for foot-ball. The Editorial Department seems to be devoted almost entirely to the "Bassett Affair."

The last number of *The Virginia Magazine* is easily the best of the Southern magazines that have yet reached our desk. The serious articles are good and well worthy of the college whose work they represent. But it is the high tone of the fiction that delights the man who sees so many college magazines filled with sickening love-stories. This high tone is especially noticeable in "The Ways of Man and Man" and "M. de Lesoigny." These two stories are not characterized by the conven-

tional setting that so many stories in college magazines are; they give one the feeling that college men can write something worth reading after all, and something too that, though not altogether new, is at any rate out of the conventional rut. In the other short story, "In Spectral Company," the supernatural element seems to be overworked, yet the story is well written. "Jones and Wife, a Vaudeville Farce," represents a departure into a new line which, if followed by other magazines, would make them far more entertaining. The magazine also contains several good pieces of verse, one of which we quote in our "Clippings." As said above, this is easily the best magazine from a Southern college that has yet come to our desk.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The Cento, College Message, The Observer, Red and White, University School Record, The Queen's University Journal, The Carolinian, The Converse Concept, The Mercerian, The Columbia Literary Monthly, Niagara Index, The Weekly Columbian. The Trinity Archive, The Tahlahnekan, University of Virginia Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Palmetto, Pine and Thistle, The Wake Forest Student, Williams Literary Monthly, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Collegian, The Haverfordian, The Criterion, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Harvard Collegian, The William Jewell Student, Davidson College Magazine, The Chisel, The Journal.

CUPID'S WILES

Didst thou come from Jove above,
Naughty little God of Love?

Or did some malignant sprite
Guide thy arrow's wingéd flight?
I had clad my breast in mail,
Lest thou should'st my heart assail.
Wily child, whom men deem blind,
Softly creeping up behind,
While I mocked thy vaunted craft,
Thou hast sped the fatal shaft.

—*University of Virginia Magazine.*

IRENE.

Tripping lightly down the street
Humming Hiawatha's song.
Keeping time with dainty feet;
Happy, smiling all day long.

Little elf from Paradise,
Greeting every passerby.
Dancing feet and laughing eyes,
Honest as the azure sky.

Oft I think, yet half afraid,
Cupid needs no fiery dart.
For the dainty little maid,
Gaily danced into my heart.

—*William aud Mary Literary Magazine.*

WHY?

Oh, thou great and mighty Ocean
Tell us why thou rollest on,
Ever ceaselessly approaching,
Ever here, yet ever gone?

Why when storms are raging o'er thee
And thy booming breakers roar,

Do thy dark and sullen waters
    Beat in vengeance on the shore?

Why is this, that ships unguided,
    Thrown and tossed by reckless waves,
Driven far out from the haven
    Are sunk down to watery graves?

Why, with all thy cruel waters
    Painted golden by the sun,
Dost thou still roll calmly onward,
    Heedless of what thou hast done?

Wilt thou tell us, silent Ocean,
    Secrets of thy depths so dread?
No. Thou wilt not and thou canst not;
    They are known, but to the dead.

—*Converse Concept.*

THE LIBRARY.

Statistical tables are often meaningless, but the one following should not be so because it summarizes the work of book loaning in the Library with which every University student is, in a more or less general way, familiar. It gives an accurate record of all the books which were issued at the Library desk and carried away by the borrower to be returned at a later date. But of the thousand and one books used in the Library itself, reference books, debate books, general books, periodicals, comic papers and of the books used in the department libraries it has nothing to say. Naturally, then the totals appearing in it represent the minimum rather than the maximum work of the loan department. But to the records themselves for 1903. They show that books have been loaned as follows:

Fiction	6457 or 55.25	per cent.
English	1629 or 14	"
Political Economy	736 or 6.5	"
History	464 or 4	"
All others	2424 or 20.25	"
Total issue	11710	

Eleven thousand seven hundred and ten books were issued during the year. The questions naturally follow, who borrowed these books? and when did they borrow them? The records seem to have answers for these questions in their respective order. They show that the books were borrowed by:

Regular University students	425
Summer School Students	150
Faculty and Assistants	46
University Departments	19
Residents and Visitors	12
Total number of borrowers	652

It appears from these figures that each borrower took to his room during the year an average of eighteen books. It also appears that one hundred and seventy-five of the University students failed to call for their *pro rata* of books.

In addition to the demands made upon the Library by these six hundred and fifty-two borrowers, the Library has met, as far as possible, those of institutions at a distance. Besides furnishing six hundred and fifteen references for the forty-one debate queries posted, and reading lists leading to the Library prizes, the Library has furnished seven colleges and schools with debating material, five with historical material, and four with general reading lists.

To the question, When were the books borrowed? the loan record gives the following tabulated answer:

January	1531
February	1515
March	1550
April	1177
May	601
June	644
July	395
August	327
September	989

October	1223
November	1152
December	606
Total	11710
Average monthly loan	986
Greatest daily loan	164
Smallest daily loan	3
Average daily loan	37

The Library was open about eight hours daily during the year. The exact record is as follows:

Open on week days	312
Open on Sundays	35
Open at night	50

L. R. WILSON.

ALUMNI NOTES.

F. C. Mebane, '94, is a lawyer in New York.

J. O. Carr, '95, is practising law in Wilmington.

Faison Pierce, '98, is a merchant at Warsaw, N. C.

Paul C. Graham, '92, is a lawyer at Durham, N. C.

Palmer Cobb, '01, is a student at Columbia University.

John McKee, ex-'99, is a medical student in Baltimore.

John White is the rector of a large church in Atlanta, Ga.

J. D. Grimes, '00, is practising law at Washington, N. C.

Paul C. Collins is with the Standard Oil Company, Durham.

T. M. Lee, ex-'92, is an evangelist in eastern North Carolina.

W. H. Bagley is business manager of the *News and Observer*.

J. Cox Webb, ex-'03, is in the mercantile business at Hillsboro.

John A. McRae, ex-'04, is now practising law at Charlotte.

W. H. Barham, Law '02, is now practising law in Goldsboro.

A. F. Williams, '97, is practising medicine in Kenansville, N. C.

Percy Whitaker, '98, is working for Gunther & Co., New York City.

Archie Graham, '02, is a medical student at the University of Maryland.

J. W. Canada, '00, is editor of a western magazine called "The Omahan."

Robert Payne, ex-'03, is a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania.

J. Cheshire Webb, ex-'00, is book-keeper for the Eno Cotton Mills at Hillsboro.

R. H. Sykes, ex-'99, is assisting Prof. J. A. Holmes at the exposition at St. Louis.

Delaney, ex-'05, has returned to the University and is a student in the Law School.

J. M. Archer, ex-'05, is working with the Southern Express Company in Raleigh.

George W. Graham, '03, is now working with the Commercial Bank of Charlotte.

Francis Osborne, '00, is a curate in one of the large Episcopal churches in New York.

Haywood Faison, ex-'03, is working for the Southern Express Company in Wilmington.

Burton Shaw, '89, is professor of Electrical Engineering at the University of Missouri.

Fred Phillips, ex-'05, is working for the American Tobacco Company, New York City.

E. von den Steinen, Med. '03, is completing his medical course at Western Reserve University.

William K. Battle, ex-'01, recently spent a few days on the "Hill." He is now working for the Aetna Life Insurance Company. His headquarters are Raleigh.

MARRIAGES.

Rev. Wallace Rollins was married to Miss Carrie Collins, of Asheville, during November, 1903.

A. H. Jarratt, '00, was married to Miss Francis D. Leslie, of Concord, on December 22nd, 1903.

Ernest Galloway, Phar. '02, was married to Miss Carrie Joyce, of Mt. Airy, N. C., on November 16th, 1903.

George A. Carr was married to Miss Bettie May Hunt, of Oxford, N. C., during the month of December, 1903.

N. W. Walker, '03, was married to Miss Eva Hortense Pritchard, of Scotland Neck, N. C., on December 29th, 1903.

Chalmers Glenn, ex-'01, was married to Miss Jessie Morrow during the month of November, 1903, at Pulaski, Va.

NECROLOGY.

Lawrence P. McCloud was killed during the month of November, 1903, in an automobile accident at Columbus, Ohio.

R. E. Caldwell, 1879, died in Philadelphia on January 3rd, while undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Caldwell was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Winston-Salem. Out of respect for his memory the members of his congregation have dedicated the new annex to their church to him. It is called the R. E. Caldwell Memorial Building.

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MAGAZINE PRIZES.

For the best short story: The Hunter Lee Harris Gold Medal.

For the second best short story: Ten Dollars.

For the short story of third rank: Five Dollars.

For the best essay: Ten Dollars.

University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 24. No. 4---MARCH, 1904. New Series, Vol. 2

THE SERENADE.

Down from thy window's height
Shines a pure taper's light;
    Its lustre gleaming,
Far through the summer night,
Is like thy smile's warm light
    While thou art dreaming!

Love, let my song as fair
Rise through the balmy air
    And have the seeming—
Of thy own thought apart,
I, and my beating heart,
    While thou art dreaming!

Far through the summer night
Soft falls the clear starlight,
    And listening, seeming,
E'en all the winds breathe low,
Here by the fountain's flow,
    While thou art dreaming!

Love, let my voice beneath
Merge in the wind's low breath
    With rapture teeming,—
Let its soft tones suggest,
The heart that loves thee best,
    While thou art dreaming!

ECONOMIC LAWS AND COTTON.

ALMOST every man is fully aware of the fact that he is surrounded by forces, which by custom we call industrial or economic. To many, however, these forces appear to act in ways that are unnatural and abnormal; they are not to be defined as having any definite tendencies or laws. To many they are most indefinite and unmeasurable. This conviction belongs to not a few intelligent people, people who thoroughly appreciate the fact that they live in the midst of forces which we call physical and which are at work according to definite tendencies or laws. The law of gravitation, for instance, is very generally appreciated and profoundly respected. It is true, however, that to the minds of a good number of people the acts of nature are not in accord with any general tendency; they are diverse, disconnected and even whimsical. Such views are entertained only by the less intelligent.

It would, however, seem to the observer of the economic phases of life, of the speech and thought of men when they are consuming articles of wealth, or producing them, when they are buying or selling them, that most intelligent people are in the habit of thinking that in the things economic or industrial there are no general tendencies or laws. They think that the prices which are paid on the market, or whenever producer and consumer come to an agreement, are entirely freakish; they have the feeling that in these phases of life nothing is governed by law. Certainly to the one who during the past few months has listened to the sayings concerning the prices of cotton, the idea has driven itself home that few

people regard the prices of this article as being governed by any laws whatever. Not only the prices of this great agricultural product, but the prices of many other articles of consumption are, as they see them, subject to no general laws. The Stock Exchange, in New York City for instance, is supposed to be a place where law and order never enter. We have heard of this as the place where the wildest conduct is manifested and where the most abnormal things come to pass. Some of this popular reputation is indeed well founded, as in fact there are some people who lose their better senses under the pressure of expected riches, which float in the air of such places. But after all, the struggles between the buyer and the seller of future prices, which at times become gigantic, are subject to definite laws. The statements of these laws, to be sure, do not long remain the same, as the data upon which they are formulated are changing. While the statements of these laws are changing, the forces at work have certain definite tendencies, and these we are accustomed to call laws. Most assuredly to the man who buys and sells on this stock market economic forces are just as real, just as subject to law as are the forces of nature. The dealer who acts contrary to a correct statement of these forces feels them as strongly as he would were he to act contrary to the law of gravitation.

We are not contending that there is no speculation in real prices or in "futures", for the facts are clearly against such a contention. There is a certain amount of speculation and even manipulation on the market of many articles, and especially in future prices, but these artificial influences are not by any means as great as the

public are at times inclined to think. A good number of people, and very intelligent ones, have within the past year thought the present high prices of cotton to be due largely to speculation and manipulation. Such a thought, however, can not bear close examination. There is, to be sure, something in fifteen or seventeen cent cotton that belongs to manipulation, but for the most part the present high prices are due to natural laws, to forces over which the stock manager has little or no control. These high prices are in the main due to a shortage in the world's supply of cotton while the demand for it, on the part of the manufacturer and the consumer of the finished articles, has been great.

The present condition of the prices of cotton and of cotton goods had its origin four or five years ago, if not much earlier. The prices of raw material were then very low, in consequence of an unusually large crop. These prices had the double effect, and naturally so, of decreasing the output of cotton and of increasing the demand for it. If the farmer received low prices for his cotton, he would plant fewer acres and give less attention to their cultivation. If the manufacturer could buy cotton at low prices he would build more mills and would sell his finished fabrics at lower prices. If the consumer of cotton goods could purchase them at low prices he would use more; he would use more cottons and less linens, woolens or silks. The perfectly normal results of all this have been a smaller supply of cotton and a larger demand for it—high prices of both the raw material and the finished articles. In all these movements there has been little that is arbitrary or freakish; they have been according to normal economic forces, notwithstanding the popular conviction to the contrary. One

cause of the present short crop and of the high current prices of cotton has not yet been mentioned—the coming of the boll weevil. Most certainly this element is not one of the creations of the manipulators of the market, though some people have talked about it as if they really thought so.

The present conditions will not long remain. Under the pressure of such high prices the farmer will extend his cotton fields, use better seed, and pay more scientific attention to his tillage. This will in a short time, unless the boll weevil continues to do its great work of destruction, considerably increase the output. Already great organizations have been formed in England, Germany and France for the purpose of producing more cotton in their colonial possessions; and these provinces may soon become more serious competitors of the Southern cotton farmer. In the meantime the Southern planter under the pressure of high prices will put forth his best efforts. All of this will mean a larger output of cotton. This will bring prices to a lower point, unless there should be a corresponding increase in the demand for cotton goods, which is not at all to be expected. Certainly the present tendency, under the high prices of cotton goods, is toward a smaller demand. In fact, the forces at work when the prices of cotton are high tend to increase the supply of cotton and to decrease the consumption of cotton goods.

CHARLES LEE RAPER.

ON THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

ALL who take an interest in the university work of our own country have a natural curiosity concerning that of other countries. More especially do those who contemplate a period of study for the attainment of the higher degrees in foreign universities desire to know the practical running of such institutions. Where a partial ignorance of the customs and language of the country place difficulties in the way of the entering student such knowledge is not only desirable but well-nigh essential. Perhaps no universities differ so much from our own in their practical working as do those of Germany. It may therefore be of interest to glance for a moment at one or two of the more important problems of a practical nature faced by every American applicant for a degree.

Granted that the applicant, landed in the university town, has sufficient knowledge of the German language to find his way about and to supply his more pressing needs. A very few words and a great many gestures are enough. If he is fortunate he will find himself, either through recommendation from some American friend who has visited the university beforehand, or because he has made good use of his Baedeker, in a *pension* where countrymen of his own are already located and where he can ask his questions in his native language. Then all is plain sailing. If not so lucky, he must flounder about in the sea of gutterals as best he may, until, by putting together snatches of variously answered questions, he has learned that he must present himself for matriculation at what is known as the Administration Building

of the University some time within the first fifteen days of the semester. Most American students carry with them letters to one or more professors of the institution of their destination, and since very many German professors understand and speak English, they are quickly and wisely directed as to the first steps to be taken. In one way or another the student successfully finds his way to the proper room and offers himself for matriculation.

Red tape and many signed and sealed papers are characteristic of the German nation. If the candidate be a citizen of another country he should have first of all his passport. In the second place he should have some certificate—officially signed and stamped—of a course of study completed by him equivalent to that of the German *Gymnasium*. Roughly speaking, a graduate of the *Gymnasium* is equivalent, as Professor Münsterburg of Harvard reckons it, to a junior in one of our best undergraduate institutions or to a senior in those of second rank. In the third place, personal testimonials from former instructors, while not essential, are nevertheless often helpful. There are no entrance examinations, and armed with such a paper outfit the applicant is likely to win out in the battle of matriculation.

It is a slow fight, however. The papers are handed first to the university secretary, who pronounces them satisfactory, doubtful or unsatisfactory. In the last two cases he refers you to the *Richter* (judge) of the university, who in turn examines the certificates and questions you more closely, telling you wherein your papers fail to meet the requirement, what additional ones are needed, sometimes comforting you, sometimes losing his temper at your ignorance of German, sometimes despairing and

passing you on to a still higher authority, the *Rektor* or temporary head of the university.

If the difficulties are finally adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, you are told to report several days later—sometimes a whole week—in a room whose number you are able only to guess at in your confusion. There you find a hundred or more other applicants waiting for their names to be called by a man busily writing at a table in the distance. This is the time to be alert, because foreign names are most often mispronounced, and if you do not answer when your name is called you may miss your opportunity and be compelled to wait a week longer. At the calling of your name you jostle through the crowd and make your way up to the desk, where the registrar holds in his hands your papers—which, by-the-way, are not returned to you until you leave the university for good—and, glancing over them, puts one or two rapid questions as to name, address, in which faculty—theology, law, philosophy, medicine—you intend to pursue your studies, birthplace and citizenship, education and profession of your father, etc. In a large register on the table answers to these questions are recorded, each in its own column, and when that is finished you are requested to pay to the treasurer the matriculation fee of about five dollars, and then several days later to present yourself in the great hall of the university to hear the address of the *Rektor*, to shake his hand and to receive your students' card, lecture list and book of regulations. Having passed through that experience you are a full-fledged matriculated student.

During the first three or four weeks of each term students may attend free of charge any of the catalogued lectures which require no special permission of the lec-

turer. If the courses so selected prove to be something other than the student had understood them to be, or if for any reason he is not favorably impressed by the lecturer, he may alter his course to suit his taste or need. He has absolutely free choice in the matter. The only requirement is that he take at least one *privatim* course,—that is, one to be paid for. Otherwise he is not entitled to the privileges of a matriculated student and cannot regard himself as a candidate for a degree. When the private and public course have finally been determined upon the student writes out the list in what is known as his *Anmeldebuch* and reports to the treasurer to make payment for those labelled *privatim*. The several professors sign in receipt at the beginning of the semester, and again at the close to testify that the student has heard the courses listed in his book.

There is no absolutely fixed price for lecture courses. The system of tuition is altogether different from ours. The university, like the hotel, is run on the European plan, and one pays only for what one gets. The fees go through the treasurer directly to the professors and are but an addition to their fixed salaries. Roughly speaking, lectures are charged for at the rate of 5 marks an hour per week for the whole term. Thus, if a lecture course occupy two hours a week throughout the semester it will probably cost 10 marks or $2.50, if four hours a week 20 marks or $5.00. The average student attends about 18 hours a week—three or four hours gratis—and pays on an average about 80 marks or $20.00.

The information as to what courses are to be offered, by whom, at what hour, in what room, is posted at the beginning of the semester in the halls of the lecture

building. The hours extend from 8 A.M. to 8 or 9 P.M. every week day. Attendance is in no case obligatory. You may go or not as you choose, the professor will hardly note your absence. But one soon finds that it is profitable to be present, and for the most part lectures are well attended even by the lazy. The point of view of the university authorities is, briefly: "We are delivering lectures which may be profitable to you. It is your privilege to hear them, but if you prefer to remain away yours is the loss, not ours." In the case of the seminaries—meeting of the specialists with the professor of their department where papers of the students are discussed and work is carried on under the recitation system—attendance, while not obligatory, is expected of the student to the extent that he must for the sake of politeness explain in person to the professor whenever he has absented himself. But absolute freedom, both on the part of the students and of the professors, is a by-word in university circles, and, as a matter of fact, it is not merely theorized about, but practised.

The university session is divided intwo two semesters, the first beginning the middle of October and closing the middle of March, the second extending from the middle of May to the middle of August. With the addition of the Christmas holidays and *Pfingsten* vacation in Spring, the year is about equally divided between term and holiday. To those seriously working for a degree, to the attainment of which a thesis is necessary, this great amount of holiday time is a blessing indeed, for then all of one's time may be put upon the dissertation while there are no lectures to interrupt one's reading.

The majority of students travel from one university to another, spending now a semester in Berlin, now one in Leipzig, then in Heidelberg, and so on, in order to hear the various professors eminent in their several specialties and to win different points of view. Each removal necessitates ex-matriculation from one and matriculation in the next university. But the sum of the work done in various institutions is considered equivalent, so far as the awarding of a degree is concerned, to the work done by a student spending the same amount of time in a single university. One usually returns finally to the institution where he first matriculated in order to take his degree with the professor he has selected to advise and direct him in all his studies. There is no fixed term of years required for a degree. Whenever the student has completed his thesis and feels that he is ready to be examined—which is a time that never comes—he is free to present himself. Usually, however, three or four years are spent in hearing lectures, attending seminaries and collecting and arranging the material for the dissertation.

Two things are necessary for a degree: a dissertation on some original subject, and an examination in three subjects. The subject of the dissertation may be chosen by the applicant himself or may be suggested by the professor who oversees his work. The reading and collecting of material occupies in almost every case the better part of a year, often very much more, and the vacations are the periods best suited and most used for this work. The professor watches the work at every stage, suggests, criticizes, helps you out in the bibliography, and warns you of your dangers. He knows almost certainly long

before the thesis is handed in whether it will be accepted, so that a student seldom offers himself for examination before his professor has advised it.

The three subjects for examination are classified, as with us, into one major—the specialty—and two minors. The minors are, so far as it is possible, subjects closely allied to the major. In all Prussian universities one minor must be philosophy, if that is not the major subject. But in all institutions outside of Prussia the choice is altogether a free one. Every branch of the major subject must be offered. It makes no difference whatever whether the student has heard lectures to cover the whole field or not. The same is theoretically true of the minors too, but as a matter of fact they are narrowed down to one or two specified branches of the subject only.

The handing in of the dissertation to the Dean of the Faculty is the indication that the candidate is ready to be examined. A week or more is spent in reading and testing the thesis. If rejected it is simply returned and you may make another trial. If accepted you receive a card appointing the day and hour of examination and requesting you to call beforehand on the three professors who are named as your examiners.

Although it takes place in the day-time, still the examination is a full-dress affair even down to the white gloves. It lasts but two hours, one hour for the major subject and half an hour each for the two minors. Any professor may attend it if he wish to, but usually only the questioning professor and the Dean are present, the latter taking no part but overseeing the whole. When it is over the professors withdraw for a consultation, and

then the Dean announces the result. The student repeats in Latin a promise to honor the degree with a clean life and never to scoff at scholarship, and, having received the congratulations of the professors, gives himself over into the hands of his friends for purposes of appropriate celebration.

G. H.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NORSE MYTHOLOGY AND LITERATURE ON ENGLISH ROMANTICISM.

IN order to estimate the influence of the Norse mythology and literature on the English Romantic Movement, a proper understanding of three things is necessary: first, what is meant by the term "Romanticism"; second, what are the characteristics of the Norse mythology that differentiate it from other systems of myth, especially from the Greek; and third, why it was that the English mind turned so readily to this source of inspiration when once it was directed that way.

There is in the Romantic movement, both in subject matter and literary form, a spirit of freedom that stamps it at once with the mark of opposition to classic models. Hence we may define Romanticism negatively by saying it is not classicism. It may further be defined as "the reproduction in modern art and literature of the life and thought of the middle ages"; "strangeness added to beauty"; or "mystery" and "sentimentalism" in art and literature. But none of these definitions is sufficiently comprehensive. Each one is true, but only half true. We may accept them all, so far as they go, and add, Romanticism means going back for inspiration to the ancient springs of national life and treating in a spirit of subjectivity the subjects taken from these sources.

Looking now for a moment at the system of myth that had its origin in these ancient well-springs of Norse life, we shall find it characterized by vigor and mystery, purity and loyalty, sincerity and strength coupled with a deep religious sense—characteristics which, even to this

day, most readily appeal to the descendants of those bold, free children of the North. Imbedded in these old myths we shall find the very germs of giganticism and greatness which, centuries later, were to cause the descendants of the Northmen to build parliaments of peace, to harness the forces of nature, and to bear the advance light of civilization to the ends of the earth. "The primary characteristics of this old Northland mythology," says Carlyle, and he acknowledged its superiority over the classic system, "I find to be the impersonation of the visible workings of nature—earnest, simple recognition of the workings of physical nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine." Of course no nation can have put into its mythology elements which it has not in its own life, and so the characteristics here named were the common possession of these primitive children of nature in whose veins flowed the vigorous blood, dominated by a sense of freedom and defiance, that marked the Northman wherever he appeared.

Perhaps we may better understand the influence of these traits on art and literature by noting an example of their influence on the society and politics of Europe. It was the influx of this vigorous blood from the North that prevented Europe, as Dr. Dasent says, "from becoming too comfortable" at the close of the ninth century; it was this sense of freedom found among the Northern people which, according to Mallet, Dasent, and Andersen, gave to the states of Europe "whatever liberty they now enjoy, either in their constitutions, or in the spirit of their government." And indeed, it was this same spirit of freedom and this same love of nature that, when transplanted from Northern Europe to south-

ern climes, gave to England and to the world freedom in literature and art, thus producing an influence on Romanticism that is incalculable.

So much for the characteristics of these people and their mythology. Now in comparing this system of myth with that of the Greeks we need have no concern as to the outcome, for, to use the words of Dr. Dasent, "the Norse mythology may hold its own against any other in the world."

It is true that these two systems of myth are the same in essence; that is, both, as all other systems, are based on a recognition of the forces of nature and an attempt, prompted by man's religious consciousness, to explain the phenomena of nature and of life. In these respects they are indeed the same, but the divergence comes in the "ethical clothing and elaboration" of the myths. In the mythology of the Greeks, beauty is the chief characteristic; in that of the Norse strength and sincerity predominate; in the former there is no well-defined unity in the system as a whole, but wonderful beauty in the separate groups; in the latter there is concentration, unity, strength which the Greek system, in a measure, knows not. Or, to quote Mr. Anderson, "The Norseman willingly yields the prize to the Greek when the question is one of precision in details and external adornment of the figures; but when we speak of deep significance and intrinsic power, the Norseman quietly points at Ragnarok, the Twilight of the gods, and the Greek is silent." Just one example may be cited to illustrate the completeness, the unity, and the beauty of the Norse system, and for this purpose, perhaps, no better example could be chosen than the myth just named—Rag-

narok, the Twilight of the gods, or the theoktonic myth of the Eddas. This myth has been called the fifth act of the drama of victory, and this act the Greek lacks. Both systems begin with a theogony or birth of the gods, but the Norse alone ends with a theoktony or death of the gods. The Ragnarok myth refers to the time when the gods themselves shall perish in the flames that shall destroy all creation. But after this decline and fall there shall be a regeneration of the world when "the new heavens and the new earth shall rise beautifully green to receive the reign of Balder and the milder natures." The Greek mythology has four acts of the drama but lacks the fifth. And it may be well to note here that the very characteristics which distinguish these two systems of myth, in the main distinguish also the romantic and the classic schools in literature. The very "precision in details" which is found in the Greek system is carried out with rigid exactness in the English classical school; while the "deep significance" of the Norse system is found in the romantic school. Here the artist does not present his statue in sharp outline and bold relief as he does in the classical school of Pope and Dryden, but he leaves a vagueness about it in which the imagination has a chance to play its part. The Greek spirit of order and beauty and the Roman conception of law and unity needed the renovating and intensifying influence of Teutonic vitality and force.

Before taking up this influence proper on English romanticism, we must, in order to appreciate it fully, notice the racial traits of the English which turned their mind in this direction. And we must remember that the Norse mythology was, in reality, an inheritance

of the English people, the claim to which they had for a time relinquished while under the influence of classic thought and the romance languages. The English people themselves, we must remember, are the descendants of the very stock that centuries ago conceived these myths, but they had been swept away from their traditions and teachings when they came under the lotus-like influence of the polished manners and liquid speech of the people of southern Europe. Though they were charmed for awhile by classic thought and mythology, and are still largely influenced by them, yet when they found that there were lacking in these many of the elements which their bold, free nature, their racial instinct, their national consciousness called for, what was more natural than they, prodigal-like, should return to the teachings of their fathers? Yet they did not wholly return, for classic thought and mythology had so influenced their life as to lend coloring to their thought forever afterward. And in this return or backward swing of the pendulum is to be found the very impulse of the English Romantic Movement. Ever after this there is to be found in most of the literature of the English, and in that of other Gothic peoples as well, not only the bright, variegated coloring of classic thought but also the dull but more substantial coloring of the northern clime. Page after page we shall find stamped with the impress of the Eddas and the Sagas; time and again we shall hear that "far-away reverberation" which is but the echo from the rocks and fjords of Norseland. We shall find here and there passages bearing the direct stamp of Northern influence, and we shall find others that leave us aware of its traces. In short it may be

truly said that though the direct influence of Norse mythology on Romanticism has been great its indirect influence has been greater. This is not hard to understand when we bear in mind the fact that this is the mythology of the ancestors of the English, and consequently there are elements in it which their nature demands. The same spirit that prompted its invention, living on in English people, caused them, unconsciously perhaps, at first, to stamp its impress on the products of their own thought. Though they were charmed by the gleam of the golden sickle and fascinated by the bloom of Hebe's cheek, yet it must be admitted that they never quite forgot Ygdrasyl and Balder. Indeed there was something in the Norse mythology peculiarly suited to the English and to the ends of Romanticism. There still lingered about those old superstitions a superior solemnity and a regal splendor which smacked of home and which had not been found in classic thought. And so the tendency to go back to these, not so much perhaps for subjects as for coloring, was unconsciously manifesting itself so that even those writers who opposed the romantic movement were, in reality, helping on its progress.

Thus far our treatment has been very general, and necessarily so. We shall now treat the subject more specifically by discussing some of the authors who have been influenced by this system and who have in turn helped to influence the movement in question.

First of all must be named Shakspere himself, "the Hercules or Thor of English literature." Mr. Andersen rejoices in the fact that Shakspere did know but little Latin and less Greek, and he adds: "What made him the

undisputed Hercules in English literature was the heroic spirit of Gothdom which flowed in his veins, and which drove him from the Latin school before his emotional nature had been flogged and tortured out of him." Yet Shakspere never arrived at a full appreciation of the true Gothic spirit because in his time there was little opportunity to become acquainted with Northern mythology and literature. But he was a romanticist, however, and the Gothic spirit which flowed in his veins would out. However, we are not to presume that he was totally ignorant of this mythology and literature. In Macbeth he has given us the Norns or Northern fates, but instead of presenting them as they really appear, majestic, stern, impartial, and beautiful, he has transformed them into the wrinkled witches. And too, the great dramatic-romancer has gone to Northland for the plot and story of his greatest drama. The story of Hamlet originally came from the chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus, the historian of the Danish Kings and heroes toward the close of the twelfth century. Indeed he was building better than he knew when he introduced his plays on semi-legendary subjects, for in this way he called the mind of his people home to the study of their own traditions, legends, and history.

No discussion of our subject would be complete even in bare outline without mention of some of the books and authors that directed the reading public to the old Norse. And perhaps the one who claims first place in this respect is Paul Henri Mallet, whose "Introduction to the History of Denmark", which appeared in 1755, was the first book in Europe to arouse interest in the Northern mythology and the Eddaic literature. This "History of

Denmark" was not finished till 1777. In 1770 Bishop Percy translated Mallet's "Northern Antiquities" into English and its influence was at once enormous. Poets and antiquarian scholars turned to this new source of inspiration and were charmed with its freshness and vigor. Bishop Hurd's book, "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," which appeared in 1762, also emphasized the superiority of the Norse mythology and had great influence in turning the English mind to Gothic subjects. But a greater than he was Bishop Percy who, by his translation of Mallet's book, by his translation of the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry", and by his deep interest in Northern mythology and literature, did more to stimulate the mind of English scholars in this field than any other man of his day. But long before any of these books were written there appeared, in 1705, in Hicke's Thesaurus, a translation of the "Waking of Angantyr" which was the first of the Northern poems to be rendered into English. This is a poem of terror and mystery that, no doubt, had some influence on the school of writers which so loved these elements. Mr. Ker says it is so full of terror and mystery that it is hard to find in it anything else. Again in 1748 there appeared two Runic Odes by Thomas Warton, Sr., the father of the Warton brothers. These may not be of much value to literature, yet they show the direction in which the English mind was tending. And so with the natural inclination of the English to go back to these themes after a period of *ennui* produced by classic conventionality, with this spirit in the air coupled with obeisance to a true instinct to return to the ancient springs of national life, by the publication of these books and others of like nature, to

use the words of Mr. Phelps: "The final blow to Augustan taste came in the form of substituting for its attenuated classic mythology, the picturesque, romantic tales of the gods and heroes of the North." The romantic movement was now on in earnest and Gothic or Norse was the craze of the day. It had now become a conscious movement—conscious of its own distinctive artistic designs.

We can mention only a few of the writers who took stock in the Norse movement of this period, though numbers of them might be cited. First, after those already treated may be mentioned the poet Thomas Gray. Mallet's "Introduction to the History of Denmark" had a powerful influence on Gray and immediately aroused in him an interest in Northern mythology. It is true Gray had been tending toward romanticism for some time but after this book appeared he was completely romantic. Mr. Phelps says "he was one of the first men in Europe who had any real appreciation of wild romantic scenery"; and Mr. Gosse in his life of Gray says he not only takes precedence of English poets in the revival of Norse mythology, but even of Scandinavian writers.

It may seem a little odd that a scholar like Gray, trained in the classics and steeped in classic mythology, should turn to romanticism and the Norse. But the explanation is easy, for the transition was not sudden. In his earlier writings there is no sign of the romantic touch, but the sentiment which originated the Elegy instinctively defined itself in a progressive tendency toward romanticism that took form in 1761 in "The Descent of Odin" and "The Fatal Sisters." As examples of his purely classic poems we may cite his odes, "On Spring," "On a

Distant Prospect of Eton College" and "To Adversity," no one of which has a touch of romanticism. These odes appeared in 1742. The next period of his writings may be represented by the Elegy (1742-1850) which has the classic conventionalities, yet is romantic in mood, thus showing the irresistible bent of the author. To show that Gray was in the transition stage at this period Mr. Phelps cites this fact: in the original draft of the stanza,

"Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood"—

the author had originally written the names Cato, Tully, and Caesar instead of Hampden, Milton and Cromwell. Or, to quote Mr. Phelps, "in this stanza he shook off the shackles of pseudo-classicism" and from now on he becomes more and more romantic, more and more steeped in the mythology and lore of the Northland and finally ends as a thorough-going romanticist. As examples of the last period of his writings we have already cited "The Descent of Odin" and "The Fatal Sisters." These are translations of Latin translations of "The Doom of Balder" and "The Song of the Dart." Gray has here indeed caught the spirit and the wild air of the Norse and has presented them with a fidelity which shows us something of the beauty of the originals. It was indeed a fortunate thing for the lovers of the Norse that such a scholar should take so much stock in the traditions and mythology of his fathers, for, being the greatest poet and scholar of his age, he was capable of showing the beauty and power of this old mythology

and literature, and wielding an incalculable influence on the tastes of his time.

We are obliged to omit the minor poets and writers who took part in this great movement and helped on its progress. And so the next great romanticist we shall mention who was influenced by the Norse is Sir Walter Scott, one of the most prominent figures in romanticism. To quote Mr. Beers: "He had lain from his infancy 'in the lap of legends old'—and was filling his note books with passages from the Edda—tables of Moeso-Gothic, Anglo-Saxon and Runic alphabets." Nothing was more natural than that the influence of these sources should be seen on page after page throughout the entire work of the great romancer. Ruskin says, in "Modern Painters" that Scott was so Gothic he was "entirely incapable of entering into the spirit of any classic scene." Scott was so interested in the Norse that in 1791 he read before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh a paper on "The Origin of the Scandinavian Mythology." And in order to help to make old Norse literature accessible to English readers he also gave an abstract of the "Eyrbyggia Edda". Incidentally, it may be added that the Weyland Smith, the skillful artificer in Kenilworth, is no other than the Northern Volunder, the Daedalus of the North. His very name is in our Saxon epic Beowulf, "the elvish Smith, Waeland."

Though the limits of our treatment forbid a discussion of that distinct school of writers such as Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe, "Monk" Lewis and others, yet in passing, we may say that the whole Gothic Revival had its birth and found its very essence in the Northern mythology. Not only is this the source of the sense of giganticism

and awe, of mystery and terror, but also the source of the melancholy and reflection of the Miltonic or "Il Penseroso" school.

Of the later writers who have gone to the North for inspiration may be named William Morris, who has done much for romanticism by his translations of "The Grettis Saga," the "Völsunga Saga" (which he declares to be one of the great stories of the world, saying it ought to be to the Germanic blood what the tale of Troy is to the Hellenic race), "Three Northern Love Stories," and various other translations and writings. Mr. Beers says his "Sigurd the Volsung" is probably the most important contribution of the Norse literature to English poetry. Many of the tales in the "Earthly Paradise" come from the Norse; for example, "The Land East of the Sun," "The Fostering of Aslang," and "The Lovers of Gudrun." Yet, about this last named tale there is none of the romantic glamor which the others possess. Morris is prevailingly a Goth—a heathen Norseman.

Of the writers of our own country who have figured in this movement we shall speak very briefly of only two or three. Of these, prominence should be given to the poet Longfellow whose interest in Norse was early aroused. His poems show that he has drunk more than one draught from Mimer's fountain, that he has communed oft with Brage and Urd. His interest in Norse was of course greatly increased by his European trips preparatory to his professorships at Bowdoin and Harvard. Evidences of this influence may be seen in "My Lost Youth," the refrain of which is borrowed from "Kalevala," a national epic of Finland. Much of Longfellow's poetry is steeped in the fragrace of the romantic

past of his primitive ancestors. He has done more to give us the vigor and flavor of those old Norse myths and traditions than any other American author.

Of the other American writers who show the Gothic influence and tendency, mention may be made of Charles Brockden Brown, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe. The weird element of strangness and mystery in Poe and Brown, the mood of melancholy and solitude in Brown and Hawthorne can both be traced to the same source from which the Gothic Revival of Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe got its inspiration.

We do not believe that in our treatment of the subject we are claiming too much for the Norse and giving undue prominence to its influence on romanticism. We have tried to show the reasons for our conclusions which we think are sane. No one can deny the fact that the literature of England and of all Europe has been greatly enriched from these sources, the Latin races conquered by Gothic spirit rose from decay and became not now Latinic, but Romanic or Romance people and tongues. But, as we have already stated, the greatest influence of Norse on romanticism has not been by way of furnishing subjects, new models, etc., but by way of giving to those who inherited a tendency towards it and who saw its beauty and strength, a weird, free spirit, a sense of mystery and of terror, of melancholy and of solitude and of reflection. Those who have opened their hearts to its hushed and mystic music have, since the beginning of the romantic movement, reproduced in their songs a strange free melody that has pleased the world and to which every nation of modern Europe has lent an attentive ear. Those who have gone back to Urd's

fountain, Time's morning in our Gothic history, and quaffed its waters have found them sweet and limpid and pure, and they have been better prepared to give us the elements needed in our later civilization than have those who have drunk at the Pierean spring, for they have drunk from the sources of the distinctive qualities of the great race which more than any other dominates modern thought and life.

N. W. WALKER, '03.

DISCONSOLATE.

The katydid calls from the gnarled oak,
  On the night hangs the whippoorwill's wail,
From the frog in the marsh comes a dismal croak,
  And the moon rises far down the vale.

My soul is cast down like the psalmist's of old—
  As the clouds hide the stars overhead—
For I sit and fondle a lock of pure gold;
  And I weep for my Love who is dead.

W. C. R.

THE WRATH OF SANDY.

IT WAS early September. The day had been blazing hot; the sun was half an hour from the tree-tops, and seemed to hang there forever. A purple haze fringed the horizon; the ground was parched with the heat and drought; the oak leaves were withered, and the pine needles smelled of turpentine. A faint odor of smoke was in the air, and on every hand the jagged Appalachian sky-line glimmered and danced like the rim of an oven.

I sat on a stone by the road-side, wiping great beads of sweat from my face, and trying to follow with my eye the tortuous course of the mountain road that wound itself through the valley below me. At length, far down this road, I saw two rustic figures approaching me. I watched them as they toiled up the steep side of the mountain, and soon recognized them as my two friends, Dave and Sandy.

Dave and Sandy are two moonshiners. I was camped near their cabin, and often spent an evening with them, listening to their stories of mountain life and adventure. After a few evenings by their fireside, we became quite firm friends, and they frequently shared their confidences with me, and at times even came to me for advice or aid in the little troubles and difficulties incident to their mode of life.

Today they had gone to the little cross-roads store in the valley to buy ammunition. And now they were returning home. They were walking with the long swinging gait of the mountaineer, which eats up a road by sections, and each carried a highly colored paper in

his hand. As they came up I recognized the flaming advertisements of a circus.

"It's th' biggest hulkin' thing that ever rolled on wheels," said Sandy jubilantly, as he handed me the poster to look at.

"Three humpin' bumpin' howlin' mammuth circuses all 'malgumated an' compounded inter one stupenjus whole. An' y' kin see th' whole whoppin' lay-out fer th' triflin' sum uv fifty cents—only two quarters." Dave was quoting partly from the poster, and filling in the gaps from his own fertile imagination.

"It's a speshul Provvydence that brings 'em here," broke in Sandy, who had devoured the poster bodily. "They was makin' a trip a-roun' th' world, showin' only to th' kings an' queens an' crowned heads uv Yurup an' Aizhy, but th' climate didn't 'gree wid their whole Noah's Ark uv animals, an' they pulled up an' come South to wait fer spring to continey their performance across th' water."

"We're a goin'," said Dave joyously, "we're calkilatin' on gittin' up an' startin' 'fore day in th' mornin', so's to be on han' fer th' street parade. We'll come by an' wake y' ef y' want to go wid us."

I excused myself on the ground of having recently discovered symptoms of rheumatism in one of my legs. Sandy looked dubious, but I preserved a bold front. It was twenty miles to the county seat, where the circus was to be; I would run the risk of losing his good opinion rather than attempt such a tramp with the mercury in the thermometer playing around ninety in the shade.

The sun at last had dropped down in the tree-tops, and great blue shadows were beginning to creep up the side

of the mountain. I left the two mountaineers, and went home to my tent and slept.

Next morning, long before the first blush of dawn, I heard them pass by on their way to the circus. Night fell, and I sat on my camp-stool under the flap of my tent, and waited for them to return.

They came up the road with the same long swinging gait of the day before, but the jubilant expression was gone from their countenances. From chin to forelock the two sweaty faces wore one black look of displeasure. Sandy carried a thick oak stick in his hand, with which he thrashed significantly the bushes along his route. Both walked in deep silence, and I knew from this that the worst of the worst had come to pass, for only once before since I had known Sandy had his feelings been too deep for utterance.

As they came near I lit my pipe and strolled out to the road, and took a position on a fallen tree. Sandy came up and seated himself on a stump near me, gloomily resting his chin in his hands; and Dave threw himself flat of his back on the grass at our feet. The evening breeze fanned us pleasantly, drying the sweat on the two grimy faces, and leaving little warts of dirt sprinkled over them here and there. I waited long for Sandy to break the silence, then I asked:

"Did the circus come up to the high-water mark of the posters, Sandy?"

"It was th' biggest bloomin' cheat that ever was hatched sence Adam wus a infunt. Talk about yer three mammuth shows 'malgumated inter one! I could put th' whole dam' dirty lay-out in th' pistul-pocket uv my britches an' set down on it, widout inconveniencin'

my settin'. An' they wus th' infernalest, biggest, blackest skunk's-maw uv a son uv a sheep-stealer——" Sandy's wrath choked him and he brought down the oak stick with a ringing thwack on the stump at his side.

"He wus a gouger," explained Dave, "a reg'lar black skulk uv a lyin' thief what would put his dirty han' inter yer pocket an' take yer las' red cent when y' wusn't lookin'."

"What did he do but put his dirty han' inter Dave's pocket, er what wus th' same, an' took nineteen dollars when he wusn't lookin'," broke in Sandy, the veins in his neck and forehead swelling into hard little knots.

"How did it happen?" I asked sympathetically.

"It all come long o' Dave's everlastin' mush-head." Sandy cast a reproachful look at Dave, who, in turn, looked sheepishly at Sandy, and the latter continued. "After th' street parade, which fer seein' wusn't worth a good chicken fight, a little blarney-mouthed man come a-trottin' out o' th' small tent what stood close up to th' big tent, an' sung out at th' top uv his little cracked twenty-two calliber cuss-hole: 'Right this way,' says he, 'fer th' first purformunce uv th' day! We've got inside th' biggest show uv its kind this side uv th' moon. Th' wil' man uv Barnyo—th' untaymabul, man-eatin' lion—th' ejjicated hog—th' horse what plays th' fiddle—th' gyunt man-killin' snake—five uv th' seven wonders uv th' world;—an' hundreds uv other interestin' an' curus objecks, enny one uv which is worth a forchin' to see,—all on exhybishun inside, fer th' triflin' sum of twenty-five cents.' When he had uncorked hisself uv his little song, I see Dave make a break fer th' door, an' I follered to keep th' man-killin' snake from monkeyin' wid him.

Th' first thing we see when we got inside wus th' wil' man uv Barnyo, a-settin' in his cage smokin' a cigarette. We went circumspeckshus up to th' cage an' peeped through the cracks at him.

" 'What langwidge d' you spose he cusses in?' says Dave to me, not thinkin' he would understan'.

" 'Go to h—l, y' consuntrated lump uv ignerunce,' says th' wil' man, civ'lized enough.

" 'Mebbe y' want to come out o' yer iurn box an' say things like that to us,' I says, lookin' him in th' eye an' wishin' he did. But he puffed away at his smoake widout sayin' ennything, an' we started on to fin' th' other four uv th' seven wonders uv th' world.

"I lost Dave in th' crowd, an' wus scrougin aroun', lookin' fer him, when I run up on th' sneak uv a skunk's-maw that I wus tellin' y' about at first. He wus standin' up behin' a table in the middle uv th' tent, wid a pile uv money close up to his lef' han' an' a slick board uv a thing in his right. Th' board had three hafs uv walnut hulls turned topside-down on it, an' he wus tryin' to sejuce somebody to bet fifty cents that a little ball uv a thing like a pea which he put under one o' th' hulls wus under another. Nobody would bet wid him, 'cause it wus plain as day which one o' th' hulls he put it under, an' ennybody wid moles eyes could see they wus a trick in it.

" 'Try bettin' once fer th' fun uv it,' says he to a man wid one drink more than he could walk straight wid.

" 'All right, I'll go y',' says th' man. An' he turned up th' hull wid th' pea under it.

" 'Now,' says th' skunk's maw, 'you'd be richer by fifty cents ef you had bet wid me.'

" 'I'll try bettin' once,' says the man. An' he turned up th' right hull agin.

" 'I'll go y' agin,' says th' man.

" 'All right,' says th' skunk's-maw, 'but I'll never git shet uv all my chink ef y' hol' me down to fifty cents a haul. How does a dollar strike y'?'

" 'Done,' says th' man, as he planked down his dollar an' turned up th' winnin' hull.

" 'Y're skinnin' me to th' quick,' says th' skunk's-maw; 'but I'll go y' two next haul, ef y' say so.'

" 'I'm 'greeable,' says th' man, turnin' up th' winnin' hull agin, an' rakin' in his two dollars.

" 'I wus born under a unlucky star,' says th' skunk's-maw, holdin' up a roll uv bills in his han', an' speakin' to th' crowd. 'Here's my month's pay what wus give me this mornin'. It's been my misforchin to lose this ev'ry month sence I've been in bizness; but bettin's my one weakness an' I caint stop it. I'm goin' to lose this pile uv money 'fore I taste a mouthful uv dinner; an' now I want to see who'll be first to win a fiver on' th' nex' deal.'

"He hadn't more'n got his bung uv a mouth shut, when twenty men hauled out, 'I'll go y' a fiver on it.' An', sir, would y' b'lieve me? there wus Dave in th' front row, a-handin' that blackgyard uv a cheat a twenty-dollar bill to be changed, so's he could blow it in on his scheme."

"It wus the th' man's winnin' at first what done it," said Dave dolefully.

"It wus yer own infernal blunderin' block uv a head what done it," answered Sandy with rising wrath, and Dave collapsed.

"Y' see," continued Sandy, addressing me again, "Dave had sunk all of his spare change inter that bill to keep from spendin' it. An' there he wus, like a blasted ijjit, fixin' to lose th' whole lump to that thievin' son uv a biscuit-eater. I see this, an' went up an' cotch him by th' scruff an' b'gun to shake him, so's to loosen up th' seeds in his gourd uv a head, in case they wus enny. 'Y' dam'd mush-headed ijjit,' I says to him, 'don't y' know it's a scheme? Th' whole bloomin' thing from top to bottom's a do. An' yer money's good as gone ef y' resk it.'

" 'He's got my money already, what'll I do?' says he, his head as addled as a Easter egg after bilin'.

" 'Make him fork over yer money, er put out his light fer him,' I says.

"So Dave went up and says, perlite as pie, to him:

" 'I've changed my min'; I won't bet wid y' this roun'; an' I'll thank y' to han' me back my twenty dollars.'

"He smiled pleasant, like he wus glad Dave had called off th' deal, an' reached his han' in a box where he had drapped th' money, an' took out a bill. Dave crammed it in his pocket widout lookin' at it, an' we went outside. When we had got clear uv th' crowd, I says to him:

" 'You'd better put yer money in a inside pocket; 'cause, apt as not, th' thieves 'll be fingerin' yer cloathes fer sich things.'

"He took th' bill out to change it, an' it wus a little innercent one-dollar bill.

" 'What'll we do?' says Dave, his head as blank as a barl.

" 'Do!' says I, 'y' dummy-headed fool, we'll go back an' reason wid him, an' ef he won't make it square we'll

turn over his tent, an' skin his head, an' take the other nineteen dollars in th' teeth uv him.'

"We went inside agin, an' I tol' him how th' matter stood widout losin' my temper.

" 'I don't know y',' says he, 'but here's a couple uv perlicemen what mebbe do.'

"Widout lookin' fer th' perlice—which min' y' wus foolish—I shut off his win' wid one han', an' wus perceedin' to spile his face in good shape wid th' tother, when two billies come down on my noggin' in th' same jiffy, an' I had bare enough brains lef' in my skillet to know to slip under th' curtain uv th' tent an' crawl away in th' crowd. An' that's how things stan's wid us now, but, as true as Dave's head's a gob uv fat widout insides, they won't stan' that way tell another sun goes behin' them hills yonder."

"But what are you going to do to even matters up?" I asked wondering.

"We're goin' back agin t'morrer," said Dave blankly.

"But they won't show again tomorrow," I objected.

"No, not at th' same stan'," said Sandy, rising to go, "but they will at Conklin on tother side o' th' mountain. It aint but twenty-five miles, an' we can make it easy as cussin' by th' time th' thing gits under way. An' ef I don't show that thievin' dog's vomit a thing er two, my name aint Sandy McGulish."

The two mountaineers rose and took their departure, and I went to my tent. Early next morning, before the owls had stopped hooting in the valley below, I heard the heavy tramp of their brogan shoes once more as they passed by on their way to the circus.

The long sweltering day dragged itself to an end, and night fell, but no Sandy and Dave appeared. The

breeze was balmy and cooling outside. I moved my camp-stool out under a spruce-tree before my tent, lit my pipe, and waited anxiously for their return.

Ten o'clock came, and I began to fear that their benevolent intentions toward the thimble-rigger had brought them to grief. But, at length, far down the mountain side, I heard Sandy's familiar bass voice lifted in what Sandy honestly intended for the sweetest melody:

"Ef I had a scoldin' wife,
I'd lick her shore's y're born;
I'd take her down to New Orleans,
An' trade her off fer corn."

As they came nearer I could hear Dave's tenor joining in. There was joy in the tones of those voices, and I knew that fortune had favored these two rustic ministers of justice in appeasing their righteous wrath.

"You seem to be singing another sort of a tune since yesterday," I said, smiling at the serene contentment depicted on the two sweaty faces, and thinking how different was this from the recent black cloud that had rested there.

"Y're speakin' a proverb," said Dave laconically; "we've danced another sort uv a dance sence then."

"All we need to make us as happy as a saved sinner at a Methodis' camp-meetin' is some linin' fer our stumicks," observed Sandy insinuatingly.

I pointed to my provision chest inside the tent, and they made a dive for it. Fifteen minutes later I heard Dave admonishing Sandy to spare my crockery, who in turn begged Dave not to sacrifice my knives and forks to his voracious appetite. And soon after they emerged with glowing pipes. Sandy seated himself on a log near

me, and Dave again threw himself on the grass. They smoked in silence, and I waited, knowing that Sandy would tell the story of the day's adventure. But at length, as the moon climbed higher above the hills and Sandy did not begin, I became impatient and broke the silence.

"Sandy, you had as well commence. It is growing late, and you will need some sleep after your long tramp. Begin at the beginning and tell us all about it," I said persuasively.

"It's not much to tell," said he, as he primed his pipe anew, "an' I've most fergot it. But y' kin bet yer bottom dollar that th' skunk's-maw 'll rickellect it tell he's hung—which I'm thinkin' won't be as long as has been. We jist went up to his table where he wus standin', same as yistiddy, an' Dave says to him:

" 'Y' made a small mistake in givin' me change yistiddy.'

" 'Did I?' says he widout lookin' up.

" 'Y' did,' says Dave, 'y' give me a one-dollar bill fer a twenty. An' it might save y' a doctor's bill to fork over th' other nineteen dollars.'

"He looked up quick as a flash at this an' says, cool an' bizness-like:

" 'You're th' chaps what I passed complyments wid yistiddy, are y'?' An' he reached up his han' an' put his finger on a bit uv plaster under his right eye.

" 'Th' same,' says Dave.

" 'An' how's yer noggin after buttin' it agin them billies?' says he to me.

" 'Better'n yer face after stumpin' it agin my fists,' I says.

"I wus beginnin' to double up my han' to punch a hole through his impydent head, when a perliceman laid a han' heavy as a mawl on my shoulder, an' says sharp:

" 'What's th' racket here?'

" 'Nothin',' I says, sinkin' out o' sight in th' crowd.

"I hunted Dave up, an' we went outside an' held a counsul uv war.

"Says Dave: 'It's clear as smoke, somethin's got to be done. We've got to git up some sort uv divurshun to ockipy th' attenshun uv th' perlice while we gits in our little mishunary work wid th' skunk's-maw.'

" 'Le's see how this bloomin' tabernickle's built,' says I, walkin' roun' to th' back side uv th' tent an' lookin' at it.

" 'It aint built,' says he, 'it's tied up wid a couple o' dozen uv rotten hemp ropes.'

" 'So much th' better,' says I, 'it'll take less cuttin' to make it fall.'

" 'Th' heat aint addled yer head, ner nothin'?' he says, his eyes lookin' like moons wid 'stonishment.

" 'No,' I says, laughin' in spite uv myself, 'it's yer own little cymblin' what needs doctorin'. Caint y' see th' beauty uv my scheme? All we's got to do is to watch fer our chance, an' whittle some o' th' ropes when nobody is lookin' tell they're widin a ace uv snappin'; an' then I goes inside an' gits to argyfyin' wid th' skunk's-maw; he yells out 'perlice' er 'murder' er some sich thing; you hears him, an' cuts th' other ropes; th' tent falls in, an' I trusts to Provvydence an' my standin' luck fer elbow room to finish wid him. Do y' see?'

" 'Th' scheme's purty as a rainbow an' easy as fallin' down a mountain to put in exycushun,' says Dave.

" 'Then le's perceed at once wid it,' I says. An' so we sneaked up to th' tent an' whittled roun' the biggest haf uv th' ropes wid our knives. Then I went inside, an' stepped up behin' th' skunk's-maw an' hooked him under th' chin wid my right paw. 'I'm bein' murdered!' he says, as loud as my han' at his throat would let him; 'help! quick, er it'll be too late!' That same minit they wus a mighty howl went up from th' folks what wus in th' tent, an' th' tent itself came a tumblin' down an' kivered us all up as trim an' snug as ef we wus bein' tucked away to bed by our mothers.

"Th' table wid th' money on it wus tilted over on th' groun'. I picked up a roll uv bills wid my right han', an' put my fren' th' skunk's-maw under my lef' arm, an' went a crawlin' about in th' Babul uv arms, legs an' tongues, tryin' to fin' some daylight so's to see how much damage to do his face widout snuffin' his candle fer good. He wus kickin' an' cussin' an' prayin' like a preacher in time uv a earthquake, an' I had to shut off his win' wid my han' ev'ry two seconds to keep him quiet. Fin'ly I foun' some light up close to th' edge uv th' tent-cloth, an' let my preshus burden fall an' dropped my knee on his paunch.

" 'Now,' I says, 'mebbe y're ready an' willin' to hear reason when it's sev'ral weeks too late.'

" 'Take my money an' my watch an' all my other property, but spare my life,' says he, his voice weak as watered brandy.

" 'I don't want yer money an' I don't need yer watch 'cept to see how long it'll take this fist uv mine to maul th' life out o' yer dirty hide,' I says; an' wid that I smashed in his nose.

" 'Y're churnin' my brains out,' says he, openin' an' shuttin' his mouth like a fish out o' water.

" 'I'm doin' nothin' uv th' sort,' says I, 'fer y' never had none to begin wid;' an' I plugged him one in th' mouth to keep him silent.

" 'Y're knockin' my teeth down my throat,' he blubbered between his two mountains uv lips.

" 'Th' proper place fer em,' I says, 'sence you'll never have enny furder use fer 'em after I git through wid y',' an' I let fly once on each side uv his nose, an' shut both uv his eyes tight as wax. Then I perceeded to make hills on all th' parts uv his face where they wus hollers before an' hollers where they wus hills. When I wus gittin' in some heavy work on th' top part uv his face, he blubbered an' sputtered some more an' says, feelin' uv his head wid his han', an' kinder spittin' out his words 'long wid some loose teeth: 'What part uv my cyarkiss is this? is it my head er my foot?' An' I knowed by this that my job wus finished. So I let up on him, an' counted out nineteen dollars from th' roll uv bills, an' crammed as much uv th' rest as I could in th' hole in his face which had once been his mouth. Then I went outside to look fer Dave, an' we come away, not wishin' to stay enny longer in a place where we wusn't wanted 'cept by th' perlice."

A little screech owl that had been listening to the recital from his perch in the spruce-tree over our heads, broke into an insane fit of laughter. And Sandy and Dave slowly climbed the mountain toward their cabin.

H. H. HUGHES.

THE STUDENT AND THE BABY.

INTRODUCTION.

WHAT makes a college man be-John-Brown and be-confound when he arrives home in the joyous Christmas holidays and finds a new arrival? The universality of this embarrassment shows to my mind that something is wrong. Either the home folks don't know how to prove to the student that the baby is the sweetest, weetest, weetest thing in the world, or else the student don't know how to make the home folks believe that he apprciates the baby.

The trouble of course may lie on both sides; but it is a fundamental fact that the home folks will not argue that the baby is the superlative in any human comparison, and the sooner the prodigal recognizes this the better. Now if the prodigal really appreciates the baby, leaving aside the question whether he worships its swaddling clothes, or whether he loves it for what it will be in the future, he must by all means show his appreciation; and if he is ignorant of how to show this, he should consult an infallible guide. My humble attempt in writing this book is to give such a guide that every student in our Southland during the short Christmas holidays may walk through the green pastures of home undisturbed by the bleating of the firstlings, the lamb, even the young lamb. THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDENT AND THE BABY.

I have never had any conversation with cannibals and therefore know nothing of them except what I have read in the story books, but I have often thought that if

Robinson Crusoe had met a baby instead of that cannibal, he would have been speechless from the point of view of language of any kind. I don't imagine Robinson had much to do with the firstlings while in England: if he had, I imagine the fact increased his consolation for being alone on the island. If he had came in contact with a baby on the island, he would have been unable to carry on a satisfactory conversation. He could use the language of signs with the cannibal: the only two signs he could have secured from the baby would have been the semi-circle, when the baby, without bending knees or elbows should have brought hands and feet together in quick succession, and then again, the ambiguous yell.

The college man upon going home Christmas is embarrassed more than the ideal of isolation would have been, because he must deal not only with the baby, but also the home folks, and the neighbors and friends.

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Before going home Christmas the college man must learn a new vocabulary. Mind you, I say, vocabulary, and not grammar. What is absolutely essential above all is to get the proper tune of words. The less orthodox a fellow is in forming sentences according to the principles he has been taught at college, the less the home folks will smile behind his back when first he talks to the baby. The essential point, I repeat, is to get the tune of words. Any thinking fellow must needs appreciate this point, that the tone, and, in fact, the conversation itself must be adapted to the one to whom it is given. It would be beyond the bounds of reason calmly to look at the new arrival and remark, "Well, you will do." The thoughtful fellow will get on his knees or bend low over the cradle, and in subdued monotones repeat a prepared

formula, something like this:—"You are the sweetest, sweetest, sweetest baby in the whole world, yes you is, yes you is." About five formulas like this should be learned by heart about a week before going home Christmas. These five, when used in different combinations, will last about an hour, and will perhaps tide over any exigency. If some girl friends should call while the home folks are out, and the student should forget his formulas, he may very softly and in a reassuring tone repeat, "Yes, yes, yes," until the frightened formula returns.

If I were writing this book for the average one I should here give a list of the best formulas: as I am face to face with college men, I humbly give examples sufficient to bring out the underlying principles, so that he may see the point and arrange formulas as the emergency may require.

To those who object to the formula method I suggest another plan. The student may imagine himself seated before a blazing fire with Her,—each gazing intently on the thoughtful coals. What remarks he makes seem pleasant, and what she says seems divine. When in this mood the student must pour forth his soul to the cradled infant, and the home folks will think that he has the tenderest disposition in the world, to pour forth such love strains to the baby, no matter whether it is sleeping or waking. But the influence on the home folks will be considered in another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME FOLKS.

In dealing with the home folks the student meets with a bigger problem. He must deal with the mother, the

grandmother, the grandfather, and the father. In dealing with the first two he must use all the psychology at his command. To the grandfather he may merely remark that the baby will do. To the father who has perhaps promenaded the floor in the midnight hours, singing a song that is not calculated to alleviate the little one's ambiguous pains, the student had better say as little as possible about the baby. In short, he had better not commit himself at all.

The first remark to make to the home folks after a casual look is to make the baby "favor" somebody. It makes no difference whom the baby looks like provided that the person chosen possesses the traits the mother adores. In making babies "favor" people everybody, as in the definition of a word, has a right to his own opinion. If ever cornered about the eyes, chin, steeple head, or nose, why, fall back on the expression of the face or the speculation in the eye—the baby looks wise. Here you are on high ground, safe from all criticism, because a baby's face may be interpreted almost any way. The home folks may weakly disagree with you as to whom the baby looks like, but the student is on high ground when he compares it to the neighborhood's ideal, to life's superlative.

The second problem in dealing with the home folks is kissing the baby. This problem, some may say, should be considered in the first chapter, but a little thought will reveal the fact that kissing the baby does not concern the baby *per se*. It is the home folks that this problem touches vitally.

Now there is no need of trying to be conservative in kissing. Conservatism may be well and good for a fellow when he goes to a new place to take up his abode.

As to its being a good policy at home I leave that to the judgment of the individual student, being conscious that he will be smart enough to see that the easiest thing to do is to kiss the baby once for all in its mother's arms, and all is over. Upon leaving home after the Christmas holidays the student may visit the neighbors across the street until the train blows, then run in home, snatch up the suit case, knock over a chair or two in the adjoining room; and the home folks will come out to give the goodbye kiss and happy welfare wishes, fearing for him to kiss the baby lest he wake it.

The third problem in connection with the home folks is in regard to conversation. Now it is out of common sense for the student to talk college. Even if a professor has discovered a new star the home folks will not be dumfounded. That star will serve merely as a stepping stone for conversation on the baby. Here are the different transitions of thought taken down in a note book by the author while at home last Christmas.

I. STAR DISCOVERED.....one minute.

Here the conversation was taken away from the student by the home folks.

II. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.....two minutes.
III. BABY.....five minutes.
IV. THE BABY.....one hour.

One may bring up general education; in fact, any subject in the world, and in two minutes he will be sorry he spoke, for the baby will be "in the graded school,—yes she will, yes she will; and she will carry a pretty dinner basket, yes she will, yes she will; and she will be the smartest and brighest girl that Professor Jones has ever taught, yes she will, yes she will—"

If college, then, is out of the topic of conversation, the despairing question comes up, what can be talked about? As we have already intimated the subject ultimately will be the baby. We must needs admit right here that the student will have to make a sacrifice when it comes to a conversation with the home folks, but in order to alleviate the suffering as much as possible, we offer the following suggestion. Always lead the conversation about the baby. Don't say anything about reflex action or other physiological antics, for this would be equivalent to comparing the divine baby to a frog. The least embarrassing conversation is the question whether or not the baby knows its mother. The student must necessarily take the affirmative, and the mother will weakly stand up for the negative. After a while the mother will come on yours and the baby's side, and then sometimes the conversation may be carried into other fields than those which the baby owns. It is needless to give further examples provided this fundamental thought is comprehended. In conversing with the home folks talk about the baby, and *lead* the conversation.

Should all these remedies fail there is yet a higher court of appeal, and this will be considered in the concluding chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

The third great problem the student meets is how to deal with the neighbors and friends. Every day he will be questioned about the baby's welfare, the color of its hair, eyes, will it be red-headed? when is it going to come out in a carriage? why was it named Hezekiah

Abimelech Jones instead of the old family name, John Franklin Jones? Such questions will surely be asked, and the student must prepare for them. It is not of special importance as to the answers, provided they are courteous, and consistent with those of the former day.

If the student deals successfully with this third class he almost blots out mistakes and blunders made in dealing with the baby and the home folks. Giving good reports of the baby to neighbors and friends covers a multitude of sins in the home folks' eye. Here is how they reason. Sonny pretends to be indifferent about the baby but the neighbors have told us some things which he doesn't think we know.

Now it will never in the world do to be indifferent about the baby when such questions come. Be sympathetically concerned about the baby world, and the neighbors will laud you to the skies. If one prefers not to kiss the baby, if one prefers not to talk about the baby to the homefolks by all means he should give good reports about the baby to the neighbors; for, as before intimated, this covers a multitude of sins in the home folks' eye.

R. M. HARPER, '04.

A BIT OF COLLEGE LIFE.

IT WAS the 22nd of February—a cold, wet day and unpleasant enough outside to make the students prefer a rousing fire and to keep them by it. To Richard Haversford gazing out of his window across the dreary and almost deserted campus came the sound of rain driven before the gusts of wind and its drowsy drip, drip through the tin gutter at the corner. He could see the "Old South" from where he stood and its vine-covered walls recalled, as an echo of memory, "The Rainy Day" of Longfellow.

"Con-f—! I simply can't—"

"'Rah, 'rah, Caroli-na! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah!!!"

"Hello, Haversford, what the—"

"Hello, Hav—"

"Hello, Dick—"

"Come right in, fellows—glad you came. Have seats—everywhere."

"Well, old fellow, what's the matter this time? Has Miss Conics—"

"No, I thank you. I passed conics some three years ago," Richard answered suggestively.

"What's the matter with you, now, frankly?"

"I?—Oh! I—er—I—the fire's warm."

"Naturally."

"But sure enough, Dick, what is the trouble this time?"

"Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick, or why this thusness?"

"Declare unto us this mystery."

"Well, fellows, the—the fact is, I've been called upon by the Editor-in-Chief—"

"Oh, most majestic wielder of pen and impartial splurter of ink, take back thy terrible mandate and —"

"Cut it out!" picking up a book threateningly.

"Yes—take back thy dread decree and if need be 'cut it out'—"

"If you don't—"

"Wait, Frank—I'll—I'm done—don't throw that book! I'll—honest, now—I am done."

"All right. Now, Haversford, we'll hear your case if this would-be clown will keep still."

"Just a little while before you came in, the Editor-in-Chief of the MAGAZINE, taking advantage of the holiday, dropped in to say that he would be glad to receive the 'Article' which I had promised some months ago."

"I see; and you—"

"I—sit down fellows, you—"

"We couldn't think of disturbing you, my dear Alphonse. We want that 'Article'."

"You can help me, perhaps, by your suggestions. I can write up facts, but—"

"I see. You are probably like Mary Mac—what's-her-name, that realistic new authoress who must have an experience before she writes? Suppose—"

"I had thought of falling into a trance, of making that old mosaic in the library tell its history and of weaving a romance about it, and of other equally absurd things; but the standard of the MAGAZINE must be kept up, its dignity carefully maintained, and its position as a college periodical zealously guarded."

"Hm! 'Standard' would cover all that, I think. Suppose you give us a bit of your experience. They tell me you had an affair of the heart when you were young and —Fresh."

"Yes, Haversford, do give us that."

"No; let him alone—that will spoil it for us when it comes out in the—"

"Of all the ridiculous things which a fellow like you is guilty of, the most ridiculous is his inordinate appetite for sickly love-stories."

"You are a con-f-irmed old bachelor, my boy."

"Dick, old fellow, I think it's a case of 'sour gr—'"

"No; I won't tell you that. It wasn't much and it would not interest you."

"Well, tell us something. Let's see—you dropped out of college three years. Surely something has transpired during that time that would interest us."

"No; nothing. But," taking a turn or two meditatively across the room, "if you just will have a story—"

"That's the thing! Boys—Frank, hand me that poker. Now, boys, sit down while I mend this fire."

The rain continued its restless beat at the gutter, and the sorrowful wind never ceased its moaning. The sounds of these discomforts came but faintly through the thick walls and, falling drowsily on the ears of the little company, seemed to impart an extra glow to the ruddy coals and to make the flames leap the merrier and the higher up the black throat of the chimney. It was beginning to grow dark, and one could see just the tops of the trees, black against the sky, tossing their bare limbs as if to beat warmth into them by exertion.

The lights, in spite of the growing darkness, had not come on; but the roaring heap of hickory logs lighted up the faces of Richard Haversford and his companions and was now beginning to cast gigantic figures, grotesquely dancing, upon the ceiling.

"Boys," began Richard, "I'm going to tell you something that happened here when I was a Soph.

"It was just such an evening as this and a crowd of us fellows had gathered in room No. 13 in the old South building where a strapping young 'Christmas Gift' was rooming. It was the custom then, as now, for all Sophs to visit the Freshmen, and we were paying him our respects—not, however, in the form of hazing. We loved amusement as much as anybody, but our love for it never carried us any further than jokes and little pranks.

"That night we were telling stories—ghostly, hair-raising stories. These were suggested by the number upon the door of the room and the gloomy weather outside.

"We recited the awful horrors which came to those who were so foolhardy as to room in No. 13. Mirrors broke without any apparent cause when placed in that room. Groans came from all quarters of the room and at exactly three o'clock in the morning some terrible something was heard to rush down the long hall. This was followed by an awful apparition at the foot of the bed. This spectre, we claimed, was the ghost of a woman who had been foully murdered at 'Laurel Hill' and buried in the bed of the stream somewhere at the foot of the hill. We pictured it as bearing great ugly wounds on the side of the head and with garments dripping with the water of its resting place. Sometimes the apparition would point in ghostly silence to the gaping wound in the head and then with a mysterious and weird gesture it would point towards the south of the campus and disappear. Oftener, we claimed, there would be a wild cry of distress at an unknown distance, followed by

groans which shook the room. These and other tales we told in whispers and then to test their effect we offered to pay the poor chap five dollars if he would then go alone to the dissecting hall and cut off an ear and bring it back with him.

"The fellow said he knew what we were up to and was not afraid. We made up the amount and at his own suggestion I was to be the holder of the sum till his return.

" 'Show your grit, "Christmas Gift",' we yelled. He arose bravely enough, but we could see that his smile was forced or at best a weak one. Various were the guesses as to where he would sleep that night and we wondered if he would return at all.

"It was not long before our suspense was put to an end. We heard hasty steps, the door swung open, and he stood in the room with his ghastly trophy.

" 'Nine 'rahs for "Christmas"!' we cried, and the forfeited amount was paid over.

"But we noticed that he was pale and that there was not the ghost of a smile to be seen. We sat sometime and finally all arose to leave. He allowed all to pass out except me, who remained to compliment him upon the courage displayed. As I was going, after encouraging him into a few smiles, he detained me.

" 'Do you think,' he said, 'they will bother me to-night?'

" 'No. They wanted a little fun. We are not going to worry you,' I encouraged.

" 'I know you will not, but the others—I—I—want—if it's not asking too much—I want you to stay with me.'

" 'Oh—why, you know they won't trouble you, and if

they do my room is just at the other end of the hall. You can come or call to me.'

"I left him, feeling sure that would be the end of it, for I knew the boys would not crawl out of a good warm bed even for a little more fun.

"I went to bed and was soon sound asleep, when I suddenly awoke and was aware of someone shrieking and banging at my door. Then all was silent and I heard something like a heavy body fall. I sprang out of bed towards my door. Before I reached it, however, the terrible shrieks began again.

" 'O-o-h Lord! Oh-oo Lord! Haversford! Oh—,' came the cry.

"I hastily opened the door and as I did so the poor fellow fell into the room. I placed him in my bed and turned him over to my room-mate who was also awake, and taking a light, I went cautiously into his room to find the cause of his fears. I didn't hunt long before I saw that his mirror, a handsome one and one I had been admiring, was broken into a hundred pieces. Imagine my horror and my feelings when the only light I had went out and an awful rushing sound went down the long hall. Added to this, the room was shaken by low groans and away off at seemingly no definite point came a wail of distress. It took me, in spite of myself, a considerable time to recover enough to investigate further. When I did so, however, I stepped to the door just as the rushing something was going down the hall again and felt—the coldest blast of wind that I remember of ever having felt.

"Next day I made a slight exploration and found that the tin roofing, when the wind comes from the northeast, made, on account of its being loose, a noise resembling

a groan. The wail of distress was from the same cause and poor Tom Horn is not the only person who has quaked at the whistling wind."

"But the falling heavy body?"

"And the light and mirror?"

"The falling heavy body was the door slamming in the hall below. A hole in the window-pane explains the rest, I think. The room had been oppressively warm and the furniture and everything in the room became heated. After Tom Horn retired, the wind had changed quarters, and, blowing through the broken window directly upon the glass, broke it—on account of the frame contracting more rapidly than the glass.

"The breaking glass probably awoke him in time to hear the rushing wind through the hall and both recalled our stories. We shall, probably, never know just how he became frightened. He was sent home the week after at the urgent request of his people. I notice now that the number on the door has been painted over the same color as the door. So, according to that, the story must have got out in spite of our efforts to hush it."

The story ended and Richard Haversford arose abruptly.

"I must ask you, if you see the Editor-in-Chief or any of the staff, to tell him that I'm too busy to hand anything in for the coming issue. And now, I see the lights are on and—"

"Why, yes—of course. Good-night, Dick."

"Good-night, my dear Gas—tank."

W. F. Mc., '04.

HOW MYRTLE GOT EVEN.

UNFORTUNATE indeed is the girl who cannot be called sweet on her graduation and wedding days. Myrtle Brown was a girl not so unfortunate; for everybody called her the sweetest of twenty-four girls who graduated at the Helen Seminary in its centennial year. Those who have tried to name the sweetest of twenty-four girls on commencement day can have some idea of how sweet Myrtle was. The authorities of the Seminary had used every imaginable precaution to prevent the boys from about town from courting the fair students; but,—Well, James Westley was the man. On Commencement Day, after the accustomed preliminaries of earnest wooing on the one part and of modest hesitation on the other, Myrtle promised her suitor that she would go back to her country home, wait there until he would spend four years at Harvard, and then be his wife. But this is not to be a love story.

Now in that country home Myrtle had a step-mother and a half-sister. She realized that if she lived there in peace for four years, it would be in violation of the natural law that governs the lives of a step-mother and half-sisters when they all try to live together. Myrtle's neighbor girls pitied her for having a step-mother and a half-sister; and she pitied her neighbors for having to be constantly on the alert for a husband. She did not trouble herself very seriously for having to live with companions who did not want her; for she had implicit confidence in her James. He would come and take her to a more genial home.

Of course a girl can be sweet without being a perfect saint. So it is not inconsistent to say that Myrtle had some

mischief mingled with her sweetness—just enough to drive a man crazy with admiration. On her way home she decided to get even with the woman who hated her. "It will cause a little disturbance," she thought, "and there's poor papa; but he is to philosophic to let little disturbances worry him." Within a few days after she got home, she learned incidentally from a long discourse on matrimony by Mrs. Brown that it was time for her to marry. She learned that girls could do better to marry while they were young, beautiful and fresh from college than when they become full-grown women and have lost much of the polish of their college training. Mrs. Brown might have been relieved of her anxiety then, but Myrtle wanted to get even.

And there were many suitors; but Myrtle did not delight half so much in their number as did her step-mother. Myrtle's chief delight was to have her gentleman friends take supper with her. At the table Mrs. Brown did her part in keeping up woman's reputation for lingual exercise. She never tired of enumerating the excellent qualities of her step-daughter. She could bake better than any other girl in the neighborhood; she had taken so many prizes at college; she had refused so many suitors; and she had done a thousand other things that any normal man could not help but admire. During these eulogies Mr. Brown looked disgusted; young Fred would gaze at his mother in astonishment; that poor little half-sister would admire what she thought was her mother's cunning; the gentleman friend would blush, perspire and eat very little; and if Myrtle can be criticised for any of her conduct, she can be criticised for secretly enjoying these situations.

For every suitor Myrtle turned away, Mr. Brown received a long curtain lecture on some appropriate topic and Myrtle received a lesson in how to select a husband. Mr. Brown was one of the few men who do not let curtain lectures worry them. Mrytle was amused by the lessons on the question she had already settled. So she persuaded herself that it was not an unpardonable sin to continue to get even. But as the years passed the matter lost its humorous aspects. The step-mother became disheartened by "that hateful girl's" failure to find a husband. Mrytle had been at home from college for nearly four years. The half-sister had passed her fourteenth birthday. The men around decided that it was useless to woo any longer and stopped their visits. It seemed that Myrtle was destined to live as an old maid and a dead expense to the family. As the step-mother expressed it, "matters were getting desperate"; at any rate, the step-mother was getting desperate.

One evening hope was revived by the visit of a swain, a lover born out of due time. For an hour Myrtle patiently declined his proposals. The wooing was suddenly interrupted by a noise behind the door. Myrtle flung the door aside expecting to find Fred; but she found her step-mother. The heartless girl was the only one that enjoyed the situation. The remainder of the night was a stormy one for the Brown family; for that step-mother gave vent to all the animosity that had been growing in her heart for ten years. The commotion was enough to cause Mr. Brown to lose his old-time coolness and silence. He told his daughter that he supposed that the family would have to break up house-keeping unless something was done pretty soon to relieve the strain.

She told him that relief would come on the next Thursday.

Then for the next three or four days Myrtle was a puzzle to the whole family. She laughed almost incessantly at the way every one would gaze at her with deep curiosity. On the appointed day the Harvard graduate called. During his visit he wanted to see Mr. Brown; then followed the first period of tranquility the Brown family had known for three years. That mischevious girl, however, waited until she enjoyed "a pretty home wedding" before she told her stepmother that she had been engaged ever since her graduation day.

BROTHER ARWOOD AND HIS MELON PATCH.

MR. Arwood, who lived just across the meadow from my home, had a fine melon patch and father, knowing my particular relish for melons, had often told me not to molest them or he would punish me. Almost every night before retiring he would give me a long lecture on the great sin I would commit should I disobey him and visit our preacher's melon patch, for Mr. Arwood was our church pastor and father was a deacon.

About three times a week and sometimes oftener, Mr. Arwood would call to see us and I never knew him to leave before dinner. It was Brother Arwood this and Brother Arwood that until I had grown tired of it; and, too, he would pray five minutes when called on to say grace. This worried me more than anything else for I was always hungry whether before a meal or immediately after one.

One day the old man had prayed for everything "from Jericho to Jerusalem" once and was starting on the second round when I reached over and took a piece of cake from the opposite side of the table. He saw me, for our good pastor always watched as well as prayed. Not another word of prayer did he utter but solemnly informed father of my grave offense. I was excused from the table and father and I had a little conference in the back yard. The outcome was not so highly gratifying to me as it might have been; however, I made up my mind to eat some of those melons regardless of the cost.

Night come on, and, after a lecture more severe than usual, I crept off to bed. Something in my father's man-

ner set me to thinking. I could not believe that he was as pious as he appeared to be when the preacher was around and why he lectured me so much about stealing melons I was unable to tell.

With these things occupying my mind I had no trouble in keeping awake until I fancied that everybody else was asleep. Then stealing noiselessly from my bed, I was soon on my way to the melon patch.

As I approached nearer I slackened my pace and proceeded more cautiously. On reaching the fence, which enclosed the field, I peered over and who should I see but father sitting astride one large melon and eating another with as much zeal as if his life depended on how many bites he swallowed per minute.

For a moment I was at a loss to know just how to proceed. To go back to my room and not get any melon was too bad, and to wait until father had satisfied himself, from present appearances, was entirely out of the question. The plan that seemed to me most feasible was to steal around behind and try to "hurry him up." This I did, and approaching within about twenty paces I threw a stone as close to his head as I could without hitting him and began to shout, "Shoot him! Shoot him!"

The third leap father made he cleared the fence, but, alas, his hat was left behind. He did not stop to pick it up but made for home with the agility of a boy of fifteen. The farther he ran the more he became frightened. I do not know what happened when he reached the house further than that he stumbled over the wash-kettle in the back yard and broke his thumb.

On the following morning he told us that something had disturbed the chickens the night before and that he

had gone out to see what was the matter, and stumbling over a barrel, had met with the accident.

Father is a different man now. He wears a new hat, does not say Brother Arwood as often as he used to, and has not mentioned melons to me from that day to this.

J. B. HUFF.

A LUCKY FORGETTING

"DISCHARGE a man for neglect of duty," said the railroad superintendent, "do we do that, you say? Yes, generally; carelessness don't go much with railroading. But I always try to give a man another chance if possible. One piece of neglected duty meant a lot for me once and I feel charitable toward sinners now.

"Two years ago last summer I was taking a few weeks off in the western part of North Carolina at W—. It gets pretty tiresome loafing around a hotel playing ten pins and billiards and talking to summer girls day and night. Especially if you are not used to it. So, I had my new motor car sent up to me. It was a beauty and the fastest I ever saw. There were seats for four on it and nearly every morning and evening I would take somebody out for a ride. Flying around curves and down hills would almost take your breath away. It was pretty foolish, for if we had jumped the track and gone down one of those hills it would have been all right with us.

"One morning I started out with the two prettiest girls in the hotel. I never saw a finer morning. It was early, earlier than most people wake up; in fact we were up to see the sunrise in the mountains. I am not very much of a poet, but the women raved over it and I couldn't help seeing it was mighty pretty. The sun, half an hour high, was shining on the green trees of the hills, some high above and some below, the birds flying about and the little streams rushing and falling over the rocks. To breathe that mountain air made you glad to be alive. Those girls were enjoying it and kept calling 'Faster.' Presently we struck as pretty a

piece of track as you ever saw; it was a wonder for that hilly country; for about three miles it was pretty level; it curved about the hills but there were no grades. Trains always ran their best here to make up for what time they lost climbing the hills.

"When we struck that place we simply flew. I hardly had time to look at those girls but as I'd glance at them I'd try to decide which was the prettiest woman I had ever seen. They didn t say 'Faster' then, for it didn't lack much of sailing through the air.

"Suddenly I heard a whistle. Half a mile ahead, coming like the wind was a freight train. Well, sir, I saw it was up to me and that darned quick. It looked like there was nothing to do but get off that car and leave her to be knocked up by that freight. I hated to do it for I loved the thing almost, but there was no time to plan and nothing else to do, so I cut off steam and slammed on the brake. The car dashed on just the same. The brake wouldn't work. I could only let her go, hoping she would slow up so we could jump. Maybe I might have made it, but those women never could in the world. It would have killed them before they struck the ground. I saw at a glimpse they were scared to death. The train was getting slower but we were going fast enough to get knocked to pieces if it had been stock still. Killed or not killed we had to jump. I stood up and half turned to yell "j——," when there was a gentle lurch and we were rolling smoothly down a long siding. We stopped before we got to the end of it. The flagman whose train had gone in on that siding the night before and who had left the switch open was never reprimanded."

F. McL.

SKETCHED AT THE RALEIGH FAIR.

"COME one, come all! your leg pulled for ten cents, or money refunded,"—this was the cry of a "fakir" on the midway. He was a tall, nervous man with a weary expression. He was spieling himself black in the face. His mouth was open so wide that if he should stand on a track, the train would probably take it for a depot and run right on in. All sorts and conditions of men were crowding around him. After losing nearly all their money in trying to throw rings two inches in diameter over knife handles as large around as stove pipes, they would try to commit suicide on a nickel's worth of buns. Just across from the fakir was a "flying jenny." A farmer, after taking a ride on it, said that it was enough to scare ten years of life out of you, whereupon an old maid, who overheard him, lost no time in purchasing a ticket for the next ride. "Your paper-holder took first prize, Mrs. Scudder," said one of the judges of the fair. "I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Scudder. "Of course I am glad to get the prize all right, but I am still gladder to know what the pesky thing was."

ANDREW C. HUTCHISON.

University Magazine.

Published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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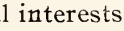
EDITORIAL

President Venable, in his last report to the trustees, very appropriately calls attention to the serious fact that so many who enter the University either withdraw or begin professional studies before they have completed the undergraduate course. He gives two reasons for this: "the poverty of our people" and "a lack of high ideals as to education and scholarship which makes the young men and their parents content with very moderate attainments and induces them to hasten into the work of life very poorly prepared for the struggle." It seems to us that the latter cause figures in the matter much the more potently. It is in the main this lamentable lack of

high ideals of scholarship that diverts so many of our Sophomores from the pursuit of academic studies into business life or the professions. Flushed with that sense of self-sufficiency which nerves the spirit of every Sophomore, they conclude that they have been on drill long enough. With their present equipment they feel that they will be equal to any emergency of life.

This is a monstrous mistake, as President Venable points out. To quote him further: "The State needs men of broad culture, with something of the calmness and poise of the scholar, men who have the historical perspective and who, by diligent study, have made themselves masters of the fundamentals of our civilization and of the mother language, and its splendid literature. The State can never become great, however much its material resources may be developed and its wealth increased, unless there be a goodly leaven of such trained men among its citizenship."

We urge those who are thinking of curtailing their college course to consider well this observation of one who has the educational interests of his state at heart.



Our representatives for the Georgia-Carolina debate have been chosen and now it remains for the student body to get behind the team. As the football or baseball player, urged on by the acclaim of zealous supporters, is able to perform feats which otherwise he would not think of attempting, so may the debater, who represents the college on the higher plane of intellectual contest, gain inspiration and strength from words of confidence and encouragement on the part of his fellow students.

Our scrub debaters should receive encouragement also. We offer them some financial inducement, to be sure; but dollars can never take the place of college spirit. We should let them know that our appreciation of their efforts in behalf of the University cannot be measured in mercenary coin. Few of us can debate very well, but there is not one who cannot help in some way to win the one debate we have this year.

Georgia has proved herself the most formidable foe we have ever met on the arena of debate. Of the three universities with which we have debated she alone has shared equally the victories. This should intensify our interest in the coming contest. The issue of this contest will sway the balance one way or the other. Shall it sway the balance toward us or our opponents? Let us answer this question in the light of our glorious past and with a full sense of our present duty.

The college newspaper correspondent holds a very important position. Through the press he informs the public of what is taking place on the college campus. He is therefore, in some measure, responsible for the attitude of the public toward the college. He can color events as he pleases, and his readers accept what he says at its face value. If he is careless, influenced by personal feelings, or in any way unfaithful in the representation of happenings, the college is the sufferer.

We are moved to write this editorial by the conviction that a month or two ago an important fact was misrepresented by some member of our press association. We are glad to believe that the misrepresentation was not

intentional. Perhaps it was due to carelessness. But is such carelessness pardonable?

Patronize our advertisers and tell them you saw their ads in the MAGAZINE.

The editor-in-chief wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the managing editor for his favor in writing the editorials for the last two numbers of the MAGAZINE.

The baseball season is now upon us. What it brings us will depend entirely upon our efforts. If we train well the material we have, we need entertain no fear as to scores. So far the weather has been very unfavorable for regular practice, but we are glad that our team has saved us from the humiliation recently experienced by Virginia of defeat at the hands of a preparatory school.

We have an interesting and well-arranged schedule for this season. We have games with Lafayette, Cornell, Syracuse, St. Auburns, the University of Maryland, Georgetown; and with our old rival who has always proved herself worthy of, if sometimes inferior to, our steel, the University of Virginia, we have three games. Two games have been played already with satisfactory results. These games were with preparatory schools and therefore afford no reliable test of the efficiency of our team. But we believe our team will be able to stand when the battle gets hard. Tar Heels are truly said to have a way of rising to the exigencies of the occasion. Then, too, we have several of our old men who last year helped so heroically to bring victory to the white and

blue. With them, we may rest assured, the right hand has not forgot her cunning. We have the inimitable Curran also, whose baseball tactics are the envy of Southern athletics.

With these encouragements, why should we not be hopeful for the future? Our outlook is brilliant. Let us rally around the white and blue.

EXCHANGES

The February number of *The Observer* is, upon the whole, a right creditable one. "Byron's Attitude Toward Woman," by Mr. Lloyd, "To Wed or Not To Wed," by Mr. Dardorf, and the poem entitled "Unfettered," by J. W. C., deserve special mention. Mr. Lloyd's style is fresh and clear and he shows considerable skill in the selection of passages from Byron illustrating the poet's attitude toward woman. As the author observes, the crisis considered in "To Wed or Not To Wed" is one which many a college man has to pass through. While there may be objection to the ethics of Mrs. Hoodson's solution, the author deserves credit for illustrating the crisis in such a vivid and entertaining way.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly is in rank with the best exchanges that come to us. This Magazine, perhaps because of the juvenile cry in the exchange departments for "more poetry," is well sprinkled with this article. We would suggest, though, that discrimination can be used to advantage. To have left out some of the so-called poems would have added to the worth of the February issue. The critical articles on Louis Pasteur and on Kipling are fair. The one on Pasteur contains good points, badly expressed. The one on Kipling also contains good points and because of the neatness with which it is done, is a much better article than the preceding. The February monthly is lacking in short stories. The two given—"The Dream Realized" and "On the Bleachers"—keep the interest up fairly well,

but are long and slow. Our criticism of the February issue is perhaps severe. As stated before, the monthly, as a whole, is usually good.

The Minnesota Magazine is always one of our best exchanges, but the February number is especially unique. It is a dramatic number and the whole magazine is filled with short plays and with articles on the modern drama. There are four of these little plays, all very fair, and one of them, "The Reforming of Stubbs," is strikingly good. It is a delightful representation of the doings of two college men. Then among the articles on the drama there is some interesting reading. "Theatre Going in Europe" is an entertaining sketch; in "The Old and the New Storm and Stress" the writer has handled his subject well, but the cream of all these articles is the masterful analysis of the spirit of the man in the article on "Henrik Ibsen." The frontispiece, the picture of the University Dramatic Club, aids the general dramatic atmosphere of the magazine. The idea strikes us as being very fitting, and at the same time as being very charmingly carried out.

Yet this idea of devoting a number to a special department of college life, when not consistently carried out, is absurd. For example, *The Wake Forest Student* has this time an "Athletic Number": one article on athletics, "The Student and Athletics," and editorials on athletics; the rest of the material is as widely varied as is conceivable. While the magazine mentioned above has carried out to perfection the idea of devoting a number to one subject, the *Student* has fallen as far short of the mark as possible. Save for the broad "Athletic Number" on the cover you would not recognize it as such.

With some articles on the subject of athletics and some good stories with athletic setting the *Student* might have gotten out an athletic number. But just here arises the question, what is the proper season for an athletic number? We do not mean to criticize the material of the magazine; it is good, we think. But war stories and articles on "The Humor of Shakespeare" make the magazine fall far short of what it seems to have set out to do.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The Cento, College Message, The Observer, Red and White, University School Record, The Queen's University Journal, The Carolinian, The Converse Concept, The Mercerian, The Columbian Literary Monthly, Niagara Index, The Weekly Columbian, The Trinity Archive, The Tahlahnekan, University of Virginia Magazine, The Furman Echo, The Palmetto, Pine and Thistle, The Wake Forest Student, Williams Literary Monthly, Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Collegian, The Haverfordian, The Criterion, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Harvard Collegian, The William Jewell Student, Davidson College Magazine, The Chisel The Journal.

THE LIBRARY

Books taken from the Library during the months of January and February:

JANUARY.

History	47
Biography	58
English	145
Fiction	681
All others	186
Total	1117

FEBRUARY.

Biography	64
Political Economy	73
English	169
Fiction	624
All others	473
Total	1403

It is encouraging to note that during February there was a considerable increase in the number of books in Biography and English taken out, and many less in Fiction. It is a healthy sign, and shows that the boys are doing more work.

ALUMNI NOTES

NOTES.

Hampden Hill, ex-'06, is in business in Goldsboro.

Quentin Gregory, '02, is in business at Halifax, N. C.

Pride Thomas is practicing medicine in Wilmington.

S. Brown Sheperd is practicing law in Raleigh, N. C.

J. B. Ramsey, Law '03, is practicing in Rocky Mount, N. C.

B. B. Bobbit, ex-'03, is publishing a paper in Trenton, N. J.

E. C. Gudger, '01, is an assistant paymaster in the U. S. Navy.

W. A. Murphy, '01, is in the turpentine business in Florida.

J. J. Nichols, ex-'03, is engaged in business in Asheville, N. C.

Paul Godbey, ex-'05, is traveling in the interests of Colliers Weekly.

Paul Yelverton, ex-'03, is in the hardware business in Goldsboro, N. C.

George C. Green, Law '03, is practicing his profession in Weldon, N. C.

L. R. Hunt, ex-'04, is taking a course at the A. and M. College in Raleigh.

Frank Smathers, Law '03, is practicing his profession at Atlantic City, N. J.

W. P. Hill, ex-'05, is working for the R. J. Reynolds Company at Winston-Salem.

J. R. Giles, '03, is now working for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad in Wilmington.

J. E. Cocke, Med. '03, is completing his medical course at a college in Louisville, Ky.

W. H. Webb, ex-'03, is working for the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co. in Durham, N. C.

Mr. G. L. Jones, '03, has accepted a position as clerk of the State Corporation Commission.

John Carr graduates this year at the head of the medical class at Johns Hopkins University.

A. A. Holmes, '01, was on the Hill for a short visit of a few days recently. Mr. Holmes graduates at Cornell this year.

Lieut. O. H. Dockery, Jr., '90, of the U. S. Army, has been ordered with his regiment to garrison the Isthmus of Panama.

G. P. La Roque has been elected to the position of chief of the medical staff at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

W. W. Council, Med. '02, has left the University of Virginia, where he was completing his medical course, and has gone to Florida.

E. G. McIver, ex-'00, stands at the head of his class in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and has been elected editor-in-chief of the college annual for this year.

The following Alumni have accepted Mr. Albert Cox's invitation to be honorary ball managers at Commencement: Messrs. H. L. Staton, of Tarboro, J. H. Andrews, of Raleigh, Burton Craige, of Salisbury and Robert Lassiter of Henderssn.

Francis M. Osborne, '00, will be ordained a deacon in St. Peter's Episcopal church at Charlotte on Friday, March 25th. The ordination will be conducted by Bishop Cheshire. During the winter Mr. Osborne has been at New York pursuing a special course in the General Theological Seminary.

MARRIAGES.

T. S. Fuller, Law '03, was married to Miss Pearl Penn, of Reidsville, during the month of February, 1904.

B. I. Tart, '03, was married to Miss Morton, of Morehead City, during the month of February, 1904.

NECROLOGY.

R. E. Zackary died in Wilmington, N. C., of an attack of appendicitis.

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University Magazine.

Old Series, Vol. 24. No. 5---APRIL, 1904. New Series, Vol. 2

LIFE OF SAMUEL FIELD PHILLIPS.

IN THE year 1818 there came to America Rev. James Phillips, D.D., and his brother Samuel, sons of Rev. Richard Phillips, a clergyman of the Established Church of England. Samuel became a merchant in New York City, James taught school in Harlem, and there, Feb. 25, 1824, his second son, Samuel Field, whose portrait appears on the opposite page, was born. Samuel had an elder brother, Rev. Charles Phillips, D.D., LL. D., a distinguished Presbyterian minister, and for a long time professor of Mathematics in this University. He also had one sister, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, a lady noted for literary scholarship, the author of "The Last Ninety Days of the War," and of a School History of North Carolina. Very few families contribute to the State so many noted men, or produce so many and such intelligent and illustrious children.

In May, 1826, Mr. Phillips the elder, his wife Julia, and their three children, moved to Chapel Hill; for he, like his son after him, had been elected to the Chair of Mathematics. He performed faithfully the duties of the position, witnessing the varying successes of his sons, until February, 1867, when he died suddenly on the rostrum of the Chapel one morning during prayers.

Under the thorough teaching of his parents Samuel was prepared to enter the University at the age of 13, graduating at the age of 17 years, 3 months. And

though among his classmates were such men as Governor Ellis; John H. Dillard, Justice of the Supreme Court; Samuel Hall, Chief Justice of Georgia; United States Senator Blair, and others of note—young as he was—Samuel Phillips graduated in the very front rank. It was during his college course here that he showed his brilliant intellect, ability to work, and stick-to-it-iveness, if I may so use the expression, that afterwards in life gave him such marked success. After graduation he entered the Law Department, studying under Judge Wm. H. Battle when he became Professor of Law in 1843. He received his A.M. in 1844. During that year he was almost the life of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, writing among other things an Ode to Leonidas. He was a loyal member of the Di. society, and took an active part in the debates. Then the societies owned the library, and he gave many valuable books to the Di. library. It was one of his peculiarities to buy good books, almost all the good ones that came out, read them, and then give them away.

He was of a cheerful spirit; and, what was more, he was original. The following parody on the opening verses of Byron's Bride of Abydos, published anonymously in the Fayetteville *Observer*, gives us a picture of the author in 1853, and is instructive from the point of view of the history of the University. It was entitled:

THE HAPPY LAND.

Know ye the land where the black board and Homer[1]
Are direst of 'curses' to "Sophs" and to "Fresh"?
Where the pains of dismission, the hope of diploma,

1. Mathematics and the classics constituted about four-fifths of the curriculum, and the first two years were much harder than the other two.

Ne'er chequer the dreams of an idle "Malish"?[1]
Know ye of rock-walls and ditches, the land
Where the granite[2] is brick-work, the terraces[2] sand?
Where the speeches of Seniors, quotations oppressed,[3]
In opinion of "subs"[3] will rank with the best;
Where "demand and supply," your all-conquering law,
Robs barrels and hen-roosts[4] from "Pinhook" to "Haw",[4]
Where the "'possums" and "'simmons"[5] are fairest of fruit,
And the lunatic serenade[6] never is mute;
Where groves are as green as the students they shade,
And naught can be worse than the warm lemonade?
'Tis the land where the "Junior",[7] sworn foeman to books,
Beats college all holler in playing for "knucks",[7]

1. Optional students were called "Malish" or militia. They generally resided in the village and so were not subjected to the usual surveillance. As no certificates were granted they worked for no prize.

2. Where are now culverts under the streets there were then, as a rule, gullies. The University buildings were stuccoed to imitate granite. There were recently raised terraces around the Old East and Old West. They were afterwards well turfed and the societies imposed a fine of fifty cents for walking on them. They were removed about 1890, the doctors reporting that they made the first floor rooms unhealthy.

3. All seniors were required to deliver original speeches once, sometimes twice, in public. At the spring "senior speaking" the marshal-elect, and his assistants, then called sub-marshals, or "subs," kept order, having auspicious seats in front of the rostrum, and paying strict attention.

4. Robbing barrels and hen-roosts of eggs and chickens was not uncommon in the early history of the University, because boarding at Commons was compulsory and the food unsatisfactory. By 1853 there was great improvement in honesty, yet enough dishonesty remained to give point to the satire. "Pinhook" was where West Durham is now. "Haw" is Haw river, west of Chapel Hill.

5. The woods then abounded in opossums, whose favorite food was persimmons. "Possum suppers" were a favorite treat.

6. There were no athletic games played except "bandy" or "shinny" in cold weather and marbles in spring. Hence the students strolled with, and serenaded ladies very frequently. "Lunatic" is equivalent to "moonlight." It is an ancient belief that a bright moon makes some people crazy and crazy people more crazy.

7. Ben Guior was the champion at knucks. He was a junior but not averse to books. That satire was a mere pleasantry. His playground was opposite the north entrance of the Old East.

From supper till sundown still kneels at his "taw",
Where shaving and students are "done" by Dave Moore,[1]
'Tis the site of the "Chapel", the slope of "the Hill",
Can it smile on such[2] potions as students can swill?[2]
Oh! passing the absurda of black boards and chalk
Are the liquor[2] they drink and the nonsense[3] they talk.[3]

This poem plainly shows us the young lawyer, with his Chapel Hill village office, practicing throughout adjoining counties, teaching a few boys (1845–48), making himself one of the students, joining in their "'possum" hunts and "lunatic serenades"; doing what so many of us wish we could do—carry our college life with us out into the world. When the Di. society moved from the South building to the present history room in Old West (1848) he was chosen to make an address giving the history of the society from its beginning. Unfortunately this address is lost, but it is said to have been a masterpiece.

In this same year, 1848, he married Miss Frances Lucas, granddaughter of Governor David Stone. His practice began to increase, and he was recognized as a man of broad culture, as well as a good lawyer. Once when the Professor of Latin was sick, Mr. Phillips

1. The satire on Dave Moore is totally undeserved, as he was one of the most reliable men in the village. Mr. Phillips was not in earnest, as he particularly liked Dave. He was a bright yellow "old issue" free negro, and kept a barber saloon and restaurant opposite the Chapel Hill Hotel (Pickard's).

2. The increased sobriety of our students is a great gratification to all the friends of the University. There were many stories about the badness of the liquors of old times. One was that it was colored with tobacco leaves. I heard a student say that he found some in the bottom of a bottle. A Georgia judge gave a judicial opinion that the hotel liquor would make a man steal spoons, and acquitted the prisoner by this ruling.

3. There was no dancing at social gatherings except at commencement. Nor were card parties allowed. "Conversation parties" and visiting ladies were common, and the amount of talk was colossal, oceanic. Of course much of it was—and intended to be—of the nonsensical variety. We had a "Bad Pun Club," which offered a prize for the most outrageously silly pun.

aught his classes for a year. He had already begun his rise. He was a member of the House of Commons from Orange county in 1854 and in 1856. He was becoming known before the Supreme Court. He was opposed to secession; but never favored any measure that would compromise the State. During the War he was a member of the Court of (war) Claims with B. F. Moore and Patrick H. Winston, father of President Winston of the A. and M. College. When that court was superseded by the office of Auditor he was the first incumbent. In 1864 he was elected to the House of Commons from Orange, and served as a legislator until after the War. He was speaker of the House of Commons under Johnson's Reconstruction (1865). In 1870 he was defeated for the office of Attorney-General by W. M. Shipp.

Mr. Phillips was then practicing in Raleigh with Mr. R. H. Battle. In 1866 he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court. In 1868 he and Hon. A. S. Merriman became partners, and continued so until Mr. Phillips became Solicitor-General and moved to Washington. On account of the war and consequent loss of property, lawyers had a thriving business.

Among the other lawyers at Raleigh were Dr. K. P. Battle, his father, Judge Battle, ex-Governor Thos. Bragg, Daniel G. Fowle, Ed. Graham Haywood and A. M. Lewis. Chief Justice Chase said of this bar that "it would do credit to any city in the Union," and Mr. Phillips has been called the most influential lawyer of them all. His arguments were more weighty and impressive. In 1871 he was elected from Wake to the State House of Representatives. In '72 he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. He was also selected by the

Department of Justice at Washington, D. C., to serve as Assistant District Attorney in '71–'72 for the prosecution of Ku Klux cases in the United States Court at Raleigh. And President Grant, when he came into office, appointed him Solicitor-General of the United States.

Now he was at the summit of his career. He was Solicitor-General for twelve years. In pursuance of his duties he moved from Raleigh to Washington—where his wife died soon after. In 1879 the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by his alma mater. Now he had charge of the purely legal questions of the Department, and argued cases for the Government before the Supreme Court. He was a very clear and forceful speaker, and it has been said by some that "he was the equal, as a lawyer, of any of the great jurists on the Supreme Court Bench." While Solicitor-General he married his second wife, Mrs. Maury, of Washington, D. C., who died about two years ago. After his term of office expired, he continued to live in Washington, practicing before the United States Supreme Court and other Courts, until about two years ago, when he retired from active life on account of physical infirmities. Soon after his retirement from office he was retained by Venezuela to represent its Government in certain claims against the United States. And that duty, like all his others, he discharged creditably, to say the least. That was his last great case, the swan-song, as it were, of the enfeebled old man.

Mr. Phillips was not an eloquent speaker. It was his method to thrust aside the minor points of a case, and to go to the principle involved. And this clear, deep insight into the heart of things, combined, as it was, with the

solidity, the forceful expressions of his broad and cultured mind, made him a power, if not a genius. In stature he was above the ordinary height, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. In his family life he was very gentle and affectionate; in society dignified and courtly. His attachment for the home of his childhood was intense; and on his deathbed he told his son he had only one request to make of him, and that was, to bury him in the "woods of Chapel Hill." So, in accordance with this wish, on the 21st of November, 1903, in the village cemetery of Chapel Hill, in the warm autumn sunshine characteristic of the mellow ripeness of his Christian life, were laid to rest the remains of Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, loyal and worthy son of his alma mater, and the University deeply mourns the loss of her child.

I. C. WRIGHT.

CHESTERTON AND BROWNING.

IN THESE days of barren and stereotyped criticism, based on a misconception of art, a decadent view of life, or the esthetic affections of a cult, the critic who really criticises—who feels values, does not advocate a theory or push a cause, is a rarity too good to be true. The critic we are all seeking is that man who speaks, not as the mouthpiece of a literary sect, but as an individual with an individual attitude towards the subjects he is discussing.

Everyone has grown weary of the detachment and impassibility of the naturalistic critic, who reflects merely the externalities of life. No one doubts that his purpose is the exploitation of a theory, that he is working according to a method. Such a critic can only win sufferance when he demonstrates his natural ability, his power to break the bonds of his theory and soar upward on the wings of unhampered imagination. So great a critic as Hippolyte Taine was great, not so much because of his scientific method, as in spite of it. His monumental "History of English Literature" has taken its niche in world-literature not for the scientific and naturalistic stamp it bears, but because of the tremendous grasp and the historic sense of the mentality which evolved it. Even Taine, rigidly devoted as he was to his evolutionary theory of criticism, could rise above it. His chapter on Shakspere is a striking example of the superiority of the man to the method. Throwing aside evolutionary theory, scientific bias and naturalistic formula with the recklessness of unconscious strength, Taine bursts into a glowing, perfervid and impassioned apprec-

iation of the master poet, which, if not accepted by English scholars as adequate or just, is beyond all doubt or question a spontaneous outburst of vital enthusiasm.

France cultivates the art of criticism in a higher degree than any other distinctly literary nation. This is one of the elements that goes far to give France the undoubted literary pre-eminence she still holds. This criticism more than often, as in the case of M. Taine, is a criticism *ex consuetudine*, a mannered criticism with a sort of philosophic and scientific basis. The acquired tendencies of heredity, the shaping influence of environment, the pressure of the age—these are the determinative forces Taine and after him Brunetiere and his followers stress and magnify. Paul Bourget is perhaps the leading exponent of the psychological school in the world—in fiction and in criticism—the school of William Dean Howells, Henry James, George Meredith and Edith Wharton. Anatole France, the most distinguished purist no doubt the world of literature has to show, is the advocate of a system of criticism, which has given him a prestige his polished prose alone might not have warranted. He belongs to that school of literary form which regards criticism more as a revelation of the critic than of the subject of criticism. He demands of the critic merely the accurate expression of the precise sensations which an author produces in him. Conscious or unconscious self-expression, with M. France, is the first and last word of criticism.

England can boast of such critics as Arthur Symons, Edward Dowden, Edmund Gosse, Saintsbury, Sidney Lee, Leslie Stephen, John Morley, W. L. Courtney and William Archer. These men seem to cover the wide

range of the schools. The whole gamut of critical manners appears to be run in Symons, the clever imitator of the French impressionists, Lee, the embodiment of British stolidity, William Archer, the cosmopolite in range and scholarship, Dowden, the polished and refined Shaksperean scholar, Courtney, the graceful analyst, Saintsbury, the wordy encyclopaedist, and the others of the list.

A new critic however has arisen of late in England and is now arousing a great deal of interest there and abroad, chiefly because of the novelties and surprises he is constantly offering to the 'jaded public.' The method of the new critic seems at first sight to be deliberate attack upon the accepted *dicta* of the present and the past. Suppose, for example, that some well-known critic of established and wide reputation declares that Ibsen is an iconoclast, a pessimist, and an enemy of society. Let this opinion be accepted and proclaimed abroad by the world of criticism as the definitive pronouncement and dictum upon the subject. Here is the very opportunity that the new critic has been lying in wait to seize. He at once proceeds to discredit and overturn this settled, established belief. Ibsen he declares to be a constructive genius, offering us ideals of right living, and building up the social structure rather than tearing it down. He will convince you, with subtile, clever and acute reasoning that Ibsen, instead of being the enemy, is on the contrary the saviour of society. Even if he doesn't convince you, he is more than apt to delight you with the novelty of his view point, the versimilitude of his caricature, the seeming verity of his paradox, and, more than all, with the liberation of spirit he gives you in the

recognition of the essential duality of any question. To get a new point of view, to have a new light thrown upon any subject, to see the very bulwarks of tradition threatened by this free-lance of modern thought is a gratification to any man, literary or unliterary.

To be told that Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book," of which so sympathetic a critic of Browning as Mr. William Sharp has said "the theme looked at dispassionately is unworthy of the monument in which it is entombed for eternity"—to be told that "The Ring and the Book" is the 'great epic of the nineteenth century' gives you a thrill and a start, if nothing more, and it may give you infinitely more, if you read on to find the reason why. After growing accustomed to hearing Bret Harte called as typical an American humorist as Mark Twain, after accepting such an universal agreement on the principle 'vox criticorum vox veritatis', it is like a dash of cold water, this sudden confrontation with the astounding statement: "But one supreme reason (for admiring the work of Bret Harte) stands out in a general superiority to them all—a reason which may be stated in three propositions united in a common conclusion: first, that he was a genuine American; second, that he was a genuine humorist; and, third, that he was not an American humorist." When we have been boasting ourselves on the local flavor and intense nationality of Bret Harte's humor, which fairly reeks of the California miner, the gold fields, the roaring camps of Western pioneers, to have the most patent fact, the most evident truth 'knocked into a cocked hat' without so much as an apology or an explanation may truly be said to take one's breath away.

We have felicitated ourselves in the last few decades upon the innate grandeur of soul, moral power, firmness of purpose and strength of character of the modern hero. "Brand," which is to Ibsen what "Faust" was to Goethe, has a hero, who for strength of will, sheer determination and moral grandeur is positively awe-compelling, however misguided we may recognize him to be. Dr. Stockmann in "An Enemy of the People" and Consul Bernick in "The Pillars of Society" of Ibsen, Pastor Sang in the "Beyond Human Power" of Björnson, Helbeck of Bannisdale in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel of that name, the character who gives the title to Mrs. Voynich s "The Gadfly"—these and many another significant male figure in modern literature we have hailed and acclaimed as the heroes incarnate of modern life. Their strength is the power of mind over matter, of soul over circumstance, of will over seductive temptation. Yet we are told that these are degenerates, symptomatic of the 'maladie du siecle', weaklings contaminated with the vices of an outworn civilizatian, petty puppets in the shallow game of modern society. The typical 'hero' of modern literature, we are told, is a man "who cannot decide which of three ladies he is in love with or which of six friends has really been his moral ruin, who covers trifling sins with transparent lies and a coarse vanity with a crude philosophy, who loses his faith in God when he reads half a page of German and loses his faith in his wife when he hears half a sentence in a club." The so-called 'hero' of today, we are complacently assured, is a "watery Reuben of modernity."

The brilliant and epigrammatic new critic to whom I refer is the journalist and author, Gilbert K. Chesterton,

whose essays have very recently brought him much before the public. His collection of essays entitled "The Defendant", his recent little book "Robert Browning" in the "English Men of Letters" series, his still more recent book of essays entitled "Varied Types", and numerous critical articles in the magazines of authoritative taste represent in particular the immediate causes of his popularity and success. The same epigrammatic facility, the same lucid method of expression, the same felicity in the elucidation of the unique points he makes run through all his work and give it a distinctive and aromatic flavor. It is not uncommon to encounter a bright critic. It is seldom that we find one who is consistently epigrammatic. But to find one who is bright, epigrammatic and at the same time deep is something in the nature of a miracle. Mr. Chesterton is speculative, stimulating, suggestive, epigrammatic, brilliant and to his great credit natural—a combination seldom to be found in the multitudinous ranks of literary critics.

Mr. Chesterton's book on Robert Browning is, I believe, the most delightful morsel of criticism, the most charming literary essay I have ever read. Someone has said that it is "probably the best life of Browning that will ever be written." With this opinion I do not at all agree, for as a biography of Browning I think Mr. Chesterton's book falls short of the mark. The life of Browning is the mere thread upon which Mr. Chesterton hangs his witty and pregnant observations upon the significance of the sturdy and robust Englishman as a poet and an artist. Here and there he gives us a few salient details of the poets' life, a very few illuminating anecdotes of more or less authentic source, a word or two about his

friends and acquaintances. These are not the things that drive Mr. Chesterton to epigram-mania, except in so far as they illustrate, clarify and illuminate some phase of Browning's character, some aspect of his often esoteric and incomprehensible art.

Mr. Chesterton, by very reason of his epigrammatic and paradoxical mode of expression, is driven to over-accentuation and hyper-stress of the points he wishes to make. Since he makes his 'hits' by propounding theories at odds with, or out of the beaten track of conventional literary opinion, he is compelled to back these up at somewhat greater length than if he were giving expression to some banality of criticism, which no one would or could (save Mr. Chesterton himself) dispute. For that reason perhaps, and also because Mr. Chesterton is an essayist, first, last and all the time, his biography of Browning is rather a series of finished essays, a group of brilliant points, a cluster of scintillant epigrams than a serious, well-rounded, carefully balanced life of Browning, touching upon all the recorded data the Browningites have been so zealous and enthusiastic in tabulating.

While Mr. Chesterton may be said, without fear of contradiction, to have a 'riotous gift of paradox', yet it is this very quality which gives to his style much of its distinctive quality. It is this which imparts to it a flavor, a spice, a tang. What gives Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes a *raison d'etre* is the undeniable fact of their surprising accuracy and logical verity. They are not the paradoxes which startle, surprise, waylay and then leave unconvinced, not the Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler brand which contain truth and error in uncertain proportion, with the odds on error. Be patient, although

it does not require patience to follow Mr. Chesterton whithersoever Mr. Chesterton may lead, and he will either convince you outright or leave you with a profound respect for his point of view, a respect which increases with thoughtful consideration of the idea he is seeking to embody, the concept he is seeking to crystallize in words. Mr. Chesterton gives us highly spiced food which, strange to say, is easily digested and sits well on the stomach. Like patent medicine, it is 'easy to take and pleasant to the taste', and not infrequently cures the patient, —if not of dubiety, certainly of ennui.

If Robert Browning, as poet, is the fountain and origin of the great modern movement which sees and glorifies the significance of the insignificant, the importance of the unimportant, Gilbert Chesterton, as critic, is the exemplar of a method which throws a glamour and a strangeness over the banalities, the accepted facts of life. "The function of imagination," he says somewhere, "is not to make strange things settled so much as to make settled things strange; not to make wonders facts, but facts wonders." If Ibsen's vocation is to question, not to answer, Chesterton's ideal is to answer, where there seems to be no question.

The features of Mr. Chesterton's book on Browning that may be called contributions to criticism are not so numerous that they might not be detailed in a brief way. The points he makes are sharp as swords, and they are made after numerous fanciful, graceful and elegant cuts and thrusts. Mr. Chesterton's interest in the way he says a thing is only second to his interest in the thing itself. And his interest in Browning, the personality, is only second to his interest in Browning, the poet. For

these two facts, perhaps more than for anything else, Mr. Chesterton's book lays claim to universal appreciation. The critic who writes under the inspiration of the conviction that "Browning exalted poetry above all earthly things, served it with single-hearted intensity, and stands among the few poets who hardly wrote a line of anything else" could not fail to produce something worthy of his subject.

Mr. Chesterton's book is only two hundred pages long, and there is little room for extended discussion upon many topics, yet it is regrettable that more consideration, in both senses of the word, is not given to the dramas of Browning. "Strafford" and "The Return of the Druses" are treated sympathetically and in a manner worthy of their theme, yet "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (which Mr. Chesterton incorrectly writes "The Blot *on* the 'Scutcheon"), "Luria", "Colombe's Birthday" and "A Soul's Tragedy" are dismissed with a mere word. This is logical of Mr. Chesterton, for he regards Browning as "by nature a neglected dramatist", "one of those who achieve the reputation, in the literal sense, of eccentricity by their frantic efforts to reach the centre." Nevertheless "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon", perhaps the finest example of Browning's dramatic instinct, and "Luria", so noble a piece of work as to inspire Maurice Maeterlinck to base his most lofty and human drama "Monna Vanna" upon it, seem to deserve more notice than a casual, indifferent word.

"Pippa Passes" is treated at length, and with understanding not unmixed with admiration. It is called the "greatest poem ever written, with the exception of one or two by Walt Whitman, to express the sentiment of

the pure love of humanity." Mr. Chesterton thinks however that Browning spoiled the artistic plan of the poem, in fact committed a distinct literary mistake in making the Monseigneur and his accomplice in the last act discuss a plan touching Pippa herself. Whether or not this is a glaring artistic error is not of interest here; the point made by Mr. Chesterton is unique and, as he claims, original.

As an illustration of Mr. Chesterton's manner, his remarks on the Browning love-letters are fit and clever. He calls it, in respect to its unintelligibility, the most extraordinary correspondence in the world. "There seem to be only two main rules for this form of letter-writing: the first is, that if a sentence can begin with a parenthesis it always should; and the second is, that if you have written from a third to half of a sentence you need never in any case write any more. It would be amusing to watch anyone who felt an idle curiosity as to the language and secrets of lovers opening the Browning letters. He would probably come upon some such simple and lucid passage as the following: 'I ought to wait, say a week at least, having killed all your mules for you, before I shot down your dogs . . But not being Phoibos Apollon, you are to know further that when I *did* think I might go modestly on . . ὤμοί, let me get out of this slough of a simile, never mind with what dislocated ankles.' "

Chesterton stresses the fact that Browning created a large number of quite novel and quite admirable artistic forms. Notable among these are "The Ring and the Book", and "Pippa Passes". This explains his words on the point: "The general sentiment expressed in the state-

ment that he did not care about form is simply the most ridiculous criticism that could be conceived. It would be far nearer the truth to say that he cared more for form than any other English poet who ever lived." This recurrent interpretation of Browning as artist and poet is the most deeply satisfying feature of Mr. Chesterton's book.

The most delightful and illuminating bit of cleverness in the whole book is Mr. Chesterton's illustration of the terseness and obliquity of Browning's mode of expression. Suppose, he instances, Browning were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. "Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

What then? 'You lie' and doormat below stairs.
Takes bump from back."

Chesterton adds "He is only so anxious to get his man to the bottom of the stairs that he leaves out about half of the story."

Mr. Chesterton's book is so fascinating that one could go on quoting almost indefinitely, certainly for two hundred pages. But before making an end, I must not fail to mention one thing. In his treatment of "The Ring and the Book", which he calls essentially a detective story, Mr. Chesterton clearly defines the claim of that monument of diligence and skill to be regarded as a great work. He calls it "the great epic of the nineteenth century, first because it is the great epic of the enormous importance of small things, and second, because it is the expression of the belief, it might almost

be said of the discovery, that no man ever lived upon this earth without possessing a point of view." For this latter reason, Mr. Chesterton gives it the rather grandiose title of 'the epic of free speech'. The chapter on Browning's philosophy is rather confusedly metaphysical and fails to convince largely because of its casuistic cast.

For me, Mr. Chesterton in his little book, "Robert Browning" has done two things. He has shown me Browning as I have never seen him before. He has shown me himself as I hope to see him often again. It is enough.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

MARRIED WOMEN BEFORE THE LAW IN NORTH CAROLINA.

MUCH of the married woman's law of North Carolina is *sui generis*. And we need scarcely flatter ourselves that we cannot sleep safely at night for fear that it may be stolen before morning: no other community now wants it, nor can we ever expect to find a thief who would knowingly appropriate it. A glance at the dissenting opinion in Vann v. Edwards in 128 N. C., 425, ought to convince the most skeptical of this fact.

To secure anything like an adequate idea of the present legal status of our married woman, we must go back to the common law of England, as a basis, and then note the changes made by equity and modern legislation.

Taking up her property and contracts as our *pieces de resistance*, we find that her property may be classed as realty and personalty, and realty may be considered as legal and equitable, while personalty falls under the three heads of choses in possession, choses in action, and chattels real. As to the personalty at common law, her choses in possession, that is, those movable things actually in her possession, became absolutely her husband's by virtue of the marriage, whether acquired before or after the nuptials; her choses in action, that is those things to which she was entitled, as a debt owing to her, but to secure the actual enjoyment of which an action at law might be necessary, became the husband's, provided during her life he reduced them into possession; and her chattels real, that is, personal estates in realty, as an estate for ten years in land, became his if their nature remained unchanged until her death and he survived.

As to her real estate, in cases where she had the legal title vested in her, as by inheritance from an ancestor or in conveyances by deed or will directly to her, she retained the title and the land remained hers; but the law gave to her husband the issues, profits and control of such property during their joint lives, and, if he survived her, and a child had been born to them, he was given an estate in said land for the remainder of his life, called "curtesy," and she could not devise such property nor defeat this estate by curtesy.

It naturally developed that these rights and control of the husband over the wife's land became burdensome and unsatisfactory. A father, for example, wished to convey land to his married daughter, for her benefit as distinct from her husband and exclusive of the husband's control. This could not be done if the woman were invested with the legal title; so something different was needed, and equity and equity courts, which had sprung into being to supplement the law and to recognize the rights and provide the remedies which the people demanded and the law courts in their slavish adherence to precedent denied, rose to the occasion. According to the equitable theory now evolved, the legal title might be conveyed to and vested in some third party as trustee, to be used for the benefit of the woman, thus vesting in her an estate cognizable only in the equity courts, and this equitable estate when expressed to be for the sole and separate use of the woman was free from the incidents attending the legal title, such as the husband's control, etc. These equitable doctrines carried with them the recognition that husband and wife in their property rights were two distinct persons, and were an encroachment upon the

legal conception of the unity of person of man and wife. In the equitable separate estates so secured to the married woman, after they had come over to us from the common law, it came to be the settled law in North Carolina that she could do nothing in the way of conveying them or making them liable for any debts except as allowed by the deed settling the estates upon her, and then only with the consent of the trustee—the trustee being present to protect her interests against strangers and against her husband, both in her conveyances or sales of the property and in making it liable to be sold in execution for any obligation she wished to assume.

Concerning contracts, we find the legal rule was that the married woman could not make a contract or binding obligation, and her attempt to do so was null and void. This was under the unity of person notion, her personality being considered to be merged into that of her husband, and he being the representative of both to do all contracting for both, and it was of course for her protection. Even if as a single woman she made a binding contract with a man and afterward married that man, the contract fell, because the two by marriage became one and one cannot owe a legal obligation to himself. And those contract obligations she had entered into with other men the husband assumed by the marriage, the wife being relieved therefrom, and the same was largely true of her civil liability for her ante-nuptial wrongs arising independent of contract. But, after the introduction of the equitable estates to the sole and separate use of the married woman, it often became necessary and right that she might make use of such estates not only in taking the profits from them or in conveying them,

but also in obtaining credit by virtue of their ownership; and to accomplish this end it was necessary that she be allowed to make such property liable to be sold for the payment of debts contracted by her. Therefore, with the consent and concurrence of the trustee, equity allowed her to place burdens or charges upon this equitable property by her contractual obligation. In this, however, it should be noted that she was not making a contract, which is a legal conception and which creates an obligation *in personam* and would have bound her personally, but she was only creating an *obligation in the nature of contract* binding only upon the property, an obligation *in rem.* The manner of making the property alone liable was peculiarly a conception of equity, and the procedure for enforcing such liability was, in its character, distinctly equitable, and not legal. Therefore, as said by Pollock, it was not giving to the married woman the power to contract, but it was erecting her separate estate into a sort of artificial person, represented by her as its agent, so that against her property, and not against her personally, could a judgment be rendered.

The above seems to have been the law of this State prior to 1868.

Now comes the radical change in the law of North Carolina. By Art. X, Sec. 6, of the Constitution of 1868, it is provided that

> The real and personal property of any female in this State, acquired before marriage, and all property, real and personal, to which she may, after marriage, become in any manner entitled, shall be and remain the sole and separate estate and property of such female, and shall not be liable for any debts, obligations or engagements of her husband, and

> may be devised and bequeathed, and, with the written consent of her husband, conveyed by her as if she was unmarried.

Later, in 1871, the Legislature made the following enactments:

> No woman during her coverture shall be capable of making any contract to affect her real or personal estate, except for her necessary personal expenses, or for the support of her family, or such as may be necessary in order to pay debts existing before marriage, without the written consent of her husband, unless she be a free-trader, as hereinafter allowed. (Code 1826).

And again, in substance,

> That no lease for more than three years or any conveyance of any estate in her real property for life or longer shall be valid unless the same be executed by her and her husband and proved and acknowledged by them, and her free consent thereto appear on her examination separate from her husband. (Code 1834).

And again, in substance,

> That no contract between a husband and wife shall be valid to charge the real or personal estate of the wife, or the income therefrom for more than three years, unless such contract shall be in writing and be duly proved as required for conveyances of land, and upon the privy examination of the wife it shall appear that she freely executed such contract and freely consented thereto, and that the same is not unreasonable or injurious to her. (Code 1835).

These provisions of the Constitution and statutes have little effect upon the equitable separate estates of the married woman that we have examined, except to make

them unnecessary in most instances, in that their purposes are largely accomplished by the *legal* separate estates here created. But they very materially change the attitude of both husband and wife toward the latter's legal property, real and personal, as well as the modes of her entering into obligations binding upon such property.

Since said legislation, the woman's personal property remains absolutely hers, and we have no need for the doctrines of choses in possession, choses in action, and chattels real, to distinguish her husband's rights therein, for he has none, and he loses his ancient right to the issues, profits and control of her legal real estate. Her ante-nuptial obligations, those arising out of both contract and delict, also remain hers (Code 1023), and he is not liable therefor, nor is he liable for any of her post nuptial contracts unless she be acting as his agent in making them; and contractual obligations may be formed now both before and after marriage between husband and wife and be and remain perfectly valid and enforceable. So we see the logic of the situation, in that before 1868 in North Carolina, when marriage gave the husband a decided pecuniary gain from the wife's property, it also gave him many liabilities; while since 1868, as marriage vests in him no part of her property, he is correspondingly relieved from many of those liabilities.

Now we come to some interesting constructions placed upon the Constitutional and statutory provisions before quoted, and in which neither Bench nor Bar has always unanimously concurred.

The Supreme Court construes Art. X, Sec. 6, of the Constitution to be a grant of a sole and separate legal

estate to a married woman, about as we saw in the old law she could be granted by deed a sole and separate equitable estate, and considers that the husband in the statutory estate takes the place of the trustee in the equitable estate, and measures her power over this new legal estate with the concurrence of her husband, by the power she had in equity over the equitable estate with the concurrence of her trustee. Then, on the theories that she cannot be allowed to do indirectly what she cannot do directly, and that the effect of making an obligation binding upon the property is ultimately to permit such property to be sold and conveyed to satisfy the obligation, the court holds that the Constitution in requiring her husband's consent to her conveyances renders a like consent necessary to her contractual obligations. And the court further holds that, though the statutes cannot change the essential nature of the estates or the powers conferred on the married woman by the Constitution, yet statutes are competent to prescribe the formalities by which such estates can be regulated and the machinery under which such powers shall be exercised. Furthermore, the court proceeds on the theory that the "contracts" a married woman can now make are not contracts in the strict sense of creating obligations *in personam*; but that, like her power above described of binding her equitable estate before 1868, she can only create obligations in the nature of contract binding on her property, and against the property alone can a judgment be rendered *in rem*: so that when we sue a married woman to-day on her contractual obligation she must have made some property of hers liable therefor, and we must in the complaint (126 N. C., 313) set up or

describe such property in order that against *it* a judgment may be rendered.

Accordingly, the statutes we have quoted have been held constitutional and valid, as not interfering with the married woman's substantive rights under said Art. X, Sec. 6, in requiring the husband's written consent to charges binding upon her realty or personalty; and in requiring privy examination and certain other formalities in some cases of conveying and charging. And the proceedings to enforce her contractual obligations are held to be equitable in their nature, and therefore a Justice of the Peace, who has no equitable powers, can have no jurisdiction over them. See 133 N. C., 352.

It is difficult, from the Constitution and statutes and the decisions of our Supreme Court thereon, to determine in exactly what manner in all cases a married woman may convey her property or impress charges upon it by her obligations in the nature of contract, and it is with diffidence that a general summary of the formalities necessary for her to observe is submitted, as follows:

1. To convey her realty, or to render her realty liable on a contractual obligation, when the other party to the transaction is not her husband, she must (1) execute a deed, (2) specifically describing the property, (3) with the written assent of her husband, and (4) with her private examination before an authorized officer, showing that her act is voluntary and without coercion by her husband.

2. To convey her personalty, to a person not her husband, she probably needs nothing in the way of form except the written assent of her husband.

3. To render her personalty liable on her contractual

obligation, with a person not her husband, she must (1) possibly execute a writing (103 N. C. 296; 112 N. C. 622), and (2) have the written assent of her husband, and (3) either an express charge of the liability upon her personal estate (in general terms, not necessarily specifying or describing property), or a charge by implication, which may arise from the obligation in its nature being for her benefit.

4. To render liable her realty or personalty, or the income from either for more than three years, when the other party to the transaction is her husband, she must (1) make a writing, (2) duly proved as is required for conveyances of land, (3) with the privy examination of the wife, and (4) the certificate of the officer taking such examination that the transaction is not unreasonable or injurious to her.

From this summary, so far as it approaches accuracy, it is seen, *inter alia*, that to protect the interests of the wife in her transactions with strangers, the law interposes the husband, who, by withholding his assent, may prevent loss to her; while, in contracts between husband and wife, the interposition of an officer to certify to the reasonableness of the transaction provides for her protection.

An examination of the confusing details with which we hedge about the divinity of our married woman and attempt to secure her protection, satisfies many of us that the methods prescribed for her legal operations are too intricate, often involving useless confusion, and sometimes too greatly restricting her powers. Custom, in numberless instances, now overlooks the formal requirements for her obligations, and occasionally to the

sorrow of most worthy creditors. Some changes for the better undoubtedly might be made, in the Constitution or statutes or possibly in constitutional construction; but whether we are prepared to take the wife altogether from under the control and protection of her husband, and "make her as the man," so far as property and its incidents are concerned, as some would urge, is a different question, and one which should well give us pause for deliberation.

Leaving these property and contract rights of the married woman, and coming to the liability of the married man, we find that it is his legal duty to support his wife, and if he does not provide necessaries for her at home she may, as his agent, secure them elsewhere, even over his express dissent, and have him bound therefor; and that an authority for her as his agent to purchase many things over and above necessaries may easily be implied from his acquiescence in her having them and his previous ratification of like contracts; that he is liable jointly with her for all judgments in civil wrongs and for criminal fines, the offenses having been committed by her during coverture; that he may be liable, and she not, for many crimes of her commission, the presumption being that she acted under his coercion; and that all real estate owned by him during marriage is liable to her dower right of one-third for life should she survive as his widow, so that he cannot clothe a purchaser with full title to any portion of his land without her voluntarily joining in his deed, and this dower right he cannot defeat by his will, or in any other way.

And, as to the married man's rights, we find that he is entitled to the society or consortium of his wife, and against a stranger alienating her affections or harbor-

ing her from him he has an action for damages; that he is entitled to her obedience, something which the law does not assist him to enforce; that he is entitled to her services, or the proceeds of her services, should she go out to hire; that he has no right to correct her with a stick the size of his thumb or any other size (though the common law perhaps to the contrary), but that our courts will not take cognizance of trifling assaults either by the husband upon the wife or by the wife upon the husband, the policy of the law being that such offenses would better go unpunished than that in ordinary cases the curtain should be raised to the public upon scenes of their domestic infelicities; that he is not accountable to his wife for more than one year back for any income from her separate estate received by him without her objection; that he is entitled to an estate for his life in her lands after her death, provided a child shall have been born during the coverture, but that she may defeat this estate (curtesy) by her will; that he cannot be denied ingress and egress to and from his wife upon her lands, nor is he indictable for a trespass upon her lands, though she be not thereon and his entry be forbidden; and that he is allowed to sit on her back-porch, in his slippers, to cock his feet up on the ballusters, and to smoke—in peace?

THOMAS RUFFIN.

TO MY PIPE.

An easy chair; a roaring fire in grate;
  No light save flames that shoot from out the pine;
A faithful Meerschaum filled with weed most fine;
  Conducive these to dreams—though bald my pate.
A dreamy face (now I have met my fate),
  And dreamy eyes, hair of a gold divine,
And lips just fashioned to be pressed by mine:
  All this within a smoke-ring frame, sedate.

But thou, old friend, art false! Though thou hast brought—
  What anxious sisters hoped for long in vain—
A face to love, and eyes that I had sought
  For months and years, in happy hours, in pain;
Yet lo! 'tis vanished, and life is fraught
  With all its old-time emptiness again.

THE CROWN AND THE NORTH CAROLINA COLONISTS [1729-1775].

IN 1729 North Carolina became a royal province and remained as such until 1775, when the united colonies became states. During this period the governor, acting as the agent of the crown, receiving his commissions and instructions from the crown and directly responsible to the crown, was the chief executive within the province.

Between 1729 and 1775 five sets of commissions and instructions were issued to the governors of North Carolina—those to Burrington, Johnson, Dobbs, Tryon, and Martin—and it is in these documents that we may best study North Carolina as a royal province; and especially is it to them that we must go in order to study the relation of the crown to the colonists.

While it was the purpose of the crown that the colonists should be its subjects, it is clear that it looked to their best interests and wished to maintain the most pleasant relation. Though the governor was the head of the executive department within the province he was by no means the sole executive power, for, in order to check him in any acts that would result in arbitrary relations with the colonists, the crown had provided a second branch of the executive. This branch was the Council, composed of freeholders of the province appointed by the crown and to serve during the pleasure of the crown. Thus there were two branches of the executive, each acting supposedly as a check upon the other. The governor should act in certain cases only by and with the advise and consent of the council, and he in turn checked

the council in its acts in that he was given the right of the negative voice.

Both the governor and the council received their powers from the crown and were amenable only to the crown, hence it was natural that both parties be in sympathy with the interests of the crown. It was the policy of the crown to look to its own good, as also to the interests of the colonists, but at the same time it is highly probable that the crown put on the appearance of caring more for the welfare of the colonists than it really did. This semblance was brought about by the appointment of the members of the council from among the freeholders of the province and by allowing them freedom of speech in debate. This, no doubt, tended to further the advantage of the colonists, but not so much as would be expected from outside appearance, for the king, ever watchful of his own interests, selected as members of the council men of his own kidney, and furthermore, to make more certain of his power over the colonists and to prevent their becoming through the council less subjected to him, gave to the governor the negative voice in all matters arising before the governor and council.

While the negative voice of the governor insured the supremacy of the crown, it cannot be denied that the powers given the council, even though it was of the same mind as the crown, iu most cases stood the colonists in good stead and that the members usually acted for the general welfare of the colonists as well as for the interests of the crown. This is shown in the matters that came before the council as an administrative body. In this capacity the council had a considerable share in the

administration of the land system. The governor exercised his territorial power by the advice and consent of the council. The council, with the governor, issued warrants and grants, decided upon the question as to whether lands should be granted for certain purposes, looked to the prompt collection of the quit rents, heard complaints about the legality of grants, summoned persons to show why they held claims to lands, and heard petitions for re-grants, and attended to many other matters of a like nature.

The object of the crown was to maintain its supremacy and at the same time to continue in pleasant relations with the colonists,—harmony was desired above all things, and no one can gainsay the fact that this division and the distribution of the powers of the executive aided greatly in bringing about the desired result.

An efficient judicial system was provided by the crown and here, as in the executive department, the paramount idea was the supreme power of the crown and the best general interest of the colonists. The crown was especially desirous that its subjects should enjoy their legal rights and privileges and to this end was the regulation of the whole judicial system directed.

The colonists were allowed the right to petition for the writ of *habeas corpus*, and no person set at large by an *habeas corpus* could be committed for the same offense but by the court in which he was bound to appear. No person was to be imprisoned above twelve hours except by a *mittimus* setting forth the cause thereof. Long imprisonment was to be prevented, and to this end the governor was instructed to appoint two courts of *oyer* and *terminer* to be held yearly. The fees of the Barons

and Judges were regulated. Each and every person was protected in his life, limb, freehold and property and could not be injured or deprived of these except by established law not repugnant to the crown. All writs and actions were brought in the name of the crown. The right of appeal was allowed in many cases, and trial by jury to all. Thus the greatest care was exercised for the protection of the individual colonist and the greatest possible advantage was afforded those who became involved in legal difficulties.

The governor, with the advice and consent of the council, was given full power to constitute, erect, and establish such courts of judicature and public justice within the province as they should think necessary for hearing and determining all criminal and civil cases according to law and equity. They were, however, not to erect any court or office of judicature not before established, nor dissolve any court or office already established without the special order of the crown. In this way an efficient judicial system, in which the rights and privileges of the colonists could be guarded, was provided and at the same time the control of the system was left in the hands of the crown.

Courts of appeals played an important part in the relation between crown and colonists, for it was through these courts that the colonists were made more certain of the protection of their rights. The instructions provided that appeals be made in cases of error from the courts in the province to the governor and council in civil cases when the value appealed for exceeded one hundred pounds sterling. It further provided that should neither party rest satisfied with the judgment of

the governor and council appeal might be made to the the Privy Council, in England, provided the sum appealed for exceeded three hundred pounds sterling. The instructions also provided for appeals to the Privy Council in all cases where fines were imposed for misdemeanors, provided the fines so imposed exceeded one hundred pounds sterling. Thus in the system of appeals all possible liberty, not inconsistent with the policy of the home government, was granted to the individual colonist.

Such, in a general way, was the relation of crown and colonists in judicial matters. The prime object was to protect the rights and privileges of the colonists without detriment to the power of the crown over them. The crown was the supreme head and it was its purpose to remain as such. It was the policy of the crown to deal fairly and squarely with the colonists, granting to them every possible right, but in the end to maintain its own position of supremacy.

Practically the same relation existed in the legislative matters as in the executive and judicial. Here we find the same general policy of the crown; to grant to the colonists as much liberty in legislative affairs as compatible with the sovereignty of the crown.

A general assembly composed of an upper and a lower house, the upper house being the council and the lower consisting of members elected by the freeholders from among themselves, was provided for the colonists. The assembly was the center of legislation and it is here that we should expect to find the relation more clearly marked. The commissions gave the governor power to call, adjourn, prorogue, or dissolve all general assemblies when he should judge it necessary. The governor, with

the consent of the council and assembly, or any major part thereof, was vested with full power and authority to make, constitute, and ordain laws, statutes, and ordinances for the public peace, welfare, and good government of the colonists, provided such laws and statutes did not conflict with the laws and statutes of England, and provided further, that all such laws, statutes, and ordinances were within three months, transmitted to the crown for approbation or disallowance. The commissions, in order that nothing might be passed or done to the prejudice of the crown, also gave to the governor the right of the negative voice in the making and passing of all such laws, statutes and ordinances. From this it is apparent that the crown was more jealous of its powers in legislative than in any other matters.

To be sure the lower house was granted some few privileges and exerted a considerable influence, but upon a whole, as seen in the commissions and instructions, the lower house could, in theory, amount to but little, for acting as a check upon it was the upper house, or council, and no measure could pass the Assembly without the consent of this body. And even should the two houses act in perfect harmony there stood the governor with his veto power. The lower house, handicapped as it was, actually exerted a powerful influence, in a great measure due to the fact that it, in turn, had the power to act as a check upon the council in legislative matters. The king, as we have seen, reserved to himself the final voice in legislative affairs, but of course he found it politic to sanction the action of the general assembly so long as it was not inconsistent with the sovereignty of the crown.

It is in the legislature that the rights of a people are

agitated and more strongly insisted upon. This the king recognized and he used the greatest precaution to insure the secure position of the crown. Here it was that the conflicts were sure to take place between the crown and the colonists, and we have but to note the terms of the instructions in order to see the precaution of the crown in its attempt to secure its position of supremacy over this phase of colonial government.

The governor was instructed not to allow the assembly any rights or privileges which custom had not permitted to the house of commons in England. "He was also instructed not to allow any act or ordinance for levying money, imposing fines and penalties, unless with a clause which expressly stated that they were for the crown and the benefit of the province; and he could permit no act by which the crown's revenue might be lessened or impaired without royal permission. He was ordered to see that all laws for the support of the government were for an unlimited time, excepting those for purely temporary purposes. He could not assent to acts of an extraordinary nature, whereby the royal prerogative, the property of English subjects and the trade of Great Britain, might be affected, until he had transmitted draughts of the same to the crown and received the royal approval, unless the said acts contained clauses suspending their execution until the crown's pleasure was known; nor could he assent to laws for a shorter time than two years, except those imposing taxes on wines and liquors, and these had to be of at least twelve months' duration. He was not permitted to reënact any laws which had been disallowed by the crown, unless with its special leave, nor could he consent to any act

which repealed any law then in force unless it contained a clause suspending its execution until the authorities in England passed upon it. He was also ordered not to assent to any private act whereby the property of any person might be effected, in which there was no clause saving the rights of the crown, those of all bodies politic and corporate, and of all other persons not mentioned in the act."

With all these restrictions there were continually conflicts between the legislature and crown authority. The matters most hotly contested were questions relating to the land policy, questions of finance, and questions of justice. (The colonists clamored for certain rights claimed by themselves, while the crown, firm and stubborn, insisted upon rights claimed by itself and denied many rights claimed by the colonists.) The crown foresaw that such conflicts were inevitable and in drawing up its commissions and instructions endeavored to make the terms such that its power could not be questioned, and in order that it might retain its powers it ordered that the commissions and instructions be closely followed. The crown insisted upon the over-lordship in legislative affairs and by its commissions and instructions so arranged that it was over-lord at least in theory if not in reality. Peaceable relations were desired, but the supremacy of the crown was to be maintained at any cost.

We have considered the three most important phases—executive, judicial and legislative—in the relation of crown and colonists. Now let us notice briefly some of the minor phases.

Religion was considered, by the crown, as an essential for the colonists, and strenuous efforts were made towards

its encouragement within the province. Churches and ministers were provided, and liberty of conscience was permitted all persons (Papists excepted). Education was to be encouraged, and all teachers, as well as ministers, were to be licensed by the Bishop of London. It was the purpose of the crown that the colonists should become strong both morally and mentally, and it did all in its power to this end. In education and religious matters we could but expect that the relation between crown and colonist should be of the most amicable nature.

Military defence was also provided. Armies and forts were to be maintained within the province, and the forces were to be called out by the governor whenever he deemed it necessary. Not only were these forces to be used in the defence of North Carolina, but also in the defence of other colonies if occasion required. We would expect to find the colonists opposing the power of the governor to call out the forces to defend other provinces, but whether or not there was any such opposition it was clearly the intention of the crown that all its colonists should be protected. (The crown desired that the colonists should grow and prosper, and to aid this it provided for their protection.)

This, in a broad sense, was the relation between the crown and the colonists as seen in the commissions and instructions, and this relation is just such a relation as we would expect to find between any wise home government and its colonists. Practically the same relation exists today between our own government and its newly acquired possessions, and the world looks on this relation as one that tends toward the highest interests of

our government and toward the betterment of the condition of our new subjects. Such, in theory at least, was the spirit of the crown in its relation with the North Carolina colonists. Friction, mostly in questions of land, finance and justice, came in between crown and colonists and the result was a revolution; but, yet, not even the most radical conservatist can condemn the spirit and justice of the policy of the crown, as set forth in its commissions and instructions to its governors, in its relation to the North Carolina colonists.

E. L. SAWYER, '04.

CHAUCER'S "KNIGHT'S TALE."

THERE is, perhaps, no literature in the English language which furnishes to the student a more interesting field for investigation than Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Entertaining and child-like in their simplicity, they hold the interest of student and scholar, gray old age and prattling childhood. What is the secret of their power over all classes and why do they live through the years?

Turn to the Prologue and there we find carefully drawn portraits — of strange and mysterious beings? Far from it. Chaucer's company ranges from the cancer-afflicted cook to the model caterer, from the simple plowman to the lawyer wary and wise, from the good wife of Bath to the wanton and merry friar. With him we find the doctor, the merchant, the sailor, the miller, the weaver and the dyer—all of them familiar characters. How they live and breathe before us under Chaucer's magic! Look where the Knight comes, riding upon his good horse and accompanied by his young squire. In him we see the battle-scarred champion of those old days when knighthood was in flower. Gentle and kindly-spoken—we would expect, nevertheless, that he could tell of knightly deeds boldly performed: and Chaucer does not disappoint us.

From the "Teseide" of Boccaccio, Chaucer draws the main plot of his "Knight's Tale," but he made so many original changes by modifications, omissions, and transpositions that the greatness of his genius is enhanced. The greatest writers have, since Chaucer, drawn from other writers. It is no reproach, however, if the mate-

rial so used is improved upon: on the contrary, that is true genius which is able to take material, old and worn, and so to transform it that it will live through the years. Tennyson, in his "Idylls of the King," drew from Guest's "Mabinogion" and from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and yet Tennyson is none the less appreciated. Shakspere, whose works have been ranked next to the Bible, took suggestions for almost all of his plots from the classics and from his contemporaries, but no one will dispute his greatness as a dramatist. To him alone was it left to see the possibilities of something better and greater, and to combine the sources into his world-read plays. To this ability to see a good point and to turn it to account in his compact and simple style Chaucer's greatness, as a literary artist, is due.

"The Knight's Tale" is an eminent example of this ability. It has been pointed out that the simple change of making Palamon see Emily first gives the successful lover a certain prior claim to her in the mind of the reader. The importance of this change, however, slight as it is, has been under-rated. The story would have been entertaining without the change, doubtless, but the original, for that matter, was entertaining, and if that was his sole purpose, Chaucer might have simply translated the story, just as it was, from the Italian. We would have read it then with our whole sympathies lighting first upon one, then upon the other and we would have been satisfied, at the close, with any termination. We would have been entertained but that is all. Chaucer saw this and gave a greater aim to the story by making it more than indifferent pastime for the reader. Thenceforward Palamon's cause is his cause and however

their fortunes may vary or to whatever degree Arcite may gain his sympathy the reader has enlisted his feelings with Palamon and remains loyal through it all.

If this were the whole object, however, to be gained by this simple change, the story would have fallen short of the purpose intended by Chaucer. His artist eye has taken in the interesting situations of Palamon in prison, and Arcite, his rival, free to win Emily, free to disguise himself and to become one of the court. He has noted the war-god's promise of victory while the reader yet believes the coming tournament will be a fight to the finish, and he knows just what effect will be produced upon our sympathies and how this effect will subserve his greater purpose of giving a higher unity to the entire story. This unity leads us to see some plan or plot in the story and we feel a confidence in Chaucer, in spite of Palamon's varying fortunes, and believe that it is his purpose, eventually, to terminate the story in a manner consistent with the feelings he has aroused.

The opening lines of "The Knight's Tale" give the setting of the story, introduce us without ceremony to one of the important characters, Theseus, and tell the related circumstances which, in their turn, introduce us to Palamon and Arcite. Chaucer, with his characteristic brevity, does not stop to describe the characters, but leaves them to be evolved by the narrative. With a flying phrase he distinguishes Theseus as "this gentil duk" and goes into the story at once, giving as his reason:

> I have, God woot, a large feeld to ere,
> And wayke been the oxen in my plough.

As has been noted, the actors in the narrative exist, to the reader, not as individuals but as characters. For

instance, we could never describe Theseus save as a man who was opposed to cruelty, and who is always open to prayers for mercy. He appears before us as a sort of stage-director, and is the main instrument in giving the story its fortunate turns. Emily, however, exists more as a rosy golden-haired goddess than as having any well-defined character. Palamon's character begins to develop just before his eye falls upon Emily. We find him pacing his cell with the nervous impatience which is born of an impetuous nature. Arcite, on the contrary, is back in some gloomy corner of the cell, himself as gloomy, resting his bowed head upon his hands. At the cry of Palamon he starts up and proposes that they bear it philosophically. Chaucer has, in seventeen short lines, given two distinct natures and we find that he consistently makes Palamon keep his jealous, impetuous and impulsive nature throughout the story. Arcite, however, is cool and calculating, reasoning, self-controlled, slow to act till his way is clear, and inclined to meditation.

When Palamon learns that Arcite has likewise fallen in love with Emily, his jealous nature is up in arms at once and he takes Arcite to task. To Palamon's hot speech Arcite coolly answers:

> "thou wistest not yet now
> Whether she be woman or goddesse.
> Thyn is affeccioun of holynesse,
> And myn is love, as to a creature."

Then he reminds him that they are both in prison and that it is of no avail to quarrel, "as dide the houndes for the boon." Thus all through the story the character of each is sustained, and although the names might be

obliterated entirely and we might be wholly ignorant of the story, we could, with those two characters before our mind's eye, pick out each person by what he said or did. For instance, no one but Palamon would have thought of rising in arms with his kindred to win Emily, and, on the other hand no one but Arcite would have scanned so thoughtfully the changed visage in the mirror, nor so coolly and subtilely planned and executed the device of disguising himself in order to gain access to her. It is only Palamon who, unarmed and alone, could face and challenge his armed rival. It is Arcite alone who could show self-restraint and could control his passion in order to offer fair battle. The same impetuosity which broke prison gives him up, a willing surrender, to Theseus. The same jealousy requires that his rival be also slain. Arcite, however, retains the same self-control and is sullenly silent.

Thus it is that Chaucer has drawn these characters in the course of the story which has, itself, retained much of its simplicity and conciseness. The perfect unity is broken only by the long address of Theseus at the close. This is the single digression of the whole narrative, but the anachronisms are abundant. It has been pointed out that Chaucer represents a fourteenth-century English tournament and an Irish "wake" in a Greek heroic age; but he has made other simple but ludicrous mistakes. Among these may be noted the transference of Roman gods to Greece. Palamon prays to Venus, and Arcite to Mars, while Saturn is called upon to settle the strife which follows.

Chaucer writes easily, but at times we feel that he is hampered by the rimes. Frequently he is compelled to use an interjection to rime with another line:

"He caste his eye upon Emelya
And therwithal he bleynte, and cryde 'a!"

No writer, however, surpasses him in the simple, compact style for which he is noted. In all of the thirty pilgrims which he brings before our eyes and describes so accurately that, with him, we can see the twinkling eyes of the monk and the hairs on the wart upon the nose of the miller, he uses, upon an average, only twenty-two lines, or eleven-seventeenths of a page. We might continue and extend our study of Chaucer into a book, but it is a rare grace to know when to stop.

W. F. McCANLESS.

THE OPAL RING.

WE WERE alone, Marston and I, in his room, seated in the comfortable Morris chairs enjoying the warmth of the open fire before us. We had spent the evening attending the psychology class at Dr. Bratton's —Dr. Bratton was Professor of Philosophy at Rutland University, where Marston and I were students—and had taken part in an argument on the subject of telepathy. Both of us were very much interested in this subject; so interested that after returning to our rooms, which were in the same building in the village, we went by mutual consent, to his room to continue its discussion.

For some time we talked earnestly of telepathy and kindred subjects, but as the night drew on the conversation lagged. Finally silence reigned and we leaned back in the depths of our chairs, musing as we smoked and gazed into the fire. The lamp was turned low so that the room was lit almost entirely by the firelight. As I mused my eyes travelled slowly about the room, resting now upon this object, now upon that, and I thought to myself what an excellent key to my friend's character this, his room was. Although it was large enough to admit of being handsomely fitted up its furnishings were not above those of the room of the ordinary college man for the difference to be remarked upon. Now Marston's father was very wealthy and his son could have furnished his room in the most lavish manner had he wished it. The fact that it was not so furnished was due to Marston's ingrained dislike of extravagance; he wanted everything he possessed to be of good quality, but not showy. My friend's excellent taste was also re-

flected in the decoration of his chamber. The oppressive superabundance of pictures often found in college men's rooms was absent, yet the walls were not bare. Several reproductions from the old masters, relieved by a few sketches and pictures by modern artists were arranged around the room, but not an immoral or questionable picture among them. Marston's admiration for art was pure, his moral standard high. The ornaments that interested me most, though, and that went farther to illustrate the eccentricities of Marston's character, were the curios above the mantel. Among others there were a long, keen knife from Afghanistan, a curiously carved and inlaid Turkish scimetar, and an opium pipe from China. Each of these curios had its history, too, "For," said Marston, "a curio without a history is rubbish." He had a mania for collecting objects with which strange stories were connected.

From the curios my glance fell to my friend himself. Even as he sat relaxed in his chair he appeared tall and heavily set above the average. A stranger would have taken him, with his square jaw and broad shoulders, for an athlete rather than a thinker However, in spite of the entreaties of his friends, Marston took no part in athletics. He was especially fond of psychology and philosophy and read constantly, mainly upon these subjects. Consequently he stood well in all his classes, and was conceded to be the deepest thinker in college.

I had been watching Marston for some time before I noticed that he was no longer gazing into the fire, but had his attention fixed upon something on the desk beside him. I followed his eyes curiously, but as the object of their attention was concealed in a pigeon-hole, I

could not see it. Suddenly he became aware that I was watching him, and reached forward as if to thrust out of sight the object that had attracted him, but instead knocked it from its place of concealment to the desk below. For an instant it spun there, then rolled upon its side and I saw, flashing and burning in the lamp-light, an exquisite opal ring.

"Ah!" said I, "it is the same ring whose story you promised to tell me."

Marston made no reply; indeed he sat gazing straight before him, as if he had not heard me. I knew better than to disturb him, as it was not the first time that I had had to wait in patience for the story that was sure to come. At length he turned to me and spoke.

"Well, it's a story I haven't told very often, but since I've made you a promise I'll keep it. This ring came into my possession in a very singular manner, but, before beginning the story proper, I must go back and give you a little information necessary to the full understanding of the subject.

"Two years ago this spring I was a student at Pennsylvania, where I made the acquaintance of a young man named Lacy. By chance we took rooms together in the same building, out of college, and, as our tastes and habits were very much alike, our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. This friendship grew so close that when commencement came Lacy insisted that I pay him a visit at his home in New Jersey, and I accepted. When we arrived we found that his father, who was making more money than he knew what to do with in the oil business, had invested a considerable sum in an estate in eastern North Carolina, with a view to making

some sort of private resort or other out of it. His idea was that Lacy should go south and attend to fixing the place up during the summer. Lacy again invited me to accompany him, and I again accepted, so late one afternoon in June we found ourselves, very much worn out by a tedious journey, in the little village of Waxhaw, near which the estate that Lacy's father had bought lay.

"Without any delay we sought a room at the 'hotel,' and enjoyed a good night's rest. The next morning we arose early and strolled out to take a look at Waxhaw, which we found to be a pretty little country town, with broad, shady streets lined by modest cottages, each of which was surrounded by a flower garden of its own.

"When we returned to the hotel we found what appeared to be the greater part of the male population of the village assembled on the porch. We saw, as we approached, that we were the center of their attention. While we were at a distance the conversation on the porch was animated, and many were the nods cast in our direction, but when we reached the steps the crowd lapsed into silence, and we were subjected to a close scrutiny as we entered.

"After a few moments talk with our host concerning the old Woodbridge place—as the estate that Lacy senior had purchased was known—we obtained the keys, and again set out, with a little negro boy for a guide. By this time the crowd had dispersed, but as we passed along the village street we found that it had done its work. Women clad in calico dresses gazed curiously at us from the windows as we went by, and then ran out and gathered at fence corners to discuss us until we were out of sight. Never before had I been the object of so much attention, and it began to get on my nerves.

"'Well, Lacy,' said I, turning to him, 'it occurs to me that we are creating a lot of sensation to be just plain college men. We're not the first folks that ever visited this town, I reckon. What do you make of it?'

"Lacy laughed. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I guess all country people are as curious about strangers as these are, only this is our first experience, and we are just finding it out.'

"His answer did not please me, though. There had been something besides idle curiosity in the manner in which the men had surveyed us at the hotel, and in the interest that the women had evinced in us. Prejudice could not account for it; rather there had seemed to be an underlying current of excitement. Then it came over me that our host had behaved himself very strangely when we questioned him about the Woodbridge place. He had answered our questions reluctantly and unsatisfactorily, altogether with the air of one who tells only half he knows. Although these thoughts occupied me considerably, I did not mention them to Lacy, and we walked along in silence.

"We had soon left the village behind us, and our guide was leading us along a country road, flanked by fields of growing corn. A short walk brought us to a tract of woods into which turned a carriage drive, choked with weeds and evidently long disused. Along this drive we picked our way until it terminated in a ruined gateway, beyond which rose the outline of a house, dark and forbidding. Here our guide stopped and showed no disposition to go further, so Lacy dismissed him with a quarter. The little negro grinned his thanks, looked first at us and then at the house as if about to speak,

then turned and fled headlong down the driveway, glancing fearfully back at us over his shoulder.

"We entered the gate, then paused to look at the place from a distance, and I must confess that I couldn't blame the little negro much for the awe of it that he displayed. Neglected and apparently falling to ruin, scrubbed bare of paint by many a season's storm, frowning down upon us from its shutterless windows and darkened gables, the old house loomed before us in the half-light of the trees clustered densely about it, more like a mighty shadow-house than a real building. The ragged, unkempt lawn and the crumbling outbuildings served only to render it more desolate. As we advanced up the grass-grown walk Lacy could not help commenting on the sin of allowing what had once been a fine dwelling to come to such a state of ruin. For my part, as I looked at the old house, the suspicions that had come into my mind during my walk became stronger than ever, and I groped vainly for the reason of this neglect.

" 'Well,' said Lacy, as if echoing my thoughts, 'if these people do believe this house is haunted, we'll relieve them when we get it remodelled, and bring down a crowd of young folks to fill it up.'

"We ascended the steps and tried the keys, one by one, in the door. At length we fitted the right one in the lock and threw back the bolt, but it still required our united strength to open the heavy oak door, so long had it remained unused. Then we entered and advanced through the hall, our footsteps deadened by the dust of years that had accumulated on the floor. Through the silent rooms we passed like ghosts, scarcely speaking as we made a tour of the empty house from cellar to attic.

This last attracted our attention especially. Instead of running the entire length of the main body of the house it ran only a little over half that distance, being cut in two by a wall formed of hewn oak timber that had evidently been put in after the building of the house. At first glance there appeared to be no door through this wall, but on close examination we found a small trap-door, hardly large enough to admit a man, closely mortised into the surrounding timbers, and fastened by two heavy wrought locks set in the wood. At once we sought to fit keys into these locks, but found to our amazement that they had been effectively plugged by the pouring of melted lead into their key-holes. Here was something to awaken our interest. Try as we would, though, we could find no means of penetrating into the chamber beyond that wall, so we were obliged to return to the village for dinner none the wiser as to its contents.

"In the afternoon Lacy had another conversation with our host, and then went to the house of a contractor named Martin, who lived nearby. Lacy was a man of action, and employed Martin to accompany us to the Woodbridge place on the following morning, in order to make an estimate of what the work of overhauling it would cost.

"Bright and early next morning the three of us reached the old house and began to go over it carefully. The contractor was an open-faced man, uneducated but intelligent, not the kind of man given to superstition, yet we noticed that he went about his work in a way that showed he had no liking for it. Through the downstairs rooms he worked rapidly, testing timbers and

taking measurements, but when we came to the foot of the staircase leading to the attic he hesitated and when he reached the top glanced fearfully at the oak wall. In reply to questions concerning it he told us nothing, although it was easy to see that he had something in his mind that he wanted to tell. When we descended and started again for the village, he turned and looked at the house in exactly the same manner as our guide had done the day before—as if he expected to see some dreadful apparition threatening him from one of the empty windows.

"Lacy and Martin at once made a calculation of what material and labor would be necessary and struck a bargain—at a high figure, I thought. For the few days following we had no opportunity to talk of the mysterious partition in the garret, but I am sure that Lacy thought of it as much as I did. When we did finally have a chance to talk the matter over again, we discussed it from every possible standpoint, but could make nothing of it. In the end, Lacy declared that he was tired of so much foolishness, and was going to find out what was on the other side of that wall, if he had to blow a hole through it with dynamite. He had little idea in how strange a manner he was destined to learn what was hidden by those heavy timbers.

"It seemed that much of the building material that Lacy had bought was being delivered right away and stored in the rooms on the lower floor of the Woodbridge house. Naturally Lacy wanted a watchman to sleep there. When he mentioned the matter to the contractor the man went white as a sheet.

" 'Lord! sir,' said he, before he thought, 'you couldn't get a man in these parts to stay there at night for love

or money.' Then he caught himself and stammered, 'You needn't worry, Mr. Lacy; nobody's going to bother your things at that place after nightfall.'

" 'Look here, Martin,' said Lacy, 'what's the matter with you people around here, and what's the matter with the Woodbridge place? You all act as if you expected to see the devil himself come out on you at any time, and jump whenever you smell tobacco smoke as if you thought it were brimstone. Come! Out with it! I'm owner of this place, and it's my business to know what's against it.'

" 'Well, sir,' answered Martin, 'to be truthful, sir, there's strange tale's goin' the rounds about the old house, and about the old Dr. Woodbridge that lived in it last during the sixties, and, for my part, I don't blame the boys for not wanting to sleep in it.'

"Nothing more could we get out of him. Lacy got pretty hot, but controlled himself and went back to town to find a watchman. He met with no better luck there. When he told our troubles to our host that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silence, and then said, 'Mr. Lacy, Martin's right. You needn't worry about anybody's prowling around the Woodbridge place after dark. If you must watch those things, though, there's only one way to do it—do it yourself.'

" 'By George! That's what I'll do!' cried Lacy.

"It was too late to get a sleeping place fixed up that day, but on the next Lacy had the room immediately under the mysterieus chamber cleaned up and furnished with a bed and table. This room was one of the largest in the house, lighted and ventilated by windows that reached from floor to ceiling in its western face and

opened on a balcony. Of course I insisted on sharing Lacy's room with him, although he wanted me to remain at the hotel. I had always had a secret longing to sleep in a haunted house, and now that I had the chance—for I could interpret the fear in which the place was held in no other way—I was bent on making the most of it.

"After supper we set out for the old house. The night was dark and sultry, the air moist and oppressive, making the clothing cling to the skin as if soaked with perspiration. The usual insect voices that fill a summer night were hushed; not a sound, save the weird hoot of a screech owl in the far distance, broke the stillness. Walking in such an atmosphere was wearing both on the body and the spirit, and by the time we reached the Woodbridge place we were greatly fatigued. As we ascended the path to the front door the deserted house seemed even more forbidding by night than it had by day. I imagined that I saw airy shapes fade from the windows as we approached and heard doors open and shut in distant parts of the building.

"We went up to our room at once, whistling to keep up our spirits as we went, lit the lamp and essayed to read. But the attempt proved futile. Ever and anon my eyes would leave the page before me to wander about the room, and end by meeting Lacy's in the same act. Then we would go back to our books again, but to no purpose. Finally we threw them down and tried to talk, but the conversation soon lagged. We were both feeling that strange, unreasoning dread of an unseen something that we have all experienced as children upon entering a dark room; that fear that some gruesome form will leap forth from the corner behind us to grasp us with

clammy fingers, and choke us into insensibility. At length we went to bed. Upon entering the room, as if by common consent, we had closed and bolted the door—something which neither of us had done since our childhood days, I venture—and now, when we retired, Lacy placed his Smith and Wesson under his pillow. I made no comment, but I was mighty glad to know that gun was there.

"I dropped off into a troubled sleep, and tossed until about two o'clock, when I suddenly found myself wide awake, sitting bolt upright in bed and staring into the darkness before me. I could feel that Lacy was also sitting upright beside me. The silence was horrible. So intense was it that I felt it, breathed it. Out to the west a storm was brewing, and the muttering of the approaching thunder, along with the sighing of the wind in the trees, served only to accentuate the stillness. By a flash of lightning I saw that Lacy held his pistol in his hand.

" 'What was it?' he whispered.

" 'Did you hear anything?' I replied.

"As if in answer to our questions there came a subdued shuffling from overhead, as of a body being dragged across the floor. Then followed an interval of silence which was broken by sounds as of a woman sobbing, pleading with someone. Then the shuffling began again, quickly followed by a sharp crack, as of a whip, and the same voice crying out in agony. The blows followed each other in quick succession; the piteous cries that accompanied them were terrible to hear. Now low and muffled they scarcely reached our ears, now shrill and piercing they filled the air about us with a living

horror. I set my nails into the bed clothing; a deathly coldness came over me, numbing my senses. Another flash of lightning lit the room, and I caught a glimpse of Lacy's drawn, set face.

" 'Shoot! for God's sake, man, shoot and stop that torture!' I screamed.

"There was a blinding flash as Lacy sent a bullet through the ceiling. The sounds ceased. Through the empty rooms the pistol-shot echoed, answering the thunder which rolled without.

"Lacy leaped from the bed and lit the lamp.

" 'What are you going to do?' I cried with a shaking voice.

" 'I'm going to see what's on the other side of that wall, be it man or devil, and I'm going to right now', was his answer."

In telling his story Marston had worked himself into such a state of excitement as I had not believed him capable of. He leaned forward, his body rigid, his hands clasping the arms of his chair in a grip of steel, his face, usually quiet and impassive, working in the intensity of his feeling, his eyes, wide and staring, fixed upon mine.

"In an instant," he continued, "I, too, was out of bed. How the next few moments passed I do not know. I have a confused recollection of jerking on my clothes, of rushing down a hallway, with a flaring lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other, after a half-dressed figure that bore two shining axes, of leaping up a narrow flight of steps and pausing at the top. Then full consciousness returned to me.

"For a moment we stood there at the head of the garret steps, stayed by the weirdness of our position. The

shrieking of the wind about the gables, the trampling of the rain upon the roof, the crashing of the thunder through which those dreadful cries seemed still to pierce, all mingled into a chaos of sound that appalled us. With a shiver Lacy drove the fear from him, dropped one axe, swung the other high above his head, and turned to the partition. In a mighty blow the axe descended, back first, full upon the lock of the trap-door. The axe-handle was shivered into a thousand splinters and its head hurled into a distant corner. As the blow rang through the rooms below us there came a great squealing and shuffling from the corners of the attic, tiny balls of fire flashed at us from the darkness, now and then a dark object shot within the circle of the lamplight, then, one after another, countless rats, great grey fellows, darted to the stairway and disappeared into the gloom beneath. Lacy seized the remaining axe. Clearly the locks could not be burst; he must cut the door out. Lacy was a powerful man, but under ordinary conditions the task would have been impossible for him. Now, his nerves strained to the breaking point, his muscles steeled to unnatural power by excitement, he swung the axe like a maniac. Again and again it cut great circles of fire about his head, merely to spring back, leaving scarcely a scar upon the the tough wood of the partition. But at last the blows began to tell. Splinters fell in showers, the old house quivered and shook, Lacy's blows became quicker and more furious. At last the door was loosening; it was almost out. Lacy drew back for one final, mighty blow—and shattered the axe upon the lock.

"But the blow had done its work; the trap door barely hung on its hinges. We leaped forward and, with trembling fingers, tore it from its socket—then drew

back aghast at the darkness revealed to us. What terrible scene lay concealed by that Stygian blackness? What form of death awaited him who should dare to enter that mysterious chamber? We hesitated only a moment, then thrust forward the lamp through the opening. There came a rush of air in our faces, and the lamp went out with a puff. Something light and airy brushed past us as if cobwebs were being blown across our faces. Darkness, utter darkness, confronted us, surrounded us. I fumbled for a match but found none. Then came a blinding flash of lightning that bathed the room before us in a sea of flame. Never shall I forget that room as it appeared then. It was bare, wholly naked save for a little white crucifix that hung on the western wall and glowed in the unearthly light as if bathed in blood. An instant and the flash was gone, but that scene had been burned on my memory forever.

"For some moments we crouched there motionless, waiting for I know not what, then Lacy found a match, and relighting our lamp we made our way back downstairs to our room. The reaction from our excitement had come and left us weak and exhausted. We trembled at every sound as we passed through the silent hall and, once in our room, slammed the door and locked it. Then we faced each other to read the same questions in each other's eyes. Whence had come those cries that had pierced the night? What was the meaning of the crucifix on the wall? We knew even less than we had known before we penetrated into that chamber about which so much mystery hung.

"Although the house remained quiet for the rest of the night, there was no more sleep for us. We sat silent,

too awed for speech, thinking, thinking, thinking, always of the terrible cries that had aroused us, longing for the dawn that it seemed would never come. Without the wind sighed mournfully through the trees, limbs bowed down by the storm brushed with a subdued grating against the weatherboarding, the distant lightning laced and interlaced across the sky. Far-away rolls of thunder still shook the house, making the windows rattle; the dripping of the water from leaks through the house counterfeited muffled footfalls that passed and repassed our door.

"But at last that endless night was gone, and with the blessed daylight came the workmen. Never shall I forget the joy with which I caught sight of their faces. They gazed curiously at Lacy and myself; and truly we looked as if we had seen ghosts whether we had or not. Each of us was as haggard and worn as if he had passed through a long illness. We noticed that the men held consultations in little groups, and that we seemed to be the subject of these talks. Then two of them went up to the attic and found the trap-door burst open. They came down on the run and it was not long before Martin came to us with a troubled face.

" 'Mr. Lacy', said he, 'the men have refused to work. It was hard enough to get them to come here in the first place, and now that they have seen how you gentlemen look this morning and have found that door broken open they simply won't stay about the place.'

"Lacy found entreaty of no avail; in fact he said very little to the men, but walked gloomily about the place looking things over. In his tour he stopped at the end of the building in which lay the chamber that had given

us so much trouble. For a time he gazed up at the house in an abstracted manner; then his face lit up.

" 'Marston,' he yelled to me, 'come on! I've found something,' and started for the door.

"I followed and caught up with him at the porch where he paused to pick up a measuring tape. Then we climbed the stairs in a hurry and stopped in front of the trap-door.

" 'Look there!' he cried; 'there's no window in that wall, and there is one in that end of the house!'

"With feverish haste he crawled through the trap-door and handed me the end of the measure, then walked to the wall opposite and placed the measure on the floor. The tape read thirty-seven feet, six inches. Quickly he came back to the door, ran down the steps, marked the position of the wall in the garret on the floor of the hall below and measured the distance from there to the end of the hall. The tape read fifty feet!

"Lacy looked up, his face shining.

" 'Marston,' cried he; 'there's twelve and one-half feet yet between that wall and the end of the house, and that space can tell us something! Come on!'

"Seizing an axe and saw we again ascended to the garret and surveyed the new partition. On examination we found that it was lighter than the first, being built of sawed pine lumber. In a few moments we had torn a considerable hole in it and found, true to our expectations, that it cut off a narrow closet, lit by the small window that Lacy had seen from the lawn.

"This we took in at a glance, but the sight of the floor held us spellbound. Scattered about the apartment were torn remnants of a woman's clothing, now yellowed

by age and covered thickly with dust. Here and there lay bits of linen and laces, crumpled and torn, as if snatched from the clothing and cast to the floor by some rough hand. Among these were mingled the pieces of a silk dress; nearly a silk stocking was outlined upon the floor; in one corner lay a dainty little shoe, eaten by time, the fashion of many years ago. Upon many of these articles and upon the floor were dark brown splotches, in the middle of which, gleaming in a ray of sunshine, lay this opal ring.

"We had not long to take in the scene before us, for footsteps sounded on the stairs. The workmen had seen our hurried entry into the house, had heard the sounds we had made in tearing out the partition and then, neither hearing nor seeing anything further of us, had become alarmed and followed us. Under I know not what impulse I crawled into the closet and picked up the ring, only to drop it in horror, for, as I grasped it, the bit of cloth upon which it had seemed to lie fell from it, disclosing another ring close to the first, and, clinging to both, a shriveled human finger. The steps sounded nearer, and again I caught up the rings with their gruesome burden, this time wrapping them in a bit of blood-stained linen and dropping them into my pocket."

Marston had been speaking excitedly, scarcely pausing between his sentences except when forced to catch his breath, but now he stopped suddenly and looked at me as if struck by a sudden thought.

After a slight pause he spoke again, "That isn't all of the story, but I want to see if you can't find out the rest for yourself. You know that in psychology there is a theory that if an object be intimately connected

with an incident of exceptional importance there will remain about it the scenes of that incident. Now it is also a part of this theory that if a person take an object so imbued and concentrate his whole mind upon it, striving earnestly to penetrate the secret that it conceals, until he gets his very soul wrapped about it, as it were, when he falls asleep the scenes enacted about that object will take form in his dreams. This fact has, you know, been demonstrated in several very remarkable instances. Now what I want you to do is to take this ring and concentrate your mind upon it in just that manner. If you so do, I believe, you will solve its story for yourself. Are you afraid?"

Afraid! I was only too eager to test this theory, in which I was as deeply interested as Marston. Without a moment's hesitation I reached out for the ring.

He placed it carefully in my hand and said, "Then you must remain in my room to-night. I will sleep in yours and leave the door ajar. If you want me, call."

Before I realized it he was gone and I sat alone before the fire, the ring in my hand. I leaned back in my chair and held the circlet up before me in the firelight, turning the stone from side to side until it flashed and burned with new splendors. Deep into its heart I gazed, trying to fathom the mystery that it concealed. What terrible deed of hatred or revenge was hidden in its glowing depths? Through what means had it been the witness of the agony of a tortured soul? Upon what slender hand had it sparkled and shone only to be torn away with the finger that bore it and cast upon the floor of the lonesome attic? Long I mused and pored over the bit of gold and its jewel, forming countless theories as

to its owner and her fate—for never for an instant did I doubt that it had belonged to a woman. Had this ring passed down from generation to generation as an heirloom; had it rested upon that dainty finger as the pledge of a love sealed by the band of gold found beneath it, or had it rested there as the price of a nameless crime? Conjecture after conjecture filled my brain until the gleaming opal seemed sealed upon it.

Then the stone seemed to grow, to expand before my eyes. At first slowly and indistinctly, then more rapidly and clearly, it grew into a larger form. Soon the jewel seemed to surround me; I was within it, and as I gazed at the sparkling walls about me they gradually lost their splendor. Instead of the ever-changing fires of a precious gem, the rough walls of a garret chamber began to appear. Bit by bit the details of the room came out. On one side was a tiny window through which the sunlight streamed, on another hung a crucifix, before me, in the light of the window were two figures. One was a woman. She was half kneeling, with her side toward me, and I could see that she was very beautiful. The whiteness of her small, finely shaped features was heightened by the mass of black hair flowing loose about her face. Her dress was dishevelled and the clothing had been torn from her shoulders and arms which were perfect in form. Her slender hands, bound together at the wrists, were clasped as if in entreaty, and upon one of them I caught the flash of an opal. The other figure was that of a man who stood, with his back toward me, above the crouching form of the woman and held her by the wrists with his left hand. He was close set and muscular, and his clothing was cut after the fashion of many years

ago. The woman's face was upturned to his and her lips moved as if in entreaty, but I heard no sound. Suddenly the man raised with his right hand a slender, heavy-handled, riding whip, the woman cringed, and the blow fell across her shoulders, leaving a crimson ribbon that stood out against the ivory whiteness of her skin. A low cry of pain and terror escaped her. Again and again the whip rose, and fell, the woman tossed and beat upon the floor in agony, the chamber rang with her piteous cries. Under the lashes of the whip dark red drops leaped from her shoulders to spatter at her feet, crimson rivulets of blood trickled down her clothing and across the floor, her breath came in mighty gasps to pour forth again in screams of agony, yet never once did she take her eyes from the man's. He had turned in the struggle so that his face was brought into my view, and such a look of fury and hate I hope never to see upon the face of mortal man. His face was livid and drawn, his eyes staring, his lips curled back from his yellow teeth which gnashed the froth that covered them. At length, in her writhing, the bands on the woman's hands parted and, with a wild cry, she leaped forward to throw her arms about her torturer. Screaming an oath so terrible that it seared my listening ears he sprang back and raised the butt of the whip to strike his victim down. The limit of my endurance had come. Uttering a choking cry I leaped forward to stave off the blow—and fell my length on the floor.

I came to with Marston standing over me holding a student's lamp high above his head. Swiftly he lifted me and placed me, trembling as with the ague, in a chair, then snatched a bottle from his closet and poured

out a stiff tumbler of brandy which he forced down my throat. While I revived he sat watching me intently, hardly able to contain himself so excited was he. As soon as I was able to speak again he cried out eagerly.

"What was it? What was it?"

Briefly, but exactly, I described my dream, while he sat listening, rubbing his hands with satisfaction.

"Exactly the same! Exactly in every detail!" he exclaimed, as soon as I had finished, "Only two other men besides yourself have made the experiment and the result has been identically the same in each case. I was one of those two, Lacy was the other. I got only as far as you did, but Lacy stood it clean through and saw how the rings came to be as we found them. God! it was horrible! I'm glad you quit where you did, the whole thing would have driven you crazy. Lacy is a strong man and it nearly finished him. Whew! I shouldn't have let myself be so far carried away as to have risked you." Marston mopped his brow.

"Well, don't tell me anything about it," said I, "I've heard enough of that cursed story. If that ring was mine I'd throw it into the fire."

"Oh, you'll get over that," returned he, "I felt that way myself when I was in your place. I'll tell you the rest of the dream when you get over the shock."

It was useless to think of sleeping more that night, so after a pause I said, "What became of Lacy and the old Woodbridge place, and how do you happen to have the ring?"

"To tell you the rest of that part of the story as quickly as possible I'll go back to where I left off.

"What made me put the rings in my pocket I don't know, but I've been glad ever since that I did it. When

the workmen saw the contents of the closet they left in a body, and I'll risk saying that none of them have ever been on the lot since. If they had seen the rings we might have had some trouble keeping them in our possession. As it was Lacy and I went back to the hotel and took a day's rest. We no longer cared about sleeping at the Woodbridge place. The next day we examined the two rings and the finger with them more closely. From the evidences of its form and shape we decided that beyong a doubt the finger had been severed from a woman's hand, and, after separating it from the rings, we buried it in the village cemetery. God only knows where lies the body to which it belongs. The rings we cleansed and packed away in Lacy's trunk.

"As to what became of the old house; two nights after our adventure there came a thunderstorm more terrible than any that had ever visited that section. The lightning blazed in a continuous sheet, the air popped and cracked with electricity, the thunder rolled with a steady crash. At the very last of the storm a great jugged bolt shot down from the sky and struck in the clump of woods in which lay the Woodbridge place. I was standing at the window and saw the bolt fall. A few moments later a lurid glance showed above the treetops, and we knew what had happened. It seemed that others had seen that flash of lightning, too, for when we started for the old place we found that we were not the first. When we arrived the roof had already fallen in and the whole building was a mass of flames. A knot of men stood at the gateway and watched the conflagration, but none ventured nearer. Some of those who had been the first to arrive, when the fire was still confined to the roof,

swore that they saw strange shapes flitting about the garret in the red glare and that they heard wild cries above the crackling of the flames. Be that as it may, before daylight the whole building had been reduced to a mass of glowing embers, and the haunted house of Waxhaw was no more.

"As soon as possible Lacy settled up his affairs and we turned northward again, glad to leave the scene of our unpleasant adventure. I had already thought of this theory which you have just tested in regard to the rings, so when we reached New Jersey again I explained it to Lacy. The result was that we agreed to test it with this opal ring here, and that the one who first tried it should keep the result to himself until after the other's trial. I tried it first and then Lacy, with the result that I have already told you. So completely was he unstrung by his dream that he declared that he became cold whenever he saw this ring, so he insisted that I take it and he keep the plain one. So that explains how I came to be the possessor of this opal ring."

For a time we were both silent; then I asked again, "Did you never find any clue as to the identity of the the figures that have appeared in this dream?"

"We found out a few things," he answered, "but the greater part of the information we sought was unobtainable. This much we found out at Waxaw. The old house known as 'the Woodbridge place' had existed for many years before it was bought and remodelled, sometime in the sixties, by a Dr. Woodbridge of Charleston. He was a middle-aged man when he bought it, and his reason for doing so was never apparent. After he had overhauled and furnished it he lived in it very little. He

was wont to appear suddenly at the place, remain a few days, and then disappear as suddenly as he had come, so it occasioned no comment when he ceased coming altogether. The description we got of him tallied very well with that of the man you saw in your dream. It was not known there whether he had a wife or not. Several years after the last visit of Dr. Woodbridge a young man who claimed to be a kinsman of his appeared and took charge of the place, but did not remain long, selling out and leaving as quickly as possible. After that the estate changed hands a number of times, gradually falling into the state of ruin in which it was when old Lacy bought it. During all this time the house had been practically tenantless, those who were bold enough to occupy it at all moving out in a short time, with strange stories of the noises heard there at night. The same cries that we had heard had come to the ears of hunters passing near the house at night, so, for years, no one had been known to venture even into the woods about the house after nightfall. Nothing could we learn about the oaken partition other than that it had always been there, but so great was the awe in which the place was held that no one had ever attempted to penetrate it. This was all that we could learn at Waxaw.

Then we went to Charleston, There we learned that at about the same time that the old place at Waxaw was being remodelled, a very wealthy Dr. Woodbridge had married a society belle of that city. She was a beautiful woman, besides being rich, and had a host of admirers, hence her marriage to this elderly doctor created a good deal of talk at the time. It was rumored that the girl was forced to marry him, though by what

means we could not find out. Clearly she did not love him, for their domestic troubles were common talk, and he watched her continually. One night at a ball about a year after their marriage, her husband met her returning from a stroll through the garden with one of her former lovers. The doctor is said to have stood across their path and looked his wife fairly in the eyes for several moments, then to have turned and strode away. They left the ball-room together shortly afterward, and that was the last ever seen of either in Charleston. Of course there was a certain amount of excitement over the disappearance of two persons of their station but nothing ever came of it. Although we tried diligently we could find no record of Dr. Woodbridge's having bought an estate in North Carolina. In regard to the woman that he married we could only learn that she was a famous beauty, of medium stature, and a brunette. There the matter stands. Now you know as much about it as I do, but that is very little."

Marston stopped speaking and glanced at the window; behind the heavy curtains the dawn was creeping in. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out his watch; it was after five o'clock.

Q. S. MILLS.

LOST HIS BATTING EYE.

JOHNSTON was playing in the Eastern League. Till July he had batted well but, owing to the effectiveness of an opposing pitcher, his batting average experienced quite a slump. The local paper, which Johnston regularly sent his brother, contained the following "knocker" in the comment column:

"Newark lost again to Baltimore today. The fans seemed to be disgusted with the slab work of the locals and several kicks came from the grandstand. This, the reporter thinks, was rather uncalled for as our men exhibited lots of ginger in the field. The inability of the Pennant Swingers to clinch their lead was due, more than to anything else, to the splendid work of Globenstein, Baltimore's crack twirling artist.

"Johnston, contrary to his usual 'bunt' work, showed up in bad form. He will be retired to the bench in tomorrow's game to allow him to regain his batting eye."

Johnston's brother read aloud the criticism to his mother. She did not thoroughly understand the base ball vernacular and she felt that something very unfortunate, if not fearful, had happened to her son. George, noticing the anxious expression of his mother's face, read the personal mention again by way of explanation.

"What? Does the paper say Tom is losing his sight?"

"No, mamma, nothing of the kind. Tom has simply lost his batting eye for the present. He——"

"Well, great heavens! that's awful enough. I'm going to telegraph Tom at come home at once."

"Oh, mamma, you don't understand at all. Tom——"

"Why, son, you know if the poor boy can't bat his eyes, he ought to be home under treatment."

A GLIMPSE AT A NEGRO WEDDING.

I ONCE had the pleasure of a peep at a negro wedding. It was at a little country church. The church was so crowded that I could hardly see what was going on. The bride and groom were standing in front of the preacher. The best man was stationed behind the groom, ready to catch him in case he should fall. The bridesmaids were struggling with each other to see which could get nearest the bride. The preacher was a tall, slim man with large feet. He had a fringe of white, wooly hair running around the back of his head and down the sides of his face. He wore a large, white, funnel-shaped gown reaching a little below his knees, with sleeves large enough to camp out in. He was seriously questioning the groom who, with a two-dollar bill in his hand, stood trembling from head to foot. The groom wore a long frock coat with a long-stemmed sunflower sticking in the button hole. He was shaking the little church like an earthquake. The bride held him by the hand. She wore low neck and short sleeves. The parson asked the groom if he would take the woman for better or worse. The groom was very nervous, and replied that he certainly would, because he could not save enough money from his salary for a divorce.

ANDREW C. HUTCHISON.

THE OCEAN STORM.

When over the sea the north wind comes
    Loud is the tempest's roar;
Over the waves the cloud-banks loom,
On the harbor bar the breakers boom,
    Tossed is the ocean floor.

Out on the wild deep the good ship reels
    Under the flying gale;
Loud and long each straining mast
Groans in the grip of the driving blast,
    Loose flies each storm-rent sail.

You maidens whose hearts are on the seas,
    Pray to your God above;
Pray that your lovers may brave the night
And safely pass the beacon light
    Back to their homes and love.

He alone, with his powerful hand,
    The ocean wide doth keep;
Through him the vessels pass the shoals
To bear back again the fearless souls
    That battle with the deep.

Q. S. M.

BOOK NOTES

North Carolina: A Study in English Colonial Government. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Economics and Associate Professor of History in the University of North Carolina. New York and London: The Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. XIII + 260.

Dr. Raper has written the first thorough study in the institutional history of colonial North Carolina, the first scientific attempt to show why the Crown lost its control over the American colonies. He has made this exhaustive study entirely from the sources; and in doing so, has examined every available source in North Carolina, New York City and London. This is the third work published by Dr. Raper, and is the fruit of five years of his labor. It is the first work on North Carolina History ever published by an international publisher. The volume is octavo in size, elegantly bound, and printed in large clear type on good paper. The author has taken the pains in each instance to cite definite authorities for statements made.

The volume consists of ten chapters, a bibliography of sources and other works, and a carefully prepared index.

The author, though making a detailed study of North Carolina under the Crown, recognizes the fact that "the life of one particular period in the development of a people, as of an individual, has a most intimate relation with that of former periods;" and therefore he devotes his first chapter to a review of the Proprietary period,

1663-1729. In this chapter he discusses the economic, political and social forces which had been at work in the colony from the very beginning, and gives a summary of the effects of Proprietary administration.

The distinct merit of the next seven chapters is the fact that, making no attempt at chronological order, the author has traced separately the evolution and development of each of our colonial institutions.

Chapter II. is devoted to a discussion of the Governor under the Crown: his relations to the Crown; his powers and duties; and, finally, a brief study of the administration, and a judicious estimate of the character, of each of the five Royal Governors.

In Chapter III. we have a discussion of the provincial Council; its relations to the Governor and the Crown; its composition and organization; its executive and legislative functions; and its powers and duties.

Chapter IV. studies the Lower House: its relation to the Governor and Council; its privileges granted by the Crown, and the privileges which it claimed as the inherent rights of Englishmen; its legislative, executive, and judicial powers and duties; and its influence on colonial administration.

In chapter V. the author studies the territorial system and administration under both the proprietors and the Crown. He shows the development of the Royal land system out of that of the Proprietors, and the general looseness and inefficiency of both systems.

Chapter VI. takes up the fiscal system of the province; points out its importance; shows its development out of, and relation to, the monetary system of the Proprietors; states the policy of the Crown and of the colonists; and

prepares the way for the discussion of the inevitable conflict between the two parties.

Chapter VII. is a discussion of the judicial system; its relations to the colonial, executive and legislative and to the Crown; its administration as influenced by that of the Proprietors; the courts established, and their jurisdictions, functions, powers and duties: and the general looseness, uncertainty and inefficiency of the system.

Chapter VIII. studies the system of defense which was such an important feature in the government of a pioneer community like North Carolina.

In Chapter IX. the author treats in a clear and comprehensive manner the conflicts between the executive and the Lower House. These conflicts arose out of questions of land, fees, money, agent, courts and judges, and some questions of royal prerogative versus popular sovereignty. Each of these bones of contention the author discusses as a unit, showing how it influenced the provincial government at different times; and he clearly demonstrates that the conflicts were chiefly of a constitutional nature, explainable on the ground that the executive, representing the crown, and the Lower House, representing the people, had radically different points of view.

The tenth, and final, chapter is the high water mark of historical writing in North Carolina. Here the author discusses the downfall of the Royal government, in the true spirit of the historian and scholar. He lays aside the prejudice and passion which most writers have brought to bear on this period in our colonial history, and undertakes a true scientific study of the forces which caused the divergence between the Crown and the colo-

nists. He shows that while many local causes were in operation, yet the great separative force was a difference in constitutional interpretation, which was perfectly natural because of the different points of view of the Crown and the colonists, and because of the peculiar social, political and economic conditions under which our colonial life was developed. He shows that the conflict between the narrow prerogative policy of the Crown and the aggressive popular sovereignty policy of the colonists made the final separation inevitable.

Such in outline are the divisions into which this valuable work is cast. While it is a detailed study of North Carolina in particular, it is also a study of the Royal province as a type of English colonial government. The book should be widely read, particularly by North Carolinians; and should be closely studied by those who would enrich their historical scholarship.

JOHN H. VAUGHAN.

University Magazine.

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EDITORIAL

Amid our many humiliating defeats in baseball it is a consolation to recall our recent victory in the forum of debate. Especially should we prize this triumph on account of the worthy foemen over whom we won it. Hitherto the University of Georgia has proved herself our equal. She alone of the three Southern universities with which we have debated has tallied victories with us. We attribute our success this time in large measure to the thorough discipline afforded by our debating system.

But this system, notwithstanding the fact that it has elicited the applause of many prominent men throughout

the country, possesses at least one serious defect. Our representatives in inter-collegiate debates are not chosen irrespective of society membership. As the method now is, each society must have a representative in every such contest whether his debating ability entitles him to the position or not. Thus it sometimes happens that a comparatively weak debater gets on the team and causes the University to lose a debate, when in the other society there is a man who could have won it with ease. Such has been the case at least once in the last four years.

Mr. Hart, of Harvard, points out as one of the most commendable features of our debating system the spirited rivalry between the two societies.* The abolition of this rule of selecting a representative from each society for each inter-collegiate contest would intensify this wholesome rivalry and secure the best debating talent in the University. Is not this what we want? Every member of the Dialectic or Philanthropic Society is proud of his organization and justly so; but he is devoid of the loyalty and sound sense of the typical university man who insists that his society be represented in an inter-collegiate debate when by so doing he brings defeat to both his society and the University. All that any fair-minded member can ask for his society is fair play in the preliminary contest. If this contest proves that both debaters should come from the same society, the member of the unfortunate society who will not rally to

* "Most colleges have a machinery for . . . debates, taking its most effective form in two rival societies, such as the Whig and and Clio at Princeton, the Philanthropic and Dialectic of the University of North Carolina, the Philolexian and Barnard of Columbia, and the Union and Forum of Harvard."—*Briefs for Debate*, p. xiv.

their support is not worthy of the name of a university man.

Although this reform has been once discussed by the societies and voted down by a considerable majority, we believe it is coming. We believe that the verdict of experience and justice will ultimately prevail.

Dr. Alderman used to say that a student could get as much culture out of the commencement exercises as he was accustomed to get from a month's curriculum work. We do not think this a great exaggeration. There is no doubt that earnest students can gain a great deal from commencement. But, as a matter of fact, besides the seniors, very few students remain. The idea seems to be prevalent that commencement is especially and solely for seniors. Of course the senior class plays a more conspicuous part in the exercises than any other class, but that does not argue that only seniors have anything to gain from staying. Every student should be able to benefit from hearing the two sermons, the alumni address, the commencement address, the oratorical contest, the debate, and the banquet speeches. The banquet was instituted last year primarily for the purpose of making commencement more of a social success for students and alumni, and every student will do well to attend.

These are only the principal instructive features of commencement. We do not attempt to enumerate all its benefits. Suffice it to say that any student, be he junior, sophomore, freshman, or what not, who will keep his eyes and ears open will find it worth while.

In the examination period last spring we met a very sleepy-looking sophomore on the campus. His gait was slow, his direction tortuous, his every movement languid. Questioned as to the cause of his state, he replied:

"I sat up all night bonin' conics, and, unless Major dispenses mercy instead of justice, I'm 'on the pig.'"

Sure enough, his name did not appear on the poster and he was "on the pig." He was one of those who neglect their work during the term and depend on "cramming" and midnight oil for passable marks on final examinations.

Conics often proves too tough a proposition for a night's study, but there are a few courses, notably certain lecture courses, which can be crammed in a few hours sufficiently to insure a passable grade. This state of affairs almost disposes us to oppose all final examinations. We are glad to note that the professors of this University are beginning to attach less and less importance to such examinations. Already most of them have narrowed examination marks down to third place in determining final grades. We believe this tendency to emphasize more and more regular, honest term work is in the right direction, and we should not be surprised if in the near future the wisdom of our faculty should suggest the doing away with final examinations altogether.

Illness prevented the Exchange Editor from filling his department this month and circumsances made it made it impracticable for another member of the staff to do the work. We regret this exceedingly, for we fee that our exchanges are due an intelligent review.

ALUMNI NOTES

NOTES.

W. McDonald, is President of a Bank at Dunn, N. C.

T. L. Gwyn, '03, is running a stock-farm near Waynesville, N. C.

S. J. Everett, '02, is teaching in the public schools at Salisbury, N. C.

S. T. Peace, ex-'04, is Teller of the Bank of Granville, at Oxford, N. C.

Dorman Thompson, '01, Law '02, was on the Hill for a few days recently.

Chas. U. Harris, Law '03, has moved to Selma, where he is now practicing Law.

J. L. Morehead, '03, is preparing to open up a cotton brokerage business in Durham, N. C.

E. P. Holt, '03, who is teaching at St. Albans in Virginia, was on the Hill for a few days recently.

Arrangements have been made by the class of '79 to hold their twenty-fifth anniversary at Commencement this year.

The Reunion Committee of the Class of '99 met here on the day of the Virginia game to arrange for their fifth anniversary.

Eben Alexander, Med. '02, received a hospital appointment in New York by competitive examination. He stood first among sixty-seven applicants.

MARRIAGES.

Howard A. Foushee, Class of '92, was married to Miss Annie Wall, of Rockingham, N. C., on April 13, 1904.

NECROLOGY.

Patrick Henry Winston, class of '67, died in Spokane, Washington, on April 3, 1904.

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